

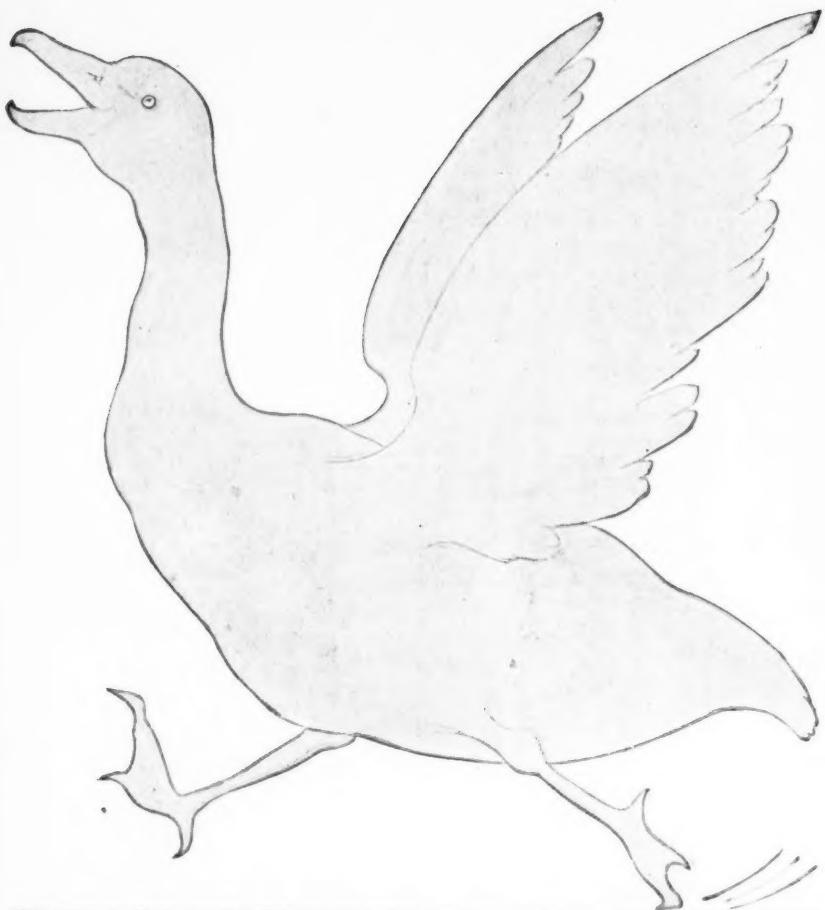
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The November number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE will be one which will excel any previous number of the year.

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It will contain, as the leading feature, the second part of

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intensely dramatic and interesting story, "THE THOROUGHBRED," which began, as a substitute for the complete novel, in the October number.

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Two special favorites of AINSLEE's readers will be represented in the November number. JOSEPH C. LINCOLN will have one of his characteristic stories called "CUPID AND CLAM FRITTERS," and MARY HEATON VORSE has contributed another of the unique Jimmie Preston stories under the title of "FRIENDS IN NEED."

The third of the series of army stories, by QUENTIN M. DRAKE, is called "THE DEVIL AND THE SHARK." Two of this series have already been published.

The articles on Bridge Whist have made a considerable stir among the bridge enthusiasts and will be continued.

Another football story, by DANIEL STEELE, called "THE END OF THE GAME," is one of the November number's best.

A new series of stories, by GEORGE LEE BURTON, vastly entertaining, will begin with one entitled "THE TRAINING OF THE GROOM."

Other contributors will be AUSTIN ADAMS, STEEL WILLIAMS, CAMILLUS PHILLIPS, ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE, WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, JANE W. GUTHRIE and OWEN OLIVER.

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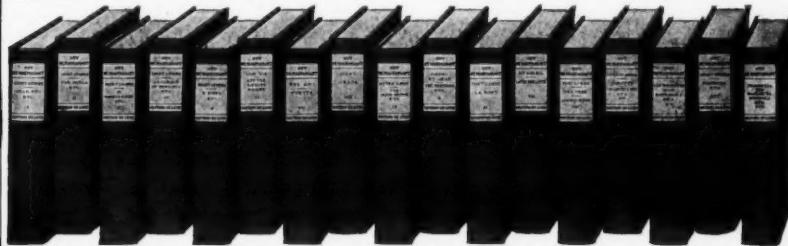
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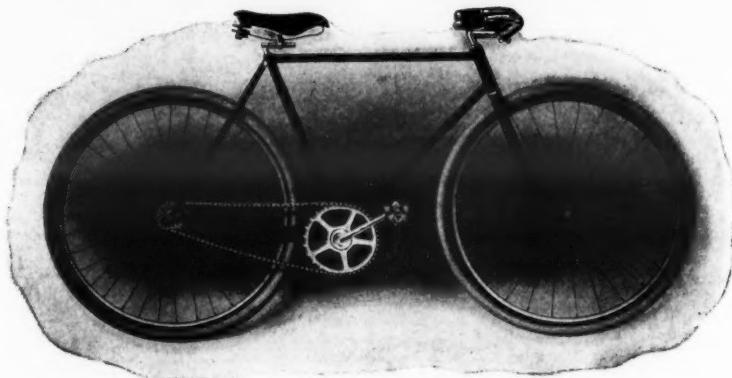
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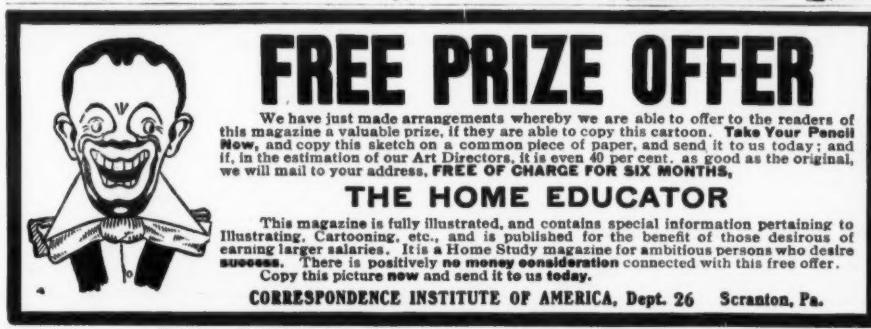
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Author of "Natives of Australia," "Kinship and Marriage in Australia," etc.

Contributors: Prof. Otis T. Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat, Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grünberg, Berlin Museum of Volkerkunde; Mr. Sheldor, late of Sarawak Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, B. A., and others.

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AINSLEE'S

THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

VOL. XXII

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All Six Are Free

These are the famous Lily Butter-Spreaders now seen displayed in the finest jewelry stores.

They are the rage of today. The most popular piece of silverware now on the market.

The price, if you buy them, is \$3.00 or more for the six.

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Send with it ten cents to pay the cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of these butter-spreaders.

Send us more of the tops as you get them, and send 10 cents with each to pay the cost of carriage and packing. We will send one spreader for each top until you get the six.

Thus this beautiful set—the very fad of the day—costs you only our carriage and packing cost—60 cents for the six.

That means that we return to you—for a little time—more than you pay for the Extract of Beef.

Add it to gravies—both for flavor and color.

Add it to left-overs. Note how appetizing, how delicious it makes them. See how it enables you to utilize things that now go to waste.

Any meat dish that lacks flavor always calls for extract of beef.

When you use six jars you will use a hundred. You can't get along without it.

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We want you to know the difference between Armour's Extract of Beef and others.

Armour's goes four times as far, because it has four times the flavor and four times the strength.

The directions are always, "Use one-fourth as much."

Armour's is concentrated. It is rich and economical. It gives one a new idea of extract of beef. We want you to prove these facts.

There are two ways to tell you the worth of this Extract of Beef.

One is to supply you a few jars free. But that would cheapen the extract.

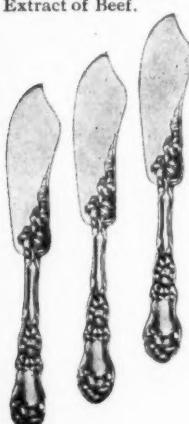
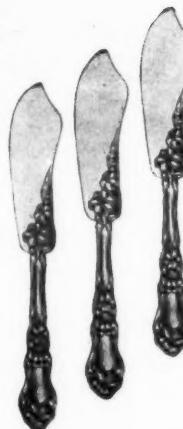
The other is to give you back—for a little time—more than you pay for the extract. That is what we offer to do.

Then you will have a silver set that will remain in your home for a lifetime.

And then you will know what Armour's Extract of Beef means. And that knowledge, in the years to come, will better a thousand dishes.

Order one jar now—from your druggist or grocer. Send us the top or certificate with ten cents. Then judge by the spreader we send if you want the rest.

Send it today to Armour & Company, Chicago Department L.



One reason is this:

We want you to learn the hundred uses that every home has for a real extract of beef.

Not merely for beef tea—not as a sick room food. That is the least of its uses.

We want you to know what the Germans know—what the French know about it. This is one of the secrets of their fame as good cooks.

We ask you to use it in soups. Note what a difference it makes.

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THE QUESTION BEFORE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE third day of November, 1908, there will be referred to the conscience and the intelligence of the individual citizen the question whether William Howard Taft or William Jennings Bryan shall be elected to the greatest administrative office in the world. The alternative consequences that attend such a choice are so great as to make thoughtfulness in voting a patriotic duty.

Success in maintaining this great Republic of ninety million people, in peace, contentment and prosperity, is not easy to attain. The Republican Party has, however, been hitherto successful and its record gives the greatest basis for reliance in the future.

A Candidate in Costume—Look Behind the Make-up

The candidate of the Bryan Democracy is the same one who in 1896 urged the voters to stake the nation's welfare on 16 to 1, and a fifty-cent dollar; and who in 1900 urged the voters to turn their backs upon the obligations of world greatness.

Both times the Democratic Party matched the intellect and character of its candidate against those of American voters. Was it right then and the American voter wrong?

Is there any assurance that it has changed? Will you admit that you can't remember 1896 or 1900 and that you can't see through its claims now?

The Democratic Platform a Cloak—the Republican Platform a Record

The Democratic candidate seeks to conceal the purposes of himself and his followers under a caricature of parts of the Republican platform.

Business and industry are inevitably driven to apprehension when he appears. The confidence of the people is infinitely more important for national prosperity than the self-confidence of the candidate. Webster interpreted the genius of American industry and commerce when he said to Andrew Jackson in 1834—"If public confidence is not shaken, all is well; but if it is, all is difficulty and distress." Who can believe that the confidence of the American people can be established with the apostle of Free Silver, Discontent and Government Ownership in administrative control of the Government.

The Record of the Republican Party

All important steps in National progress in the last forty-seven years have been brought about by

the Republican Party, whose policies have always been constructive rather than destructive.

It has extended national power and commercial prestige.

It gave freedom to Cuba and is aiding her to establish responsible self-government.

It has added enormous areas to United States territory—Porto Rico, Guam, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and has knit-ted together the interests of this country and the Latin American republics in a manner to command their confidence and increase our trade.

Through President Roosevelt it put an end to the war between Russia and Japan and commanded the effectual recognition of both countries.

It established the gold standard, placing this country in the rank of other advanced commercial nations.

It passed a currency measure designed to prevent currency suspension in case of panic.

It has appointed a monetary commission to consider further reforms in the currency system.

The Republican Party has constructed a navy capable of meeting that of any other nation. By re-organizing the army it has made an effective fighting force.

It acquired control of the Panama Canal and is pushing the work in a way which amazes by its enterprise the nations of the world.

It has extended to the war veterans and their widows the benefits of a service pension.

It has provided for the arbitration of labor disputes between railroads and their employees, and it has regulated the hours of railroad employees in a way to entitle them to adequate and necessary rest.

It has modified the old common law principle of employment so as to make it possible for the laborer in public service to recover for injuries received while at work.

It has restricted the immigration of the criminal and defective classes, thereby reserving this country for the honest laborer.

It has safeguarded the public health by establishing proper standards under the Pure Food Law.

It has put an end to timber-thieving on public lands.

It has checked criminal monopoly by energetic enforcement of the laws.

It has abolished railway rebates and established equality of treatment and opportunity for shippers, communities and consumers.

It has sought to insure purity of elections and correct expression of the people's will by prohibiting corporations from contributing to national elections.



The highest aspirations of the American people for moral reform and national progress have ever had the sympathy and support of the Republican Party. Is it not the duty of the Citizen who looks forward and not backward, to vote for a party that has done things rather than for one which simply cavils at things done?

With the Democratic Party in Office Ruin Could Not Be Avoided

Democrats who, fearing their own candidate, place reliance upon the obstruction of the Republican Senate, are not wise. This great nation cannot lie at anchor in the stream of time. Business must go forward or backward; it cannot long stand still. Constant dread would soon overcome the feeling of safety and bring disaster. Even if legislation could be kept at a standstill

administration must go on and administrative power is not only the all-important thing to-day but is a lever in legislation. Many of the most important laws, especially those affecting the public credit are discretionary in their character, and call for sympathetic and energetic enforcement in time of stress. What business man would have liked to have seen a Bryan Secretary of the Treasury in the seat of Secretary Cortelyou in the panic of 1907?

The only way in which the confidence of business men in one another and in the future can be expressed is by the triumph of the Republican Party. You, as a voter, as you cast your ballot, contribute to the national message of this election. Make it a message of confidence, not a message of despair.

The Democrats stopped the clock at Denver while they were nominating the Candidate for the Presidency. Do you wish to stop the clock of national progress by electing him?

Taft—One of the World's Great Administrators

The personality of William Howard Taft has long been associated in the public mind

with sturdiness and sincerity, firmness and integrity, seriousness and kindness, with foresight and sagacity, aggressiveness and persistency, industry and tact. The better he becomes known, the clearer it is that these qualities are not assumed, but were run in the metal of the man.

William H. Taft comes of rugged stock. His stern purpose, the dominant note in his composition, came from New England ancestors who left England to establish freedom in the wilderness. From companionship with his father, the Judge, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General and the Minister to Austria and to Russia, came prudence and an insight into men and things not taught in schools or to be learned from books. He inherited an almost Spartan capacity for endurance from the mother, who from her deathbed cheerfully bade him Godspeed upon his errand of duty to the Philippines, there to keep his promise and to initiate that self-government in the Orient which his own pioneer work had made possible. From her, too, came the wholesome good nature that makes men love him and the calm that suggests strength and compels confidence.

No quarrel or rancor long resists the magic of the Taft smile. His power to make men look beyond the petty detail to the important and substantial whole, and to see beyond the immediate the ultimate result, is an economic asset of incalculable value to a people like ours. Who can deny this who remembers its influence in the Philippines, on the Panama Isthmus, and in the War Department? The conservation of energy and the combination of forces are the natural elements of the Taft method of work.

If William H. Taft should never hold another public office, the record of his public service would be long remembered as one of the most honorable in American his-



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JAMES S. SHERMAN

tory. Entering public life in 1881, he has been, successively, Asst. District Attorney of his County, Internal Revenue Collector, Judge of an Ohio State Court, Solicitor General of the United States, United States Circuit Judge, Governor of the Philippines, and Secretary of War.

There is no record of his ever having blundered or having been faithless to his duty. *The name of Taft stands for no perilous novelties in government: TAFT has spelled WORK and achievement from 1881 to 1908.* In each important office he achieved a triumph. As Solicitor-General he clinched an American diplomatic victory by defeating the contention of the British authorities in the Behring Sea Case. As Circuit Court

Judge he laid the foundation for Federal control of trusts upon the principles of the common law. As Chairman of the Philippine Commission he dispelled all apprehension of American imperialism. As Secretary of War he organized that mammoth work in connection with the Panama Canal, bringing order out of chaos, and brought the palm of administration to the American Republic. With Taft, great success in administration has become a habit. To ask for promises, after twenty-seven years of such performance, would be absurd.

Charles Hopkins Clark said recently in *The Independent*:

"He is as strong as he is gentle. His reputation is simply spotless. In all the agitation of a heated campaign for the greatest office in the world, no one has ventured to intimate a doubt of the absolute honesty of this man, who has been before the country for a quarter of a century. Nor can any one successfully dispute the simple proposition that in the whole history of the United States no one was ever named for the Presidency who was so fitted by nature, by training, and by experience for the duties, dignities and responsibilities of that unique office."



tinuous and material development. If the country had put a selected man in training for the great office for which Taft is a candidate, how could it have devised more splendidly than he has done in shaping his own career? No man knows more about the country and its whole people or about the problems to be solved in the next four years or has greater fitness to solve them than William H. Taft.

The Career of James S. Sherman

Mr. Sherman's career has been one of public service of the highest order, in which he has been tried and not found wanting. He is a man of blameless personal character, large powers and experience, and has always been on the right side of every public question.

The members of the National Government know with what fidelity and painstaking industry he has worked for the country's good. They know with what modest disregard of personal display, thorough knowledge, clearness of expression and force of mind and character he has maintained upon the floor of the National House of Representatives his views of what was best in legislation. They know that he possesses to an unusual degree the rare combination of quick perception, fair judgment and decision of character, and his more than twenty years continuous service in Congress with his

long experience as Chairman of Committee of the whole, has shown him to be a master of parliamentary practice and a man who would have special aptitude for the honorable position of presiding officer of the United States Senate.

Mr. Sherman comes from honest stock which has been identified with the growth and development of Central New York from its earliest settlements. At 28 he was elected Mayor of his home town—Utica, and he has always been held in the highest respect for his justice, honesty, fairness and consideration, always bearing the part of a good and high-principled citizen in the public affairs of his community and of the nation. His character is such as to be worthy of the best tradition of that great deliberate body,—the United States Senate.

What does the Democratic candidate offer you? The record of his brief career as a member of Congress few remember; there is no instance of his ever having been entrusted with administration. What good reason of any kind can you give yourself why you should vote to reject for your country the services of such a great jurist, diplomat and administrator as William H. Taft? Can you give any reason consistent with sound Americanism or your own self-respect? If you cannot, it is your duty to your fellow-citizens and to yourself to vote for William H. Taft for President of the United States and for James S. Sherman and Republican Congressmen who will uphold his hands and support his administration.

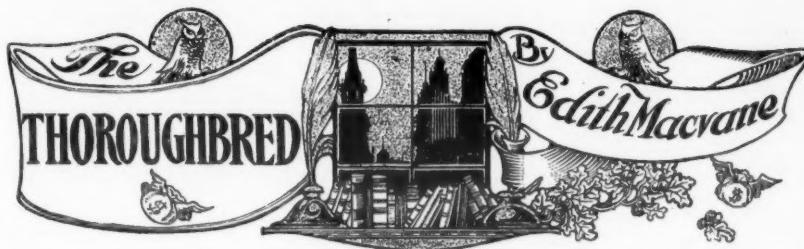


AINSLEE'S

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No. 3.



CHAPTER I.

ELLEN PALLISER, sitting at her toilet-table, clasped a dog-collar of topaz and diamonds about her throat. Then with her hand-mirror she surveyed the effect, turning her head this way and that under the electric light, solicitously.

The maid behind her, delighted at the unusual keenness of her mistress' interest, looked on her completed work with a professional's pleasure. She knew what weeks of careful planning, of fierce intellectual effort, had gone to produce the charming picture in the mirror before her; where corn-colored satin reflected theuster of pale blonde hair, and winking yellow jewels added the accent of summer sunshine to the whole. And being a woman herself, she realized that these carefully wrought details typified more than external vanity.

"Madame is beautiful like a queen this evening," she observed, with a diplomatic grin.

Ellen, drawing a long breath, surveyed her own reflection in a passionate questioning. She had reasons of

her own for wanting to be beautiful tonight.

"Armandine, is Mr. Palliser come home yet?"

"No, madame."

"Ah." Eller glanced at the clock on her dressing-table. Its hands marked seven o'clock. "And dinner is at eight," she said. "He has been detained at the bank again. It's cruel the way they work him since his promotion! Armandine, go to monsieur's room and see that his things are properly laid out. I'm all finished except my rings, and I think I can manage those by myself."

The little Frenchwoman ducked her head to show that she understood that part of the rambling address which was directed to her; and with soft footsteps she left the room. Her mistress remained motionless with a little smile of excitement, of delight that was almost pain, upon her lips—the same smile with which, after four years of married life, she waited always for Jim Palliser's coming.

"He declares he can dress in seven minutes and a half," she murmured to herself, with an indulgent fondness. "Very well, I'm afraid he'll have a chance to defeat his own record tonight!"

She bent over her open jewel-box,

in an arduous selection of the rings which were to complete her costume. The jewels before her were many; her inheritance from her mother, her gifts from the old uncle whose heiress she was some day to be, the diamonds which Jim himself had recently presented to her. She caught up the glittering crescent and pressed it to her cheek in a little passionate gesture; it was to her the symbol of her husband's success, of the courage and skill which already, at the age of thirty-five, had made him a power in the financial world of New York. Only six months before, from being the private secretary and confidential right-hand man of the president, he had been appointed cashier of the trust company whose service he had entered as a boy. The gift of the diamond crescent had been in honor of this promotion; the very dinner to-night, the first given in their new apartment and in their enlarged style of living, was in compliment to Jim's chief, the Patroons Trust president, and his wife. To-night, for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Durham were coming to dine with the Pallisers.

Ellen drew in her breath sharply. For her, the name of Violet Durham embodied the most painful thought in the world. Over this woman hung a mystery which even in thought she hardly dared to challenge.

"Nonsense!" she said to herself with resolution as she turned to the glass with her powder-puff. But just the same her brown eyes kept going back in a kind of tormented irresolution, past the silver puff-box, past the crystal scent-bottles and the little red-labeled bottle that the careless Armandine had left among them, to the jewel-box where her rings glittered ready.

She glanced from side to side—no one. She listened—Jim had not come, though the hands of the little clock pointed now to fifteen minutes past the hour. Of late, his duties had absorbed him more and more. The Patroons Trust, though one of the soldest affairs in the city, had not been unaffected by the recent sensational failures and threatened slump in values. If

Jim was detained at the office it was hardly surprising—there was one comfort, the pressing affairs which held the cashier from his dinner must probably hold the president, too. If the host was to be late there was small danger that the guests of honor would be early.

Mechanically she slipped the jeweled circlets upon her fingers. Then slowly as though drawn by an irresistible impulse, her glittering hand crept back to the deep morocco box.

Beneath the tray was another tray; beneath that again a false bottom, opened by a concealed spring. Ellen, touching it, disclosed not precious stones, but a letter.

With fingers that trembled slightly, Ellen unfolded it. It was written on Waldorf stationery, gold-embossed, and even after the lapse of years emitted an oddly thick perfume. The writer, who signed "Adoring Violet," besought her dearest Jimmy not to be heart-broken, but what could she do? What could any little stenographer do, when her employer proposed to her, and him a millionaire? Jim must not be angry with her, her heart was broken and she would never love another, but she had married Mr. Durham that afternoon.

Ellen took in her breath as she turned the envelope in her hand. It bore the stamp of a date five years before—as everybody in New York knew, it was now five years since William Durham, the matrimonial catch of thirty-five years' standing, had startled the town by his sudden marriage with his typewriter. A year later Jim Palliser had married Ellen. What had been his state of mind in that intervening year?

What had happened before? What had he felt after? Ellen did not know. She only knew that, in the pocket of some old clothes that her husband had asked her to give away, she had once found this letter. A mere movement of mechanical curiosity had caused her to glance at the stray paper thus tossed into her hands. Shame at the idea of having violated her husband's privacy had held her silent.

For nearly two years now she had preserved her silence. Yet a curiosity, which at times almost approached the horror of doubt, came back at intervals to rend and rack her. Ellen Palliser loved her husband with a still and brooding intensity that was the passion of her life. Of the love that he gave her in return she could entertain no real doubt. And yet, what had this other woman been to him? What had been their relationship, for which the writer of this letter had so frantically implored secrecy?

Don't give me away to Mr. Durham—he doesn't suspect a thing. And if you don't give me away, there's no one else on earth that can. Darling Jimmie, I'm a little beast, I know, but mum's the word for you and me—isn't it? Isn't it?

Most assuredly it had been. Ellen at least had not broken the silence. And that between the writer of the letter and the person to whom it was addressed, there had been since marriage no relations not absolutely formal, she was sure—almost sure. That between them there had never been any tie discreditable to either, she was, by her knowledge of one of them, sure—almost most sure.

But absolutely certain? No.

For the absolute certainty which her heart craved could be won only by one course; by that of presenting herself to her husband in the rôle of a doubting and jealous wife. And by a sure instinct, she knew the certain loss of power which the admission of such weakness must cost her. In the strong, pure-hearted serenity with which her husband credited her, and which she tried to attain, she knew lay the very essence of her hold over his volatile and impetuous nature. Suppose that, in satisfying herself that Jim had never really loved Violet Durham, she herself lost something of the perfection of his love? Or suppose, on the contrary, she found—

She rose, with a little shiver. The hands of the clock pointed at half-past seven. In a half hour she was to face the writer of that letter. She forced her soft lips back to the gay smile that they

had worn a few moments previous, and replaced the letter in its hiding-place.

It was odd, Jim had not yet come home! Careless he often was, troubled and overdriven at this moment by his business cares she knew him to be. But to-night, so important an occasion! Whatever might be the actual state of affairs, past or present, which lay beneath this mysterious letter of Violet Durham's, it was obvious that Jim must be as desirous as herself that his home appear all that was charming and successful in the eyes of the woman who had once deserted him.

The telephone on her toilet-table tinkled lightly. She sat down again, while the forced smile on her lips quivered to an eager little line of joy. Of course, it was Jim.

"Hello!" she said.

A voice answered her—a voice that she knew, and yet did not know. "Hello—is this Ellen?" said the voice.

"Yes, Jim. What's the matter? Why don't you come home?"

"Are you alone?" asked her husband's voice.

Her heart leaped in a little startled pang. She glanced about the room. "Wait a moment," she said, and laid down the instrument. A moment later she had closed the bedroom doors, and returned once more to the toilet-table. The question with which he had prefaced his conversation was one which often enough passed between them. And yet to-night, while the moments were flying by which should bring him home!

"Hello, Jim," she said.

"Yes," he answered. His tones were dull and far away.

"Jim, what is it?"

No answer came to her but the soft hum of the wires.

"Jim, have you forgotten that the Durhams are coming to dinner at eight o'clock? In a half-hour?"

"No, Nelly, I haven't forgotten."

"Jim, please come home! I'm all dressed, and at this very moment I ought to be in the dining-room looking after the flowers, and seeing that the wine is properly iced. Bad boy, you'll have no time to attend to it!"

"It doesn't matter," her husband answered. This time the voice was so dull, so lifeless, so totally unlike his usual buoyant and radiant tone, that Ellen's vague uneasiness changed to a very real alarm.

"My dear Jim, are you ill?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter? Where are you now?"

"I'm at the office."

"At the Patrons?"

"Yes, in Mr. Durham's private room."

"Ah!—Is Mr. Durham there with you?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

"Nobody, I'm alone."

"Then, my dear Jim, if no one is keeping you, then why do you stay? Hurry, hurry! Hop in a tax and tell the man rush! It's only thirty blocks—you ought to do it in ten minutes. My dear boy, do you realize that the Durhams will be here at eight o'clock?"

"I realize that," returned her husband's voice mechanically.

"Jim, what *is* the matter? You mustn't be late, when your chief dines with us—and the first time, too! Would you want to offend Mr. Durham?"

A little laughing breath came to her over the wire; but it was a laugh without mirth. Her perplexity and trouble grew from that of the hostess to that of the wife.

"Jim, there *is* something the matter—"

"Yes, Ellen, dear."

"Jim! What *is* it?"

"I can't say it, dear."

"What, Jim, what?"

"What I called you up to say."

"Do you want to drive me crazy? What did you call me up to say to me?"

"Good-by."

Ellen's eyes wandered in a sudden sick bewilderment. Had Jim been drinking? By habit he was one of the most abstemious of men. Being, as he himself said, "born drunk," he limited his overimpressionable nature always to a severely restricted allowance. To-

night, of all nights, had he ventured to—

"Jim! What have you been doing to yourself?"

Again that little mirthless laugh vibrated over the wires. "Nothing, dear, I assure you I'm quite sober. It's the fact, you see. I'm going away."

The slow finality of the tone could leave no doubt as to the speaker's serious meaning. For the first time the woman realized that she was face to face, not with a moment's awkwardness but with tragedy. Her breath came short. Was it the tragedy in whose shadow for two years now she had lived? Had the calamity symbolized for her by Violet Durham's letter, hidden at her elbow, overtaken her at last?

"Jim! Don't be afraid to tell me the truth. Whom are you going away with?"

"No one, dear. I'm going alone."

Truth was in his voice. Somber, inexplicable as was that truth, it brought relief that was almost joy from what she had feared.

"Jim, dearest! You're in trouble!"

"Yes, Ellen, I'm in trouble!"

A twanging of the wires interrupted her. For the first time she realized the thin uncertain thread by which she held him. "Central! You cut me off. Hello, Central!"

Desperately she moved the hook up and down. The little familiar gesture seemed ludicrously inadequate beside the immense issues which it symbolized for her. Jim, her darling, was in trouble. He might be gone, she knew not where, before she found him again.

"Central—connect me again with that Thirty-eighth Street number I had—Jim, Jim, is this you?"

"Yes, Nelly."

Her sudden relief was driven out by the madness whipped up by his strange hesitation. "Jim, I can't wait any longer. What's the trouble?"

"I'm ruined, Nelly."

This time her relief broke into the telephone in a laugh that ended in a sob. "Is *that* all? Dear boy, come home!"

"Nelly, don't you understand? Dur-

ham has done me. I've let myself in for a Sing Sing job. I've been what you call easy—but not criminal, dear. Crime isn't my style. But I'm landed there, just the same. There's nothing for me to do, I've seen my lawyer. Durham has got me where it's no use my squealing. I won't wear stripes. I'm an innocent man. So I'll quit."

The words, feverish and appalling, rattled like a shower of bullets into the warm, delicately furnished room. With the vague tale of business disaster, Ellen had small concern. The speaker was her interest. The last words were those that claimed her.

"You're going away, Jim? Without coming home?"

"Yes."

"Where, Jim, where?" Flying thoughts of the Orient, of the gray Pampas of Patagonia, rushed confusedly through her brain. Jim, her husband, a fugitive in the dim back-waters of the world!

There was a little vibrating silence. Jim's voice was a trifle husky as he answered:

"Ellen, I can tell you the truth. You don't flinch, you're a thoroughbred. You always were a thoroughbred, you know—"

She laughed unsteadily at the little familiar word. In the days of their courtship, her exploits in the hunting-field had won the commendation that her poise of character had since retained. In a little mechanical shock of subconscious thought, she gave thanks that by keeping her difficult silence of the past two years she had managed to hold her right to the little flattering epithet she loved.

"Yes, Jim, I'm not afraid. I'll go with you. Wait for me, dear."

"No, Nelly, I can't take you."

"Why not?"

"Don't you understand, darling? Where I'm going, one goes alone."

The words might have meant anything. The voice could mean only one thing. Its cadence touched Ellen in a kind of dumb electric shock. She fought away the conviction.

"Jim! You mean—"

"I've got to, dear. It's my only way out."

"But now—now? Without coming home?"

A laugh came over the wires—his old laugh. "There's the sign hanging here on the wall before me: 'Do It Now!'"

"Jim—are you crazy?"

His laugh sounded again, more brokenly. "I was, till an hour ago. Then I saw the way out—the only way. So I went out and made a purchase. I'm all right now."

"Jim—not a—not a revolver?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is it there before you?"

"Yes, dear."

She fought desperately for her failing strength. The picture was vivid in her eyes: Jim Palliser, her husband, sitting there in the shadowy elegance of the private office, with the light from the green-shaded lamp falling on his handsome head and on the small glittering object before him. So vividly she saw the picture, she could hardly realize it was a mile and a half away, connected with her only by the intricate miracle of this magnetized wire. This realization of her own helplessness fell on her in a kind of numb horror. In a fury of resolution she fought back the rising weakness.

"Jim, what right have you to call me up and tell me this—when I can do nothing?"

The voice in which he answered showed for the first time the deadly quality of the man's despair.

"I know, Nelly, it's not fair to you. But I couldn't go out without telling you I'm not the fraud and embezzler they're going to make me out. It'll all be in the papers in a day or two—the proof is all against me, and the money's gone. But just the same, I've played a straight game from start to finish—that's what I want you to know; that's what I want you to remember after I'm gone, little girl."

"Then if you're innocent why are you afraid? We'll fight it out side by side—come home, darling, come home!"

The man's voice took on a new ten-

derness, but held its unflinching resolution. "Come home, where the police will come to find me in a couple of days? Drag you down to the Tombs—down to the court-room? Have you pointed out in the street, stared at, photographed—you, my beautiful Ellen, the wife of Palliser the embezzler! So you think I'd drag you through that? No, this is the only way to hush it up, and have it over with. I could see my lawyer thought the same, though of course he didn't dare to say so outright. Don't try to break down my resolution, darling—I can see so plainly, it's the one thing left for me to do."

Even in her mortal distress Ellen's heart leaped with a strange pride. It was of her he thought—twisted, warped as were his ideas of serving her, it was as a sacrifice to her that this dreadful deed was to be committed. The words came pouring in a desperate flood from her lips, close-pressed against the transmitter.

"Jim, listen! You say it's for my sake you're going to die? No, if it's me you think of you must live for my sake—you must live for me!"

There were a click and buzz of crossing wires, in which the murmured answer was lost. Ellen clutched the cold nickel of the little mechanism as though it were the beloved living flesh which with her own hands she was trying to drag back from the fate that threatened it. The frail inadequacy of the tie by which she held him impressed her suddenly with its grotesque unreality. Already, her husband was to her no more than a disembodied voice. Soon he would not be even that. Her voice breathed into the transmitter as the lips of the prophet may have breathed into the dead mouth of the widow's son, with a hot insistence of life.

"Jim, are we cut off? Dear, are you there?"

"I'm here. Good-by now, darling."

"Jim, one moment—" In a last desperate inspiration, Ellen's eyes searched the glittering table before her. In one corner, behind the shining crystal bottles, the red-labeled bottle

caught her eye. She leaned over and one white arm shot swiftly out.

"Jim, you are still resolved?"

"I must, darling. It's the only thing to do. It's a man's honor. Don't you understand?"

She shuddered, and the bottle in her hand clicked against the stem of the instrument. The coils of the green cord winding in her lap appeared to her distorted fancy like the spirals of a deadly snake. The whole room blurred and swam before her eyes. It seemed to her that she existed only as a voice, and that with it her life itself went streaming out over the wire.

"Very well, Jim, if you are resolved then so am I. Go, if you must. But I go with you!"

"Ellen! What do you mean?"

The cold numb accents were touched with a sudden life. In grim determination Ellen pursued her new advantage.

"I understood you. Can't you understand me?"

"No. Are you crazy, child?"

Ellen's laugh fluttered like a broken organ-tone. "No crazier than you are, dear. You have your revolver there before you. Can't you guess what I hold here—here in my hand?"

"Not—not another revolver?"

Ellen laughed again. "No—that's not a woman's weapon. It's just a bottle of carbolic, that Armandine left here after cleaning my bath-room to-day."

There was a pause. Then the answer came slowly. "What? What? You mean you'd drink the stuff?"

"What do you think I mean?" returned Ellen briefly.

She spoke in a fierce satisfaction like that of a soldier going to face almost certain death in the rescue of a comrade. Whether Palliser would take her threat seriously, whether her words would carry weight to withhold his hand from his own desperate purpose she did not know; body and soul together were keyed to the point where their final dissolution might be met with a triumphant indifference. It was not her life that mattered, but her husband's.

"Ellen, be reasonable!" Palliser's

voice came in the challenge of a sudden command. "Put down that poison. I've explained to you my reasons for what I must do. Let me do it. Give me your word that you'll do nothing desperate, and let me say good-by."

Ellen's cold fingers clutched the deadly phial. This time she spoke not wildly, but in the measured tones of her inflexible purpose.

"Jim, I swear to you that if you ring off without giving me your word of honor to lock up that revolver and come straight home, I drink this bottle of carbolic acid that I hold here in my hand."

Her voice, cold and matter-of-fact, carried the conviction that her passionate pleading had failed to do. This time it was Palliser's voice that suddenly melted and broke.

"No, no, Nelly, you won't do it!"

She laughed grimly. "You think so? To be sure, you'll never know that you were wrong. But who can tell? Perhaps—somewhere—we'll meet again soon—and I can say to you: 'Dear Jim, you were wrong. You see, you were wrong.'"

Her voice broke suddenly, for the fiercely taxed strength with which she wrestled was ebbing fast. Her husband's voice came in a cry of despair.

"But, Nelly—Carbolic? It's torture!"
"Torture!"

In the single word, torn from her stiffened lips, the whole agony of her tormented spirit went throbbing over the wire. Its message seemed a sudden revelation to the despairing man who listened.

"Nelly, dear Nelly! I never dreamed you'd take it like this—I never meant to torture you, darling."

She tore at his relenting like a prisoner at a sudden streak of light. "Then come home!"

"To disgrace?"

"To me!"

"You're not afraid?"

"I'm afraid of nothing but losing you. I love you! If you die I follow you."

A long sigh came through the telephone. "Nelly, I give up. What you

threaten—I can't risk that. I'll come home."

"Now?"

"Immediately."

"Your word of honor?"

"My word of honor."

"Ah!"

The click of the receiver, replaced at the other end, came to Ellen's ears. The disconnected instrument lay in her lap. The lights of her bedroom were warm and gay about her. The silver-topped bottles, the window hangings, the flowered wall-paper—they were all there, unchanged and familiar. It seemed to her that she had been away forever. And yet the hands of the little silver clock ticked at a quarter before eight. Fifteen minutes! Was it only fifteen minutes that she had been gone? In her hand-to-hand conflict with the invisible forces of death, she had a curious illusion of having moved out of the ordinary regions of time and space.

And yet her hand hardly shook as she replaced the little red-labeled bottle upon the table. Her own death—that was nothing. To a woman it is the life or death of the man she loves that is the symbol of infinity. Horror of what had just passed touched her only as it concerned him. Though at the moment she was conscious of nothing but triumph at her success in saving him from himself. Terror of the threatened disgrace, resentment at him who had so cruelly shocked her—they did not exist. Jim was coming home to her. Faintly, from the other end of the apartment, the electric bell tinkled. With a sweep of yellow drapery, Ellen Palliser rose and went to the drawing-room to receive the first of her guests.

CHAPTER II.

The Durhams were the first to arrive. Ellen, conscious of the absolute necessity of preserving an unruffled front, received them smilingly and made excuses for her husband. It was business, that ridiculous business, that had detained him; he would be here in a moment or two at the least. Her

apologies were received so smilingly, so unconcernedly, that she almost rubbed her eyes. After all, had it not been all a dream, that dreadful voice on the telephone?

The sight of Mr. Durham, large, portly, a little bald, with a manner that had made the fortune of the Patroons Trust—this dignified spectacle had at first reassured Ellen's terrors like a breath of common sense let in on vaporish imaginings. Surely, poor Jim had deceived himself; surely, a man like this could meditate no vulgar treachery—least of all, against the man whose hospitality he was at the moment accepting!

The Durhams were early. They were obliged to sit for some moments waiting for the arrival of Mr. Belden and of Mrs. Swanwick, the little widow who made the sixth. Violet Durham, smiling at her hostess, led the conversation as usual.

"Poor Mr. Palliser is still down at the office? I know it myself, that office, from the safe to the door-mat! And I don't mind owning that I do—there's no pride about little *me*! And I'm sure I know how to sympathize with those that are still tied to the grind!"

The financier's young wife was a tall, full-blown blonde; very hard as to her large blue eyes, and very soft as to the dazzling white shoulders that her rose-point dress displayed so lavishly. From ears to finger-tips she sparkled with diamonds, like a Christmas-tree. She made a pale-colored, brilliant figure, with no dark spot but that of the purple namesake flowers which rose and fell on her breast, and the little dark shadow that her beauty cast always over her hostess' heart. Her husband surveyed her adoringly.

Her manner toward the elderly financier who had given her so much was, however, one of visible constraint. When he leaned toward her she leaned away in an almost imperceptible shrinking. And in spite of the robust bloom of her appearance, she gnawed perpetually at her scarlet lips in a nervousness which seemed not born of the occasion but of habit; while her glit-

tering finger-tips pulled unceasingly at the jewels on her hand. She seemed visibly anxious to create a dashing impression, and still more anxious to conceal her anxiety. And like her hostess, she laughed and talked and strained her ears undisguisedly at every tinkle of the door-bell.

Ellen, who since the coming of her guests had schooled herself into her usual outward serenity, had nearly persuaded her mind that the whole fearful business of ten minutes ago was no more than the figment of her own disordered imagination. When suddenly she became aware of the little sharp glances which the bank president, now and then, darted under his heavy eyebrows toward the door.

At these signs of a doubt as piercing, probably better founded than her own, Ellen's heart fell suddenly to more than its former coldness of fear. It was plain, Mr. Durham was in doubt whether Jim Palliser would ever come.

The succeeding moments which Ellen spent in entertaining her guests, in greeting the later arrivals, were like a dreadful dream which overbore even the terrible remembrance of her quarter hour at the telephone. Her husband had given her his word of honor; but with that deadly peril hanging over him, with that deadly instrument in his hand—how could she ever be certain, till her very eyes beheld him again?

The interminable minutes dragged by, with commonplace smiles and chatter. The door-bell rang twice. Ellen swallowed the pangs of her fierce expectancy, her deadly disappointment. She greeted her guests. She called her little Japanese butler, and instructed him in the making of the cocktails which it was always the host's pride to mix with his own hands.

"We'll drink to Mr. Palliser's speedy coming," she said, with a resolute smile.

Her hearing was stretched for the sound of a脚步声; it seemed to her that her heart had stopped beating, lest its throb should dim the acuteness of her ear. She waited and sickened and agonized, while her lips smiled and talked. The moments went by, mo-

ments watched and counted till they stretched themselves to a kind of twanging infinity. Though, as a matter of fact, the hands of the clock pointed only to quarter after eight when at last the door-latch clicked and the well-known step sounded in the corridor.

Ellen, in the long breath of relief which seemed to loosen the very stricture of death from her heart, caught for the flash of a moment Mr. Durham's keen eye upon her. That glance of intelligence, which was in itself a confession, stirred her to a sudden inner fury. That he, who had wantonly struck at the life and honor of one whom she so tenderly loved, should dare to come thus under pretense of friendship to her house! If she had had the means, she could have found it in her heart at that moment to slip from the room and place poison in the food that he was presently to eat.

The dinner, after all, was not so late. The cocktails, excellently prepared by Nikeda, served to wile the time of waiting. And the host eclipsed his own record for lightning change, by appearing in the drawing-room exactly seven minutes after the front door had clicked to his opening. Ellen, who in composure had borne the strain of waiting, nearly broke out into childish tears of joy at the sight of that well-known figure smiling in the doorway. The life that shone from his eyes, from his clear ruddy tints, seemed to her a miracle almost too dear and beautiful to be borne. She rose with a little sobbing breath that ended in a peal of nervous laughter, and demanded his apologies for the waiting dinner.

"Please in my shoes and nails in my plate, if that will show my repentance! And my humble apologies to you all for my disgraceful tardiness. No, I won't wait even for my cocktail—that's a guarantee of sincere penitence, isn't it? And now, Mrs. Durham, may I have the pleasure?"

His gaiety, though hurried, seemed as spontaneous as ever. His lips were firm, his head was held high. In all the brilliancy of his handsome looks, he

seemed a being too strong and vital for the pale shadow of death even to touch.

The dinner was a success. The hostess' careful preparation, her present determined exertion, was a guarantee of that. The Pommery was of a special vintage, bestowed on her by her uncle; the terrapin were stewed to a turn. Led by the volatile gaiety of the host, the chatter flew briskly back and forth across the little round table. But even while Ellen smiled and talked, the thought never left her mind. Beneath the azaleas, and the diamonds, and the restless airy laughter, what dark mysterious forces were working?

In the days of the Borgias themselves, had hatreds better dissembled smiled one at the other across a dinner-table? The bold, stately financier who with cynical ruthlessness had struck at the life of his host—who to-morrow even would make life a thing impossible to him—yet to-night was eating his mallard duck and smiling at his jokes. Jim, himself, volatile and charming, yet with the touch of a revolver still cold on his fingers, on his very temple perhaps. Ellen, herself, with the hearty good-will to do murder with her own hand, if thereby she could save the one beloved. And Violet Durham, restless and demure, hiding beneath her bediamonded bosom who knew what memories—what secret hopes?

The interminable farce of dinner dragged itself at last to an end. When at length the little company seated itself in the small drawing-room, in the blue mist of cigarette smoke and the fresh aroma of Chartreuse, Ellen began to breathe freer. The end of this torturing suspense, if still distant, was at length in sight.

"Bridge? No, indeed!" cried Violet in answer to a hinted proposition of her husband's. "I'm saving cards for when I'm old, which it's horrid to think of. In the meantime, if I can't have really good conversation I always say: Give me a book!"

At this, eminently fitting remark, her husband brightened up from his late rebuff. "That's true," he said, addressing the company with the happy fatuity

often observed in the strongest of men, "that's true; there never was such a reader as that little girl—full of imagination, and literary feeling! Our house is simply littered with books. If you'll believe me she turned on the lamp in the motor, coming down here tonight, and read a novel every moment of the way!"

He spoke as proudly as though he related some personal tribute to himself.

"Oh, I'm a little wonder!" cried Violet.

"My dear, you are," returned her elderly husband gravely. "Among friends, I may say it. For she's a business woman, too, this little girl of mine," he added, surveying her with open fondness. "Isn't she, Palliser? We don't pretend to conceal our office days, do we? We're proud of them! And she has never ceased to keep a grip on the business, Mrs. Palliser," he went on, with pride, "no head like hers for business details, that's what I always say! Even now, I often take her advice on practical matters, and trust to her memory for facts that can't be put on paper—the combination of my safe, verbal promises, and so forth. Now that my memory is growing a bit weak, you can imagine what a help this is to me. My dear, I will say it." He turned back obstinately to his wife, who sat tapping her satin-shod foot. "Why not, when it's true?"

"Oh, it's true, all right," cried Violet, with her laugh, "and very interesting conversation, too, for me! But if I let you go on this way, who can tell but they'll be thinking I'm conceited? Little me—the modestest little flower in the world!" As though to point her next shot she touched the flowers on her bosom, then glanced at her husband's gray head with an indescribable impudence. "'A Violet by a Mossy Stone,'" she added, "that's little me!"

"But not," murmured Belden, "half hidden from the eye!" And from his place on the sofa beside his hostess, he glanced at the speaker's frank décolletage.

"What's that wretch saying about me,

Mrs. Palliser?" cried Mrs. Durham in her sharp nervous tones, that contrasted always so oddly with the smooth amplitude of her appearance. "Now, you people can stop making fun of little me, and sit down at your bridge, that I know you're pining for. And I'll make your hearts jump with a little music. Mr. Palliser, as I know you hate cards as much as me, perhaps you'll turn the leaves?"

At this rather bare-faced proposition Ellen opened her eyes. At any other time Violet's air of easy proprietorship toward the man whom once she had claimed under so vague and unknown a tie, would have been extremely galling to his wife. As it was, the scheme offered a chance of passing the weary hour till their guests might withdraw and leave her alone with her husband.

"Music's the thing," agreed Mrs. Durham's host, as he followed her to the piano. "Come, this bit of the 'Merry Widow.' It's as charming as—as—"

"As a sin?"

"As yourself, I was going to say, Mrs. Durham!"

"The same thing, I'm afraid—now!"

The whispered words might mean much or little. To Ellen Palliser at the moment they meant little. Mechanically she cut and dealt. The game proceeded briskly. The music rippled through the room. Violet Durham's fingers, trained to agility through years at the typewriter, had since her marriage conquered along with other social accomplishments—a certain smartness of touch at the piano.

Ellen's eyes, wandering from her cards to the group at the piano, owned the other woman's entire success in what she had tried to make of herself. She owned Violet's style, her liveliness, her beauty. And with a little subtle edge of pain, she owned the faint general resemblance between that beauty and her own blonde coloring and tall stature. And the little hateful question, so often asked before, came back to her again: Was it perhaps only as the replica of this lost love of his that she had been chosen by Jim Palliser?

She put the ugly thought out of sight. Was she growing morbid on the subject, to admit such a doubt to her mind at a time like this?

She was recalled to a realizing sense of the present situation, by noticing the bland determination with which Mr. Durham was losing money to her. He was, doubtless, offering this slight salve to his own conscience and to her. A wild desire to laugh seized upon her. A pile of five-dollar bills, in return for the life of which he was robbing her?

CHAPTER III.

"Good night, Mrs. Palliser! Such a lovely time!"

The portières of the drawing-room swung to, over the trailing furs and sparkling diamonds. Ellen and her husband were left facing each other. She stood alert and watchful, steady-ing herself with one hand on the card-table. The other finger, laid on her lips, commanded silence till the whisper of draperies and the closing of doors should tell of their guests' final departure. From Jim's face, turned toward her, the light and the life had vanished like the dying flare of a fire. They stood gazing at each other, frightened to span for the first time with their bodily eyes the naked raw abyss torn open by their recent disembodied interview on the telephone.

Steps went rustling down the corridor, with a little murmur of voices. The outer door closed, the latch clicked. With a flash of yellow draperies that sent Mr. Durham's greenbacks flying like leaves in a summer gale, Ellen leaped for her husband's neck.

"Jim, my darling Jim! You're alive! I have you—I have you!"

She whimpered like a child against his neck. For the moment her hard-drawn strength had snapped. The warmth she touched smote her indescribably, unbelievably, as though it were the flesh of her own new-born child. Her husband appeared to her a thing which at the risk of her own life she had snatched from the emptiness that lies beyond death. It seemed to her in-

conceivable that for so many smiling and terrible hours she had waited for the bliss of this reassuring touch.

"Jim! My own Jim!"

He soothed her tenderly. "Nelly—don't make me feel a brute! I know it, without seeing you like this. Come, be a thoroughbred! After the form you've showed this evening—"

She raised her head with a little strangling laugh. The break in her husband's voice brought back to her the swift thought which a few hours ago had been hers: "I must be strong for two."

"Don't be afraid," she said steadily, "I'm not going to be silly. Come, Jim"—she turned toward the sofa, still clutching his shoulders with her hands—"come, tell me all about it, please!"

He seated himself at her side. The light falling on his face showed its blanched and sallow tints, and the new lines that had marked themselves below the restless eyes. With a sudden horrible thought her searching hands fell like water about his form.

"Jim! Have you got it on—now?"

"What?"

"The—the you know what!"

"The—revolver?"

She shuddered uncontrollably. "Don't say it. But of course, you've changed your clothes. Tell me—is it in the other room?"

"No, dear. I put the thing away, down at the bank. In a drawer of Mr. Durham's table, where I was sitting."

"Thank God! Dear Jim, you'll promise me that you'll leave it there?"

He smiled faintly. "If you'll promise me that you'll not go scorching out your dear little insides with a dose of carbolic."

"Don't talk about it, Jim, please!" Then her pale lips twitched in an answering smile. "What idiots we both were, weren't we? But what does that matter—now that we are really alive, really together? Whatever the dangers are, we'll fight them together, sha'n't we? But tell me! Tell me! How much longer do you think I can wait to hear what has happened?"

"The Patroons Trust is on its last legs, Nelly."

"What, the Patroons? The Patroons?"

Ellen Palliser, like every other New Yorker, regarded the Patroons Trust Company with an almost superstitious veneration. Its gray granite arches had come to be used as a very symbol of stability. That those arches could ever come down seemed incredible, a mere wanton perversion of nature.

"On its last legs or near it, my dear child. For the past three months, like everything else in New York, it's been tottering. Last week came the climax, and now, unless a scapegoat can be found, there'll be a case of smash. Durham has my name on his paper. So in this case, I'm the scapegoat. Do you understand?"

Ellen's pale cheek glowed brightly. "And he dared to come here to-night—he dared?"

"Why not? Everything is very agreeable and polite between us. Even the hangman speaks to you politely before he puts the black cap over your head, doesn't he? Besides, I'm not supposed to be found out—yet." He laughed recklessly.

Jim Palliser, while richly endowed with the dashing courage which storms a redoubt in the face of overwhelming odds, was not of the nature fitted to stand a siege. He was of those born to win, rather than to hold. Gallantry, energy, initiative—there lay his strength. These are virtues which feed on hope. Deprived of hope, his soul starved and wilted.

Ellen, whose love read his strength and his weakness, knew that if this crisis were to be met only by patience and by steadfast faith, it must be she that would have to supply them. She raised his hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"Suppose you tell me all about it now," she said quietly.

"I'm not very likely, Nelly, to refuse to tell my story to the one person in New York who will believe me. Listen, Ellen—you remember a chap by the name of Henderson, that I brought up

here to dine, one night last spring? Durham introduced him, and asked me to show him some attention—that was part of his game! You remember him?"

Ellen nodded. "Perfectly—a big man, with a red beard. He told dialect stories quite wonderfully, I remember, with a 'Gaul-dang it!' every other minute—and then apologies. Yes, I remember him, of course."

"B. K. Henderson!" returned Jim. "That's him! He was the promoter of the Achaguas Rubber Company, New York and Rio. They claimed to have a rubber tract down there on the Amazon that would make King Leopold himself sick with envy—pure virgin gum trickling right out into their pails. It looked pretty promising. The curb was fighting for it, and it was whispered that M—— himself had taken them up. Durham was wild about it. Just before my promotion he took sixty-five thousand of their stock. I, of course, as his secretary, met Henderson and put through the deal. Then came my sudden promotion to cashier. I knew, of course, that my promotion was due to Durham. I didn't know then, why!"

"Why, dear?" asked Ellen, while her heart turned cold with an indefinable fear.

"Listen, Nelly. I'd been cashier of the Patroons for three days when Durham came to me with a note of Henderson's to be discounted. The amount was ninety thousand. The collateral offered was Achaguas stock. Durham asked me to take these papers to the bookkeeper for him and have the loan credited to Henderson's account; and to certify checks for him on request. Why should I have refused? It was all in the day's work. So I initialed the note—with the usual memorandum—'Proceeds to be credited to account of B. K. Henderson, Signed, J. M. P.'—and passed it in. This happened a half dozen times again, till the total ran up to over a half million. It seemed to me a bit risky toward the last, but it wasn't for me to question my chief. And beside, Achaguas was in the eighties, and Henderson dining with the Wall Street

princes every night. Then on the top wave of prosperity, he was off to Rio to 'give his personal attention to the interests of his stockholders.' The first dividends had been paid on the dot. The second came due after Henderson had left. There was some delay in their payment. The bears got hold of Achaguas, and rushed it down eleven points. Then all of a sudden, last month—perhaps you noticed the headlines, Nelly?"

"If I did I've forgotten them."

"Wrecked tugboat, somewhere about the mouth of the Amazon. Brilliant young New York financier, B. K. Henderson, eaten by sharks—ah, he was a cannibal, that shark that bit into Henderson! The days after the news came to hand, Achaguas Rubber came down with a run that beat Nipissing. And when the receivers took over the affairs of the company, they found nothing, Nelly, nothing at all either in New York or Brazil—not so much as a stray nickel or a wad of chewing-gum!"

Ellen was silent. Through these bewildering facts her mind groped to a certainty which she disowned. Then she spoke with difficulty:

"And Jim—those notes?"

"Those notes, my dear, have my initials on the back—those that haven't my name—and the collateral is worthless."

"But you signed them on Mr. Durham's responsibility!"

"His verbal responsibility. There were no witnesses except the bookkeeper who recorded them; and he, poor chap, died at Bellevue last month."

"But even if you were responsible, Jim, it would be only your misfortune, not your fault."

"A cashier's misfortune, when he accepts speculative stock as collateral, *is* his fault. And besides, there are always those vouchers for the purchase of that Achaguas stock—the stock I bought for Durham, the last week that I served as his private secretary."

"The vouchers stand—in your name, Jim?"

"They do. They prove that in April, 1907, James M. Palliser bought in sixty-five thousand of a curb stock—the

same curb stock which later, as cashier, he accepted as collateral for notes to the tune of a half million. These notes, which he initiated, were drawn all by the same man—the promoter of the very company in which the cashier was interested. A neat arrangement, you see! When the price rose, the cashier could release this collateral to his pal, and pull in the gain. If it fell—"

"And it did fall?" asked Ellen, with white lips.

"To smash, Ellen. When I went to Durham for satisfaction, he put me off. Finally to-day, as the quarterly balancing comes this week, I told him point-blank he'd have to account to the directors for the worthless collateral. It was then he called my attention to the points in the case, as I have just presented them to you."

"But I don't understand," gasped Ellen. "He made you responsible, from beginning to end, for his speculation. If it succeeded he would have reaped the profits. But now that it has failed, the responsibility rests on you!"

"Exactly, my dear. I'm not the first man in New York to be used as cat-s paw for the back-door operations of a great financier. And if I suffer I'm not the first."

"But a great financier, Jim! How is it possible—"

"There's just the point, dear. At this present moment, Durham is hardly that. He's been badly hit by this past year's shrinkage in values. His wife spends money like an insane woman, as I happen to know—did you notice her diamonds, to-night? Beside that, several of his other investments have gone to smash. He's lost every penny, and owes into the hundred thousands. He's a desperate man, Nelly. This Achaguas venture was a last determined effort to recoup his losses. If the company had succeeded his gains would have been enormous. It failed, and the loss rests on the bank. The crime—"

Ellen jumped to her feet. Her lips were parted in a whispering cry that cut the air like a scream.

"But, Jim, even though these documents put the burden of Mr. Durham's

operations on you, it's no more than a financial trick. It's not a crime they prove—not a crime!"

"Conspiracy and misapplication of funds, my dear, form the ground of a criminal charge. A man indicted on this charge is tried in the criminal court."

There was a moment's silence. Ellen spoke with difficulty.

"But you, Jim—you're an innocent man!"

Her faith shone in her eyes, superb and undoubting. Had she found her husband with a smoking pistol beside a new corpse, she would have taken his word for his innocence. Palliser paused, wet his lip, and surveyed her kindling features with a curious expression of doubt before he responded.

"For you, Nelly. But for the bank examiners, when they overhaul my books and inspect my balance? Any day now, their visit may be due. What will they say to the half-million shortage—and to the Henderson notes, initiated by Palliser?"

Ellen drew a long hard breath.
"Have you seen a lawyer?"

"Yes, but not Belden, this time. I went straight to Lichenstein—two hundred dollars for ten minutes' talk. He tried to get me to admit 'the truth' to him. 'What's the use of this kind of talk to your lawyer, Mr. Palliser?' he said."

"I understand." Ellen controlled the trembling of her lips. "And then?"

"And then, back to Durham for the last time. This time he spoke more openly. It was a question, he said, of the greatest good of the greatest number; of sacrificing individual feelings for the safety of the institution we both served. I'll not deny, there was truth in what he said. At such a time as this, with our deposits subject to call, running to thirty times our reserve; with business failures in every quarter of the city, and a feeling of distrust in the very air—what must be the result for the company, if the cashier's name were kept out of the Henderson transaction?

"For in the absence of direct proof

against me, Nelly, you understand that Durham as president is personally responsible for all paper discounted by the bank and all loans made. Suppose it came to light that the president had lent a half million of the bank's money to a wildcat company that he held stock in, and lost it—what could the result be, but a total collapse of the company's credit? The president, Nelly, do you understand? He's the institution itself! Whereas, the cashier—why, a cashier isn't even expected to keep his trust! By all the rules of modern finance and journalism, every cashier is guilty of embezzlement until he's proved innocent. The discovery that the Patroons Trust had shared the common lot of banks might create a brief embarrassment, but the institution would be safe. The funds of the depositors would be safe, which must be a banker's first care. So, as it was a choice of president and depositors against the cashier, the cashier must be content to suffer."

"For the guilty," said Ellen in a low voice.

"That's about the size of it. For who can prove Durham guilty, but Henderson? And poor old B. K., if he's not dead, is a hunted fugitive on the face of the earth; a common defaulter like—like me. For in the eyes of the law, dear Nelly, that's what I am, while those papers exist to prove my guilt. Do you wonder, now, that after turning the thing over in my mind this evening, I told the watchman that I'd have to come back for some extra work after hours, and then went around the corner and bought——"

"No, Jim, don't say it!" Her warm hand was over his mouth. "The thing to think of now," she said clearly, "is what we are going to do about it!"

He shook his head in a sort of sad pride at her undaunted spirit. "When the cleverest lawyer in New York rejected the business as a bad job," he said, with a short laugh, "I'm afraid the outlook is hardly encouraging, Nelly, for amateur talent like yours and mine."

"But there must be!" she insisted.

"The point is this, as I understand it; there's money embezzled, and documentary evidence which goes to prove you the embezzler. Very well. The first question is: Can we get hold of the documents?"

The bright blood leaped into Palliser's handsome face. "If we could!" he said in a kind of purposeful concentration.

"They form the sole evidence, Jim, that you had anything to do with the loans to Henderson?"

"The only evidence."

"But the witnesses to your signature, Jim!" Ellen knit her brows. "Even if the notes themselves were destroyed mightn't it still be proved by witnesses that you initialed Henderson's notes, and had them recorded?"

"Only one witness as I told you, Nelly; the bookkeeper that recorded them—and he's dead, poor chap."

"I see. Then if we could get hold of those notes with your initials, and of the Achaguas vouchers with your name on them, there'd be no case whatever against you?"

"Absolutely none. But unhappily, my dear child, the papers in question exist, and are locked in Mr. Durham's private safe."

Ellen knit her brows. "Very well, then, we'll eliminate the impossible, as the books say. The second and last question is: Can we replace the money?"

He smiled grimly. "Money that Durham spent, and Henderson is spending!"

"That doesn't matter!" she cried. "We aren't talking of abstract justice—we aren't talking of what ought to be done. We're talking of what's *got* to be done!"

"For me to replace the money would be to acknowledge that I had stolen it."

"Perhaps so, to those who don't know the circumstances. But to Mr. Durham? Valuable as a scapegoat would be to him, I'm sure cash would be better."

"Very possibly, but where's the use of talking, Nelly, when I haven't the

cash? Hardly a tenth part of it? And what would that be, to Durham?"

Ellen sat silent, while purpose grew and flamed in her eyes. "There's no knowing, till one tries! If the trust company is really in difficulties, then ready money would take on an added value."

"If I had it! But I haven't, and that's all there is about it."

"But I?"

Jim Palliser turned in sudden anger. "My dear child, stop right there! I may be a poor sort of beggar—I dare say I am, to have messed things up like this—but I'm damned if I'll see you impoverishing yourself, and flying about town trying to raise money to pay into the maw of a hoary-headed old scoundrel like Durham!"

He dropped his chin in his hand. For the moment, his handsome face looked quite broken and weary. Ellen touched his cheek timidly with her hand.

"But, dearest—when I refused to let you—get out of it in the way you thought best—surely it's my right to help you now?"

"Thank you, dear Nelly. I feel your goodness, your nobility. But even if I could accept what you offer it would be a mere drop in the bucket. No—something has got to be done, I own, but not *that*."

"But, Jim, you'll not lose heart again? You'll fight? You'll do something now—now before it's too late?"

Palliser glanced up sharply. His recent impulse had been despair. But now the warm touch of a kind hand, the sound of a voice that had faith and confidence in him, gave him if not hope at least a fresh access of his own *eager* energy. He brought his clenched hand down upon his knee.

"Nelly, I'll do what I can. I'll leave no stone unturned, no wire unpulled, to beat Durham's little game. Fair means or foul, I'll do him before he does me. In self-defense, a man can shoot to kill if he needs, can't he? Isn't that the law?"

The reckless determination of the words touched Ellen in a fierce glow of

relief and of hope. "That's the law!" she cried. "Fight fire with fire!"

He started, then looked down into her face. "I believe you're right, Nelly," he said slowly. "I believe that you are very right."

CHAPTER IV.

Next morning, Jim Palliser went down-town early. His reckless determination of the night before had given place to a kind of energetic despair. He still talked briskly, over the breakfast-table, of seeing lawyers and formulating schemes. But his dull tone and bitten lips told that hope was at a low ebb within him. For his wife's sake, and in mortification at the weak part he had played last evening, he spoke with a resolution which the expression of his face did not warrant. He talked with a freedom of confidence, an elaboration of detail, that they both recognized as unusual for the preoccupied financier. Yet, as he himself declared, he could not deny himself the luxury of discussing his trouble with the one person in the city who would accept his account of it. He recurred to the fact of his innocence; insisted upon it, proved it over and over again with an ardor and attention to detail which his audience was far from requiring of him. Again and again he repeated his protestation:

"I'm an innocent man—you believe me, Nelly?"

"I don't believe you, dear—I know."

"Ah! That's good!" He drew a long breath, as though her faith were the vital air. "And now, I must be off. Good-by, Nelly, dear!"

"Good-by, Jim. Good luck!"

She kissed him with a passionate tenderness. "Don't worry, darling!" he said. The words were brief; when so much was felt, it seemed unnecessary to use words. Their common life, for the moment, was fused in one desperate fear.

For Ellen the day passed slowly. The necessity of action thrilled in her veins like the headlong fumes of wine. What to do? What to do?

She sat down at her solitary lunch-

table, but could not eat. She had no time to waste in eating. There was something for her to do. But what was it that she must do? The fear that had come into her life, the dread that lay over her, seemed fantastic, remote. Yet no one knew better than she its present peril. A newspaper, lying still on the chair beside her, caught her eye. She picked it up—one of the headlines glared at her. "Daring Fraud by Clever Bank Officer." The coincidence struck her with a kind of rage. She threw the paper on the floor. What would she be reading to-morrow?

In the afternoon she dressed herself and went to see Belden at his office in the Flatiron Building. In spite of what her husband had said last night, she had decided to see what she could do in the way of raising money.

She had, to be sure, no private fortune of her own, which could for an instant begin to fill the gap. But she thought she saw ways and means. Breathlessly she recounted to the lawyer the resources which, she thought, might be counted upon to raise an adequate sum.

"Tell me, Mr. Belden," she said swiftly, "would the full amount be necessary? If we could raise one half the amount, for instance, mightn't the ready cash be of sufficient value, at such a time as this, to buy Durham over?"

Belden sucked in his breath reflectively. "Mrs. Palliser, there's something in what you say. A couple of hundred thousand cold cash, judicially spread out, might be used to cover the hole left by three times that amount—at least, long enough to tide over this crisis. Then of course when values go up again—h'm, I can't be certain, but I admit there's a chance—if you can raise the cash!"

"I've been calculating," she cried, with fierce eagerness. "Now listen to me, Mr. Belden."

Swiftly she unfolded to the lawyer the various sources from which she looked to gather together the necessary cash.

To begin with, there was Palliser's

own block of stock in the trust company which he served. With the shares at par, it represented fifty thousand dollars—its sacrifice would perhaps help to keep them there. The gold bonds that Ellen had inherited from her mother would bring in twelve thousand more; her savings from her housekeeping allowance, added to that, would bring the whole amount up to nearly sixty-five thousand. Then her jewels—

"What!" interrupted Belden. "You mean to say, you are thinking of sacrificing your jewels, Mrs. Palliser?"

"For my husband, Mr. Belden!" she returned, with a look of wonder.

Then, as the recounted figures warmed her almost to hope, her face broke into open smiles as she told how Tiffany had once offered fifteen thousand for her collection of topazes, that had come to her from her mother; the diamonds that Jim had given her last summer had cost five thousand, at least, she knew that. Then there were her rings, and pearls her uncle had given her when she was a little girl. Altogether, the collection should be worth anywhere from thirty to forty thousand. This would bring the amount of ransom up to a hundred thousand, wouldn't it?

Then, as Belden opened his mouth to question, she stopped him with a gesture of the hand and swept on. Beside this, there were her laces—she had some fine old convent Malines, that had never even been in the market. There were the furnishings of their flat—had Belden ever noticed their Meissoniers? Her father had bought them from the artist himself as a beginner—they must now be worth ten thousand apiece, at the least. Then their old family furniture, their silver, all their wedding-presents—

"Stop, stop!" cried Belden, moved for once almost out of his professional calm. "Mrs. Palliser, do you know what you are doing? You're stripping yourself. You'll stand in your clothes like an immigrant arrived at Hoboken. Will Palliser accept such a sacrifice?"

"He won't be consulted, Mr. Belden," returned Ellen, with spirit. "And

now, let us keep to business if you please. Even at forced sale, I have calculated that those things ought to bring in fifty thousand more. A hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Belden!" She squeezed her gloved hands together in her lap, and her blue eyes looked at him imploringly.

He shook his head. "To fill the hole left by a half million? That's the heart-breaking part about your courageous sacrifice, Mrs. Palliser."

"Oh, but there's something more." She flushed painfully. Her tongue seemed to drag itself over the words as she explained to Belden her hopes of raising money on an inheritance which was some day to come to her. There was a certain old uncle whose property, chiefly in real estate along the Hudson, was some day to be hers. This uncle, who was a member of the Reformed Dutch Church, had never approved of Palliser; it would be useless to approach him with a plea to give a helping hand to a son of Belial like his niece's husband. Ellen was, however, his acknowledged heiress.

She stopped, flushed, and hesitated. It made her sick to think of speculating on the life of some one who had always been so good to her, but, but—didn't people do things like that, sometimes? Weren't loans of ready money sometimes made to heirs, or post-obits or whatever they were called?

In reply to Belden's questions she gave, in a faltering voice, details as to her uncle's age, his health and habits, etc. Shame filled her. Nothing but the passionate necessity that urged her on could have moved her to a calculation so sordid and so cold. She was giving the uttermost proof in her power of her devotion to the man whose name she bore.

Belden shook his head. The business was hardly to his liking. Nevertheless, for friends— He knitted his brows over the facts and figures that he had jotted down. H'm—between three and four hundred thousand in real estate? He would speak, this very afternoon, with a little Jew who made a business of such loans. It was possible, Mrs.

Palliser might get a cash advance of a hundred thousand.

"By the way, Mrs. Palliser, there's a tremendous interest charged for such accommodation. It will probably swallow up the whole of your inheritance, when it falls in."

Ellen waved the objection aside with her hand. "What does *that* matter if I can have the money to-morrow—day after to-morrow?"

"Possibly. I will do my best."

"Not your best—you must *do* it!" cried Ellen imploringly. "I can wait a day or two for the money, but I must know to-morrow whether I can have it or not. I can't wait any longer to get those papers from Mr. Durham. Suppose the examiners were to come to-morrow, even!"

She paled at the thought. Belden glanced at her with a puzzled air. Though he was himself, in a calm metropolitan fashion, much attached to the attractive Jim Palliser, still he was rather nonplussed by this unquestioning faith in the cashier's innocence.

"We'll have to take our risks of that. Still, I think we need not worry about to-morrow. And I give you my word. I'll rush the business and do my best to let you know by the middle of the afternoon."

"How can I thank you, Mr. Belden? And I'll attend to the other things myself. I'll make out my lists to-night, and send for people to come and make the valuations to-morrow morning early. But no—not too early. Jim doesn't leave the house till nine."

"Ah! Then you aren't intending to tell Jim?"

She turned eyes of amazement upon him.

"Do you suppose I'd be allowed to do it if I told?"

He smiled gently at her serene confidence, which he found touching. Her next remark, however, was less pleasant to him.

"And if we find that we can do it—if I find that I can raise what we hope on the things at home, and you find you can get the hundred thousand on poor Uncle Robert's estate—then

you'll go to Mr. Durham to-morrow afternoon, at once? You'll tell him that he can have the money at once—and Jim's stock, and those bonds of mine—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash, ready cash, if he'll give up those wicked lying documents that he swindled out of poor Jim? Though you needn't put it that way—put it politely, Mr. Belden, of course."

The lawyer rose to his feet. Something in the expression of his thin face as he looked down at her caused her suddenly to stop. Then she added tentatively:

"For you'll take charge of the business for me, won't you?"

Belden hesitated. "I'll do what I can to raise the money for you, Mrs. Palliser. Yes, though it's not quite in my line, I'll do my best, I assure you."

"But when the money is raised," she insisted, "you'll go and see Mr. Durham, won't you?"

His narrow eyes as they rested on her had in them an expression which she did not understand. "What do you mean, Mr. Belden?"

He spoke with embarrassment. "Listen, Mrs. Palliser. I'm your friend, yours and your husband's, I hope. But in this case, it's not as your friend but as your lawyer that you come to me—do I understand you rightly?"

She stared, a little repelled. "Certainly, Mr. Belden. This is a professional service I ask of you. I'm a woman, but I understand business as far as that, I hope."

"Mrs. Palliser, I beg you not to think that *that* was what I meant."

She bent her brows at him. "Then, in Heaven's name——"

"Mrs. Palliser," he said in a desperate awkwardness, "if I am to be your representative in this matter, if I am to treat with your opponent for you, don't you see that it is necessary, before we go to work, to decide—to decide——"

"To decide what?" she cried. Something in his manner frightened her.

"To decide on exactly what basis we are to treat."

"What do you mean, Mr. Belden?" It was the expression of his face as

he regarded her, rather than his spoken words, which conveyed his meaning to her. She spoke in a changed voice, low and uncertain.

"You mean, Mr. Belden, you don't believe—you don't believe that Jim is innocent?"

"My dear Mrs. Palliser, what an idea!" returned the lawyer briskly. In spite of the painfulness of the situation, his relief at her final understanding was obvious. "My own personal opinion, as Jim's friend—I'm not speaking of that. But as a practical man, Mrs. Palliser——"

"Yes?" In spite of Jim's warning of yesterday, she had not till this moment realized the binding and subtle nature of the chains in which he was held. For the moment she felt the chains entangling about her as well—her, the one person in New York, as he had said, who could believe in him! If Belden did not believe, there was nothing she could do to make him believe. She drew a long breath upon a heart that pounded so painfully as almost to deprive her of speech.

"As a practical man, Mr. Belden? Please to speak plainly."

"Then, Mrs. Palliser, I must acknowledge that if you ask me to go to such a person as Mr. Durham, of the Patroons Trust Company, and approach him on the basis that he is guilty of blackmail, embezzlement of funds, and wilful perjury—then I say frankly that such a thing is impossible. If, however, you allow me to use my own judgment, in the attempt to buy those papers from him——"

"To buy the papers, that is, as genuine proofs of a genuine crime on Jim's part?" She was very pale now, and her voice came slowly. Belden's distress was on the surface nearly equal to her own.

"My dear Mrs. Palliser, what a way to put it! To risk trust funds in a little speculation—Good Lord, if you call that a crime, Wall Street ought to be moved bodily to Sing Sing! It's only when the thing fails that it becomes dangerous—and surely that's bad luck rather than crime, isn't it?"

"I see what you mean, Mr. Belden. Please don't bother to explain any more."

She rose to her feet, pulling up the brown ostrich boa that had slipped from her shoulders. The gallant resolution of her pale face struck again that little pang of pity from the lawyer's heart, and he did not begrudge her her obstinate faith. Though, by a curious oblique movement of his subconscious self, it was this unstinted devotion which gave the final touch to his belief in his friend's guilt. "It's only the scamps that have a woman like this, ready to strip herself of her last rag for them"—so the voice of his experience told him. The wife's devoted faith, instead of moving him, merely confirmed him in his judgment of James Palliser.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Palliser. I'd be glad to serve you to the best of my ability, if you'd let me."

"Thank you, Mr. Belden." To accept one iota of his aid, after the opinion he had expressed, seemed a humiliation intolerable. But for her husband's sake she overcame her pride, as in the first part of the interview she had her sense of family honor. "Then you'll try and get the money for me? And you'll let me know, to-morrow afternoon, whether you have succeeded?"

"I will. And I'll do my best to have it good news for you."

"Then you'll call me up after lunch?"

"In any case, I'll call you up then and report progress. But—what about Mr. Durham?"

"Mr. Durham?" With a hand that trembled slightly, she twitched her veil into place. "Oh, I'll go to see Mr. Durham myself. Good-by, Mr. Belden."

Once in the street she hailed a hansom. It was perilously near five o'clock and she feared to be late for her appointment at Sherry's. Besides, the shock of her recent interview had set her knees to trembling under her. But when she was seated in the cab, she had a little reaction of self-blame for her extravagance. At such a time as this, every penny was precious! Eager-

ly her mind ran forward in plans of economy for the future.

In her schemes for her husband's release from the peril that threatened him she found an energy of consolation that almost wiped from her mind the recent shock of Belden's doubt. What did Belden's opinion matter, so long as he could get her the money she needed? By the time that her crawling vehicle, in its dot-and-go-one progress up the crowded Avenue, had gone its twenty blocks, she was almost in spirits again. Save Jim! With the ready cash which, please Heaven, she would have almost in her hand to-morrow, of course she would save him!

Though the hands of the clock in the dressing-room, as she entered it, stood at five after five, Charlotte Swanwick had not yet come. After a brief settling of hat and hair, Ellen took her seat in the outer hall. For the first time in her life she viewed the moving show of clothes and of smiling faces in a curious sense of her own detachment. Even the words of one or two acquaintances, as they passed, hardly confirmed in her mind the reality and rightfulness of her place among this gaiety and elegance. Her place was among the workers of the world; for the first time in her life she realized that, and without a qualm of regret or of repugnance. If she could only save Jim, then for the rest of her life she would live in a cheap suburb, and cook her own dinner and his, with the greatest pleasure in life.

There was a touch on her elbow. Mrs. Swanwick's little sharp face smiled down into hers.

"Ellen! You little animated flying-machine! How in Heaven's name did you get here so quickly?"

Ellen stared as she rose to follow her friend into the tea-room. "Quarter after five! And I've been waiting for you ten minutes!"

"Ten minutes!" cried her friend, with a puzzled air. "But didn't I see you and your husband at the Waldorf, ten or fifteen minutes ago? That was the reason, you see, that I took my time about coming up here!"

Ellen stared. "Jim and me? No!"

"But I certainly saw your husband," persisted her friend as they seated themselves at the little table reserved for them among the chattering, staring crowd.

With her reaction of confidence, Ellen's color had come back into her cheeks, and under her wide brown-plumed hat, her shining eyes and hair made a picture which more than one tea-drinker found worth surveying. Her mind, however, was busy appraising, calculating, planning. Even while she listened to Mrs. Swanwick's news of Jim himself, or while she gave the waiter her order, her mind was straining toward to-morrow's interview with the man who held her very life in his hand. She controlled herself, however, to an appearance of interest.

"Yes, Ceylon, you said, Charlotte, didn't you? Waiter, two pots of Ceylon tea, with cream. And English muffins, toasted. And so you saw Jim at the Waldorf, Charlotte. He often goes in there for a moment in the afternoon—it's so close to his office, you see. But tell me, what put it into your head that I was with him?"

Charlotte drew down her little sharp face disarmingly. "Why, I just saw him for a flash, tearing through the Palm Room. And I thought I caught a glimpse of you in the offing—however, in a crowd like that one can never tell who's who or who's *with* whom! So as you weren't there, after all, it's luck that I came up here in time, isn't it! Oh, my dearest girl, do look around—there, the next table but one. Did you ever in your life see such a guy of a hat?"

CHAPTER V.

Ellen's next day was a busy one. She told her husband merely of her intention to reduce their establishment; a plan to which he gave a regretful though ready assent. His attitude was hardly more hopeful than yesterday. Occasional bursts of feverish gaiety, in which he maintained the certainty of his escape, alternated with moods of gloom which frightened Ellen almost into tell-

ing him of her schemes. Nothing but the certainty of his imperative veto on her plans could have kept her enthusiasm silent. As it was, she smiled at him and caressed him with a passionate encouragement.

"Don't be downhearted, dearest! We're going to get out of this—I feel it! I know it! Something is going to happen—you'll see if I'm not right! You'll see!"

He jumped from the breakfast-table to walk restlessly up and down the room. Ellen noticed with anxiety that his chop and coffee remained untouched; and his handsome face had taken on the wasted look of one aged twenty years in the last two days.

Ellen rose from her chair and taking him by the shoulders, forced him into his seat again. "Sit down," she said imperiously. "You don't suppose I'm going to have you ill on my hands, do you? Eat your breakfast!"

He laughed faintly as he attacked his chop. "You're a good-plucked one, Nelly," he said. "Yes, if only to do what I do to deserve you, I'll go down to the office and do what I can to-day. As I say, there's a bare chance—"

"Jim!" Ellen interrupted him with a sudden thought. "Are you going to be at the Patroons all day?"

He stared at her. "At the office all day?" he repeated, hesitating. "How should I know, my dear? And why should you want to know?"

Her approaching interview with Mr. Durham was in Ellen's mind. At all hazards, her purpose must be kept secret until its success was assured. And she shrank nervously from meeting possible opposition at the last moment, by coming face to face with her husband in the office of the trust company itself. When her proposed sacrifice had secured its end, and she could give her explanation along with the incriminating papers themselves, there would be time enough to tell the truth to her husband.

"If I should want to telephone you about anything, you know!" she said, with a little nervous laugh.

He nodded slowly. "Of course.

Well, you'll find me at the office any time this morning. In the afternoon I'll probably be out; in the late afternoon, certainly so."

"The same as yesterday," she answered, with a laugh. "Charlotte told me she saw you at the Waldorf!"

"I thought I saw her," he answered calmly. "I dropped in at the billiard-room a moment, to have a high-ball with a chap who's on here from the West. Good God, Nelly!" he broke out in a sudden explosion of nervous agony. "Do you realize what kind of a life this is we're living? Talk about your *morituri!* Here we are giving dinners, going down-town, going through all the motions, down to high-balls and chops and coffee!" With a fierce gesture he flung out his hand, so that his coffee-cup went crashing to the floor. The delicate china was shattered, the black liquid went meandering destructively over the rug. The speaker pulled himself together. "I'm an ass," he said hurriedly, "ranting this way, as though I were on the stage! But when I look at you, and think what the chances are—Nelly, I'm going to do my best to-day! The chances are so slim that they're hardly worth mentioning, but I'll do my best."

"Tell me, dearest," she said, with curiosity, "what it is that you are going to do?"

He hesitated. "What's the use?" he said slowly. "If I can get hold of the papers, or block Durham's game some way, then will be the time to tell you. But till then—no, Nelly, let me alone. I'll do my best and a little more, I'll promise you."

He rose from his seat with the slow heavy motion of one physically spent. She leaned across the little table with hands outstretched for a caress.

"And I'll do my best," she said, with a smile of bright determination. "Together we're going to get you out of this hole, you know, Jim."

He kissed her finger-tips. "What a girl you are," he said, with affection. "You're the one to stick by a man when he's down! A real thoroughbred—didn't I always say so?"

The moment that the door had closed upon her husband's slow step, Ellen flew to the telephone. That part of the business arranged, she set herself with furious energy to the preparation of her lists. By noon she had in her apartment a half dozen persons such as she had never received there before—hook-nosed, shiny-hatted individuals, who talked with each other in confidential whispers, with backward jerks of the thumb. Ellen shivered with a sense of her own temerity as she regarded them. For her they symbolized, outwardly and visibly, the break between the familiar past and the unknown future which on her own responsibility she was creating.

Her silver and her jewels, spread out in glittering rows on the dining-room table, were overhauled and appraised. Her pictures were examined with a microscope, her rugs—including the Kurdistan in the dining-room, from which the coffee-stain of the morning had been carefully cleansed—were thumbed and discussed.

Nikeda stood by with an impenetrable face. This was the first time that he had witnessed such a phenomenon; but the cook, who thrust a frowsy head in from behind the leather screen at the pantry door, had enlightened him. From the eyes of both, immediate warning glittered in terms of cold contempt. Little Armandine had already called up an employment-office and filed her application for a new place.

These signs of domestic disruption, however, passed unnoticed before Ellen's eyes. If she had thought of her servants at all, it was only to reproach herself that she had ever indulged in so luxurious an establishment; and if they would save her further expense by leaving voluntarily before the end of their month, so much the better. Their scorn passed high over her head; as did also the pain of beholding stubby fingers, yellow with cigarette smoke, poking among her mother's silver, and her own precious collection of lace. Or if she felt any pain she hugged it to her soul in a kind of triumph.

The greatest privilege that a man

can afford the woman who loves him is to allow her the opportunity of unlimited sacrifice in his behalf. In the thrill of this new and unaccustomed delight, Ellen almost exulted in the sordidness of the present trial, in the poverty-stricken bareness of the days that stretched before her. One thought only was in her ears like music, before her eyes like a golden haze; the vision of that moment when, perhaps that very day, she might possibly—possibly—be telling her husband that he was safe, and that she had saved him.

It was three o'clock before the visitors departed. The apartment looked as though a strong wind had blown through it; and there was no lunch cooked, owing to the fact of the cook having put on her bonnet and gone out to solace herself with a drink and the hunt for a new place. Ellen, however, sang to herself as, with the aid of the disdainful Armandine, she replaced the silver and jewels in their safe, and finally sat down to the fragments of cold beef served to her by Nikeda. What did it matter, discomfort, humiliation, poverty? So long as the result of the ordeal just passed through was to assure her that her own estimate of values had been if anything a conservative one. To-morrow, if she chose to call up her recent visitors on the telephone, she was assured of something over ninety thousand dollars for her fund. Now, if Mr. Belden had succeeded—she glanced at the clock. Her bread and butter stuck in her throat. What news would he have for her? And if he had the news she hoped what success would she have in the dreaded interview which possibly lay before her?

Her irritation was further increased by a continual ringing of the telephone. It seemed that every one she knew in the city was planning a dinner, and wanted her and her husband to come; or wanted her name as patroness, for theatricals in aid of their pet charity; or had a choice bit of gossip to retail, or an inquiry about the tailor who had made her that love of a brown suit. Ellen glanced at the helpless instrument

on her toilet-table, as though all this frivolity were as much its fault as had seemed the tragic message of two nights ago.

Finally, when the hands of the little silver clock stood at half-past four, the bell rang again. This time, at last, the click of the joining wires was followed by Belden's voice.

"It's all right, Mrs. Palliser!"

Ellen's voice rose to something like a cry. "Mr. Belden! You mean—you have the money for me?"

"I can get it for you to-morrow. There's a dirty little Jew down on Tenth Street—a fellow you wouldn't kick—who will make the advance on the security that you offer. I'm bound to tell you that the rate he asks will probably have eaten up the whole business by the time the inheritance falls in—"

"As though that mattered! How much does he offer?"

"The sum you asked for—a hundred thousand."

"Thank God!"

The receiver almost dropped from her shaking hand. For a moment she was conscious of the grotesque incongruity of these violent emotions which, for the past few days, had been associated for her with this intrusive instrument of nickel and wire. To weep over a telephone seems absurd, yet two great tears of relief fell from Ellen's eyes and splashed on the shining toy over which she bent. The chirping echo of Belden's voice was in her ears:

"Then you still intend to go to Durham?"

"Certainly," she replied in a sudden unavoidable coldness. She knew in what unbelief the question was asked.

"I hope with all my heart you'll find him—reasonable. Mrs. Palliser, tell me—do you want the deal closed at once?"

"No, not till I have seen Mr. Durham. If he won't listen to me where would be the use?"

"That's true. Call me up when you know for certain, and you can have the cash to-morrow."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Belden. I will."

"That's all right. Good-by, and good luck!"

Ellen replaced the receiver and rang for her maid. "Armandine, call up the Plaza, and tell them to send me a taximeter immediately. Then help me to dress quickly—as quickly as you can!"

With the aid of her cynical, half-doubting maid, Ellen flung herself into her clothes. The certain poverty and humiliation which she faced seemed to her now not only unregretted but a delicious thing; it was the price of the triumph which at the moment coursed through her veins with the exhilaration of a wild cross-country run. She had the money, the means through which she might attain her end, the weapon with which she must fight.

Before her lay her opportunity. It seemed to her that all the spirit in her, all the wit and all the courage, rose up to meet it. Her senses were exalted to a supernatural acuteness. As her busy brain swiftly dramatized the coming interview, it seemed to her that she really heard Durham's voice in reply, and saw the loose skin of his bald forehead wrinkle itself majestically.

With a sudden thought of fear lest, after all, her husband should be at the office to catch a glimpse of her, she swathed her head and hat together in concealing yards of thick brown chiffon. Then, snatching her purse from the demure Armandine, she almost ran to the elevator, and to the waiting taximeter below.

CHAPTER VI.

Behind the outer offices of the Pa-troons, with their gilded gratings and marble colonnades, stretched a broad low corridor with its entrance on the side street. Through this side door, and over the padded Turkey carpet of the corridor, was approached the inner citadel of the Money-Power which these walls enshrined.

Ellen's heart beat quick as, conducted by an obsequious young man in uniform, she walked with soundless steps

toward the reception-room. Unlike many women, she had never made a practise of frequenting her husband's office. Therefore she had to give her name to the attendant; and her eye went with a thrill of surprise, as to something seen for the first time, toward the legend, "Mr. Palliser," that stared at her from one of the closed doors she passed.

"Will you please take a seat, madam? I'm sorry, Mr. Durham's regular boy has been sent down-stairs on an errand to the vaults; and I ain't got any list of his appointments. Was he expecting you, madam?"

"No, but I can wait if I need to. Here is my card."

The young man glanced at the card, ducked his head in a salute which Ellen, in an oblique flash of satisfaction, took as a kind of tribute to her husband; then disappeared. For a few moments she was left alone to watch the orderly comings and goings in the oak-paneled corridor without; the sleek, hawk-eyed visitors and pale darting clerks. The great clock in the corner of the reception-room ticked loudly, overbearing the faint hum of passing voices.

Ellen swallowed hard. It seemed to her that her eyes must be starting from her head in the violence of her effort to compose herself. She remembered the day of her wedding and the fit of unreasoning terror which, a few moments before driving to the church, had overtaken her. She remembered the day when she had stood, hour by hour, outside her mother's door, waiting till the surgeons should give her the word of hope that never came. Those bygone terrors seemed dignified and almost beautiful beside the torturing ugliness of the ordeal which now awaited her. She buttoned and unbuttoned the glove of her left hand, in an endless gesture of nervousness which her best resolution could not control. And in her hurying brain she rehearsed, rehearsed endlessly the coming interview.

"Mr. Durham will see you now, Mrs. Palliser. Will you please walk this way?"

The financier rose majestically to receive her. Power was in his air. Here in his own sanctum, with the great institution that he controlled all about him, her errand seemed to Ellen even more impossible than it had done before. Still, it must be done. Even the thought that here in this room her husband had so nearly met his death—even that thought must be driven back, together with the remembrance of the little deadly instrument which still, for all she knew, lay in one of these table-drawers.

"This is a great pleasure, Mrs. Palliser. It is not often that my poor office is so favored. Even my wife never comes here."

"Really?" murmured Ellen politely, casting about in her mind for a sentence with which to begin her desperate errand.

Mr. Durham stroked his double chin reflectively. "And when one thinks what a little business woman she used to be!" It was plain that, even at the pains of discussing his own family affairs, he was willing to avert the discussion which he saw facing him from Ellen's set features. "Though, as I was telling you the other night, Mrs. Palliser, she continues to give me her aid in so many practical details of my work. Ah, she's a wonder, that little girl of mine!"

For an instant he sat silent, lost in sentimental dreaming which sat oddly on his hard old face. Then rousing himself:

"Well, well, Mrs. Palliser, and what can I do for you? Business, or pleasure?"

Ellen pushed up her veil and surveyed the speaker steadily. In her pale face and flaming eyes he read her errand. And his face stiffened to meet the intensity of hers.

"So James has told you, Mrs. Palliser," he said quietly.

She nodded, gathering her forces. Even while showing him that she knew the truth of his treachery, she must conceal her loathing of it. For the sake of the end she hoped to gain, she must hide her horror both of this man and

of his hypocrisy. She answered steadily, with a peculiar emphasis which might make her meaning unmistakable:

"He has told me everything, Mr. Durham—*everything*."

The rugged face before her melted suddenly but not into lines of shame—rather, into a deep and grieved pity.

"Poor James!" said Mr. Durham.

"What?" cried Ellen. Then, recovering herself, she spoke with sudden resolution: "I said, Mr. Durham, that he told me everything!"

"And yet," returned the president, with a gentle dignity, "you find it as hard to condemn him as I do myself."

Ellen rose in her chair. The blood sang in her ears. Even the knowledge which Jim had conveyed to her, of this man's cold-blooded duplicity, had failed to prepare her for this.

"Mr. Durham," she said in a voice that thrilled like a smitten wire, "don't you understand what I mean when I tell you Jim has told me the truth?"

"I do," he retorted mildly. "That unhappy business of the Achaguas Rubber. Your husband is not the first man who has fallen before such temptation, Mrs. Palliser—and lost."

Ellen stood staring at him. For the first time in her life her body knew the stirrings of that savage impulse which moves the hands to pass from the control of the spirit, and to deal out death. Had it been in her power, at that instant she would have crushed out that large, bland face, raised so benignantly toward her own. Then she began to laugh.

"Mr. Durham," she said, "why do you take the trouble to talk that way with me? Don't you see, I know who it was that dragged the bank into that Achaguas affair? Don't you see, I know how it was that Jim's name came on those vouchers and those notes?"

She paused, panting. She had fired her shot. What would be the result?

From the dignified face before her the gentle pity was suddenly wiped out, and a stern amazement took its place. Before her she saw no longer the friend but the official.

"Mrs. Palliser," he said abruptly, "I

see that there is something more in this business than I understand. Do you mind telling me, fully and circumstantially, exactly what your husband has told you about this affair?"

Ellen's head whirled. Armed with the truth, she had expected at the one shot to penetrate the flimsy shell of pretense that she faced. And now not only had her attack failed, but she found suddenly that it was she herself who was on the defensive. In a moving flash of her spirit, she saw the absurdity of refusing to accept the situation as it was presented to her. After all, she was in the power of the unscrupulous schemer before her as completely as was her husband.

In a low voice, but undaunted, she rehearsed to the listening magnate the story of his own treachery, exactly as it had been related to her by his victim.

She concluded. There was a dead pause. From the street without came the rattle of wheels and the ceaseless honk of the passing motor-cars. The telephone at Durham's elbow tinkled shrilly. He took it up, promised to see the inquirer in fifteen minutes, laid it down again.

In spite of her resolution, Ellen felt slightly faint. By her insistence on the truth, had she bungled matters beyond mending? Would she be turned from the office now, and her overtures refused? Her voice was defiant, but her heart shrank. Mr. Durham's voice when he finally replied to her charge was as mild as his words were surprising.

"Mrs. Palliser, do you mind telling me—did your husband know that you were coming here to-day?"

She stared in amazement. "No, indeed!"

"Ah!" He shook his head with the same incomprehensible gentleness. "And when he told you this story, it was with no idea that it was to be repeated to me?"

Her bewilderment grew. Faintly, though rebelliously, she saw the point toward which he was pushing her. "Certainly not. Why should he?"

"My poor Mrs. Palliser! I hate to

shiver your illusions; but don't you understand now?"

"No!" she cried.

He leaned toward her with a tenderness that was almost fatherly. "I am not angry. Believe me, I am not angry. I myself have a wife whom I dearly love. And I can understand—" His voice sank again dreamily to the tone of open sentimentality to which the thought of his young wife always moved him.

"Then you mean," said Ellen painfully, "that you expect me to believe that—that my husband made up this tale, in order to spare my feelings?"

"I mean," returned the president kindly, "that I quite understand his motives in what he told you, and that I fully pardon him. And I can only regret that it should be I who am the one to shatter your belief!"

"Shatter my belief?" cried Ellen, while the blood sprang to her pale face in a flood of scarlet. "Then you think you have shattered my belief in my husband? You believe for one moment that you have?"

He regarded her with the same unruffled gentleness, but with a new admiration in his eyes.

"Stick up for him!" he said. "That's the way for a woman to do! Stick up for him through thick and thin!"

For the first time Ellen Palliser realized the impenetrability of the mesh in which her husband was wound. It never even occurred to her to weigh one man's word against the other, or to balance in her mind probability against the evidence presented. It is desire, not facts, that sways a woman's judgment. And Palliser was the man she loved.

She found herself against a dead wall. Against an open enemy she might have fought for her cause. But against this smooth, unruffled gentleness!

"You're making my husband bear the burden of your crimes!" she said. "You're destroying him before all the world! Isn't that enough, without trying to destroy him in the eyes of his wife as well?"

This time she had the satisfaction of seeing the benignant smile wither on the

face which fronted hers. And the eyes regarded her with a long frown of amazement.

"With all charity for the difficulties of your present situation, Mrs. Palliser," said the financier, with cold severity, "I must beg you to remember where you are, and whom you address. My time is very fully occupied. If you have no more pressing business here than to insult me I must beg you to excuse me." And he turned toward his desk in a gesture of dismissal.

Through the mists of her anguished bewilderment, Ellen's brain leaped to its swift conclusion. As her husband had said, they were in this man's power. To fight was useless. To incur his enmity was to defeat the very purpose for which she had come. To temporize was humiliating, revolting; but it was her only chance.

"Mr. Durham," she said, "but I haven't told you yet what I came for." Then, as his offended dignity refused to turn back to her: "Mr. Durham," she said, with eager humility, "I didn't mean to insult you. Will you listen to me for just a moment, please?"

"Well, well," he answered, turning back, pen in hand. The face he showed her was no longer that of the sympathetic family friend, but of the stern, harassed business man. "Pray be quick, Mrs. Palliser," he said. "I have a very important appointment at this very moment."

"Mr. Durham," she said desperately, "my husband has fifty thousand dollars of stock in this company. I find that I can raise about two hundred thousand more. For that sum, cash down tomorrow, will you give me back the initialed notes and the Achaguas vouchers which form the sole evidence against my husband?"

For a moment his stern face showed almost amazement, almost approval. He nodded abruptly. "So you came to talk business, Mrs. Palliser," he said. "Why have we been wasting our time?"

A flood of hope rushed through her. "Then you will agree?" she cried.

With a creak of his leather-cushioned chair, the portly president rose to his

feet. With slow deliberate steps he walked up and down over the soundless rugs.

"A trifle over two hundred and fifty," he said meditatively. "One half of the sum that your husband—er—one half of the missing amount, Mrs. Palliser!"

Ellen winced, but held her self-possession. Her brown eyes surveyed him eagerly. Every nerve in her body twitched in an agony of suspense.

"Your property, I suppose, Mrs. Palliser. I didn't know you had money—however, that's neither here nor there. Cash to-morrow, you say?"

"Cash to-morrow," she repeated steadily.

"H'm-h'm-m-n," he reflected aloud, while the wrinkles in his rugged face deepened with the intensity of his thoughts. "And five hundred thousand gone! At any other time but this the offer would be an absurd one. But this autumn, with credit overstrained and breaking all over the city, our great object must be to preserve our own credit intact. A public scandal, a trial and all that—I don't deny, the damage might be as great for the Patroons as for our poor friend the cashier." He paused in his walk. "Two hundred and fifty," he said, "and money's tight. You see, I am frank with you, Mrs. Palliser. Money is tight! And with judicious management, the hole might be filled and covered. Yes, there's a chance. I'll not deny, there's a chance!"

Ellen clasped her hands. At these first words of hope, she realized how black and sickening had been the load of fear which for two days she had been carrying. With a rapidity that was almost ludicrous, her indignation melted to the very ecstasy of gratitude.

"Mr. Durham! You accept? You accept?"

The wrinkles on his bald forehead showed the thought that weighed its calculations beneath.

"It's a point, Mrs. Palliser, on which I must reflect. And yet—"

"And yet, Mr. Durham, you're the one to decide, aren't you? No one else knows anything about it—does he?"

"I am the only person in this estab-

lishment," he returned, with kindly severity, "so far, who knows of poor Palliser's—mistake!"

This time in the thrilling excitement of her hope, she forgot to wince at his innuendo. "You accept, Mr. Durham—you accept?"

For two minutes there was silence, while the financier's busy pencil made its calculations. Again the telephone tinkled. This time its intrusive summons passed unheeded. Ellen twisted her hands together in her lap and waited.

"You accept, Mr. Durham—you accept?"

He mused aloud, as though not hearing her. "To represent Henderson, through an agent, as offering to redeem his notes for one half their face value—it might be done. Even if I assume the responsibility, I shall be the only man in New York to pull anything out of the Achaguas wreck. And a quarter of a million, after all, is a very different matter from nothing at all. And with these hard times, and money at its present high figure, who can say but this timely sum might save the institution itself? Yes, Mrs. Palliser, I think—I think that——"

"What?" cried Ellen in a great gulp of joy.

"I think, Mrs. Palliser, that we may be able—that we may be able to pull it through."

"Then I'll go and telephone," returned Ellen, with a swift grip of her faculties, "and to-morrow I'll bring you the money."

She leaped to her feet, as though action could not keep swift enough pace with her wish. Then, remembering with whom she was dealing, she turned in a sudden shock of precaution.

"Mr. Durham, pardon me! But as the raising of this money means to me the taking of serious steps—yes, of very serious steps—I would like to be assured. The papers in question constitute the sole existing proof against my husband?"

He nodded. She went on swiftly.

"There's no danger from the certificates of stock, themselves? From any

stray correspondence, or anything like that?"

"Mrs. Palliser," returned the president patiently, "as the certificates are worthless as investment and dangerous as evidence, they are probably—pardon me—destroyed. As for correspondence, there could have been none except with Henderson, the defaulting promoter of the Achaguas. And as Henderson is either dead or a fugitive, he need not be taken greatly into account. Yes, I may say that with the notes and vouchers in your own hands, Mrs. Palliser, you may feel that you have saved your husband from the consequences of his —ahem!"

In the intensity of her thought, Ellen allowed this last slur to pass high over her head. "Mr. Durham, it's not that I have any doubts, of course," she said, with sudden caution, "but, as I say, this money can be raised only by the taking of very decided steps. And as the whole business is, as you can imagine, one of life and death for me—I wonder if I might be allowed, as a kind of guarantee, to see with my own eyes what—"

She fixed him with her eyes as she spoke. In spite of her fierce efforts at self-control, doubt was in them. The banker's first impulse was evidently a dignified scorn. Then he smiled grimly. "You mean, Mrs. Palliser, that before you take further steps, you would like me to guarantee the transaction by giving you a sight of the incriminating documents?"

She nodded eagerly. At the door of the room the little electric bell rang sharply. Mr. Durham raised his voice: "One moment!" Then, turning toward the open safe at his elbow: "I have little time to spare, Mrs. Palliser, as you see—especially in anxious and driven times like these. But I have no objection to showing you the papers in question, before you go—receipts for moneys paid over by James M. Palliser to the Achaguas Rubber Company of New York and Rio. Signed by B. K. Henderson. On pale-blue paper, as I remember—h'm—h'm! Then the notes signed by Henderson and initialed by

J. M. P. H'm! They were docketed here under P, as I remember."

He fumbled among the neatly arranged papers, while Ellen waited in tense impatience for the sight of the documents which meant so much to her. There was a moment's pause. Then Mr. Durham turned with the same large dignity. Again the door-bell rang, but this time more sharply.

"I am sorry," he said, "but my secretary has evidently been at work here again, rearranging the order of my files; and as she is very busy up-stairs, I really have no time to call her down, or to go through these papers myself. But I will have them for you to-morrow. Good afternoon, Mrs. Palliser."

She was dismissed. She had been humiliated at all points, but her object itself was gained. To-morrow, and by her hand, Jim would be freed! As the door was held open for her to pass out, she pulled down her veil over her face again; not so much to avert the possible chance of premature detection by her husband, as to hide from the liveried boy by the doorway her insen-sate face of delight. For even though the autumn evening had fallen, the electric light made it as light as day.

To-morrow, Jim would be a free man! The odor of the violets on her bosom rose to her nostrils like the incense of triumph. And she flung herself into her waiting taximeter like a living whirlwind of joy.

"Back to—" She took in her breath. Down the marble step of the door whence she had just issued, a figure in the green-and-silver livery of the Patrons was hurrying after her; not the young man who an hour before had let her in, but a new figure, boyish and eager. A pink, snub-nosed face was thrust eagerly in at the door of her cab, and a sudden hand dropped into her lap the unexpected gift of a book. And a boyish voice, thrilling with the delightful importance of mystery, hissed in her ear:

"Say, here's your book that you left. And I ain't piped him a woid—not a woid! And I never will, not if they kill me for it—see?"

With amazing agility the figure skipped back to the steps, and the swinging door closed upon it. The driver turned back to his customer.

"What number, lady?"

Ellen gave him her address. The cab, wheeling in a half-circle, turned back to the thronged avenue. For the moment, Ellen's eye was riveted on the book in her lap. The startling nature of the incident that had bestowed it upon her took her mind for that instant even from the contemplation of its own startling success. How had this boy, whom to her knowledge she had never seen before, known with such certainty that it was her object to keep her visit to the office a secret from her husband?

She turned the pages of the book in her lap. By the steady radiance of the Avenue's arc-lights, her idle eye surveyed it. It was an ordinary dollar-and-a-half novel, in ordinary cloth covers lettered with gilt. There was no name on the fly-leaf. Probably, it was her husband's property. Or possibly, some one had left it in the reception-room where she had recently waited. And the boy, finding it, had not unnaturally concluded it was hers.

She decided to wait until the next day before she returned it. Just now she had affairs of her own on hand, which would admit no delay. What would Jim say, what would he feel, when she put her arms around his neck and told him that he was free?

Her heart leaped and burned within her. "Glad tidings of great joy!" she whispered to herself. "Glad tidings of great joy!"

CHAPTER VII.

The taximeter darted and swooped its cautious way up the Avenue. Through the open window Ellen smiled out impartially at the hurrying crowds, at the flashing carriage-lamps, at the lighted windows. The bustle, the life, the suggestion of merriment, all found their echo in her soul. Jim was not going to be disgraced, and his name hawked up and down the Avenue by

the screaming newsboys. Her husband was free, and it was she who had freed him.

Through the ecstasy of that thought shot suddenly a little womanly impulse. The divine completeness of the coming joy must be lacking not in one detail, however prosaic. She smiled a little delighted smile to herself. Yes, on this, their last evening in their own home, she would give her husband his favorite dinner. To-morrow their household goods would be scattered in the hands of strangers. But to-night, at least, Jim and she would be merry together, and he should have the simple old-fashioned food of his particular choice.

What she had ordered for dinner she hardly remembered. However, that did not matter! It was barely six o'clock, and the markets were still open. She gave the new direction to her driver. A moment later, alighting, she chose her porterhouse steak with a frowning solicitude that was given to it not as steak but as a visible symbol of the success which warmed her heart. At the next stop, a half-dozen bottles of German beer; at the next, an apple-pie. Then, as a final touch, a bag of roasted peanuts from a vender on the corner. How ridiculously well she knew his tastes, and how ridiculous his tastes were after all!

How happy she was! How happy she was! What did poverty matter, the break-up of old associations, the giving up of pretty things long cherished, the sacrifice of comfortable prospects long held as a right—what did anything matter, beside the fact that her beloved was safe from disgrace and shame, and that it was she who had saved him? She, she, Ellen Palliser? She rattled the bag of peanuts triumphantly in her hand like a gleeful baby. Her eyes were filled with tears that wet her veil. How deliciously absurd they were after all, these heroic heights of joy!

Once arrived at her apartment, she was forced to accept the door-boy's aid with her precious bundles. Grudgingly she allowed him to carry the book and the bottles of beer. She, herself,

carried the parcel of steak pressed to her bosom like a child, and the pie guarded delicately in her outstretched hand.

Up-stairs a new joy waited for her, in the guise of a calamity. The cook, who had gone out in the afternoon to look for a new place, had not yet come in. Armandine, who gave the news with a sour grin, announced her own intention of leaving the next day. Ellen's glad-heartedness was, however, proof against these shocks.

"Very well," she cried blithely, "it desolates me to lose you, my girl, but in any case, we break up housekeeping to-morrow. So, after all, it's just as well—and to-night, I'll cook the dinner myself!"

She threw her bundles on the kitchen-table. Then, with the aid of the supercilious Nikeda, she lit the gas-range and put the sweet potatoes to bake. Steak and sweet potatoes—yes, that was the dinner Jim loved!

It was almost half-past six. At any moment now her husband might come in. After dinner, she would write to Belden and to her visitors of the morning. She danced off to her room to change for the evening. With a whimsical thought she called on Armandine not for one of her more elaborate house-gowns, but for a little summer dress of white piqué. With a little white ruffled apron tied around her waist, and her arms bare to the elbow, she took on quite a professional air. She laughed at herself in the glass.

"Miss Murphy," she said, "ye're no la-a-ad'y!"

Her radiant eyes and cheeks merged and melted together in one dazzling reflection, with the silver toilet things and the candles in their silver sconces. All these dear, foolish fripperies to which she was used, all this delicate luxury which was her birthright—to-morrow she was to leave it all behind, and go to a cheap boarding-house with a couple of trunks. Again she laughed at her shining image in the glass.

"Ellen," she cried, "you lucky, lucky girl!"

Seven o'clock drew near. Nikeda had

set the table. The peanuts were in a dish of antique silver occupying a conspicuous place beside Jim's plate, and the pie was on the sideboard. The beer was cooling. In the kitchen the roasting sweet potatoes had begun to give out their nutty odor. And Ellen with a sharp knife and a skilful hand was trimming her steak.

Two minutes before seven! She tried the potatoes. Yes, they were done. One of them had popped with delicious promise. Yes, of course, everything must be ready when Jim came! She put her steak to broil over the clear blue flame, standing beside it with flushed face and triumphant eyes.

The heat scorched her unaccustomed skin; and as she turned her steak, she brought her arm too close to the nose of the steaming kettle on the other hob. The burn flared out like a scarlet brand on the milky surface of her arm, but she was quite unaware of the pain. With her whole soul in the business before her, she broiled her steak.

Five minutes later she turned it into the platter, rare and juicy. And she had just finished the delightful work of buttering and peppering it, when she heard the key click in the lock. Her heart leaped in a throb that was almost unbearable. The moment had come!

The butter-knife dropped with a clatter to the floor, as she sprang for the door. Palliser stood before her. She tried to cry her news aloud: "Jim, you're saved! Darling, you're saved!" The words swelled and broke in her throat. As she flung her hot arms about her husband's neck, she was inarticulate for mere excess of joy.

"Jim!" was all she could say, while the tears burst from her eyes. "Oh, Jim!"

"There, there, Nelly!" He patted her shoulder tenderly. "It's all right, darling, don't cry! It's all right! It's all arranged! I'm safe! Do you hear that, darling? I'm safe!"

"What?" she said, lifting her head. "What?"

Joy and relief shone plain in the handsome face bent to hers, to indorse his words. What had happened, to

rob her of her promised triumph? Had Mr. Durham told?

"What?" she said again, bewildered. "Then you've heard?"

"This afternoon!" he said, while a strong exultation ran and thrilled in his voice. "I'd have come home sooner, but I had a thousand things to see to. Or I'd have telephoned, but I wanted the pleasure of telling you myself, and seeing the joy on your dear little face. Safe, Nelly, do you understand? No more examination, no more indictment, no more standing up in the court-room to face a jury—no more disgrace and dishonor looming over me. God! If you could know the relief, girl! If you could know the relief!"

For the moment his face worked in the intensity of his feeling. His relief, like his despair, was a passion. Ellen, loosing her arms from his neck, stood by while he took off his overcoat. Was it wicked, she asked herself, this shock of disappointment that trickled over her like a cold wave? She had looked for the triumph which belongs to the messenger of joy, and here she was only its recipient. No, she was not disappointed, she told herself, she was only bewildered. How had Jim heard the news? Had Mr. Durham told? But it was already evening when she had quitted him. Jim spoke of this afternoon. In that case—

"If you could know, Nelly," Jim's exultant voice went on, "what it is to be my own man again! To walk up the Avenue without dodging the policemen at the crossings, and to walk into the office without asking myself: 'Have they come for me yet?' To know that I'm out of the grip of that hoary-headed old rascal, Nelly—"

"What?" she cried in amazement. "Then it wasn't Mr. Durham that told you?"

Jim was silent. His gay looks were clouded. "No—yes," he said hesitatingly; then in a kind of desperation: "The fact is, Nelly, I'd rather not say."

Ellen stared. Her bewilderment grew to an encroaching helplessness. "What do you mean, Jim?" she asked slowly. "Why don't you tell me all

about it? The fact is, I had some news to tell you, myself, only—only it doesn't seem worth while, till I hear yours. Tell me all about it, please. You're quite safe, you say? The charge is withdrawn? The evidence is withdrawn? There's no more danger for you, either present or future? You're absolutely safe, Jim?"

He nodded. "As safe as you are yourself, darling."

A little pang of unselfish joy, purified of its momentary disappointment in its own triumph, ran through Ellen's heart. She caught her husband's hand in her own and stooping laid her hot cheek against it.

"I'm glad, dear old boy!" she said. "I'm so glad!"

He leaned over and kissed her. She raised her head. "But you haven't told me about it yet!" she cried. "Come, how did it happen? How in the world did you ever manage it?"

Curiosity flamed within her as she waited for her husband's answer. Mr. Durham, an hour or two ago, had certainly known nothing of Jim's successful move to defeat him. Or was it possible that with a still deeper guile than was yet suspected, he had played her with one hand and Jim with the other? Had he snatched at the chance of gilding his disappointment, by extracting from her ignorance such funds as might be possible? Or what was the answer to the riddle?

"Come, Jim!" she cried. "Tell me quick, dear, please!"

A sudden cloud obscured the brightness of Palliser's look. "I'm sorry, dear," he answered slowly, "I can't."

"Can't what?"

"Can't tell you."

"Can't tell me—me?"

There was a moment's pause. Palliser made an uneasy gesture. "There's the only drawback to the whole affair, darling. The release is undoubtedly. But I'm not at liberty to say anything more than that."

"I see."

She drew a long breath. Her pride would allow her to ask no further question. She felt curiously chilled, oddly

rebuffed. The golden joy which with so much labor and sacrifice she had prepared for her husband was after all unwanted. The story of the day's striking and hard-won triumph was not even worth the telling, since the story of Jim's success was not to be told to her. She, who had seen herself the savior of her husband's honor and very life, found herself suddenly a mere outsider. She could do nothing for him. She could not even share his joy.

She pulled her lips to a smile. "I see," she said again. "Of course, I won't bother you with any questions. Will you come out to dinner as you are, dear? I'm afraid everything will be spoiled."

Palliser's embarrassment deepened to distress. "I'm so sorry, darling, but I've got to go right off again. I'm to dine up-town and meet the—the parties. The affair is to be finished up to-night. Do you understand?"

"I understand," repeated Ellen mechanically. Suddenly she was conscious of the pain of the burn on her arm. She had no idea, she told herself, that a burn could hurt so much.

Her husband stooped to kiss her. "Dear little girl, it's a beastly shame. I don't know anything that always makes me feel more disgusted than to lose a dinner at home with you. But this time, you see, I've no choice. By Jove, I'll be late, too, if I don't hurry up. Now for my lightning-change act—go and eat your dinner, darling!"

Ten minutes later Jim in his inverness was whirled down the elevator to the waiting electric cab. He had promised to be home early, he had kissed his wife the fondest of hurried good-bys, he had left his regret and the evening paper to console her. She sat at the dinner-table with the paper propped up before her, while Nikeda with much gravity served the spoiled steak and the overdone potatoes.

Ellen did not eat very much. The headlines of the newspaper danced before her eyes, and her mouth was very dry.

"I'm selfish to feel this way about it," she said to herself fiercely, as she patted

her stinging arm with ice-water, "just when I ought to be feeling so glad. You're a pig, Ellen Palliser, that's what you are—a pig!"

Her resolution carried her even to the length of accepting a piece of apple-pie. But when Nikeda, placing the silver dish of peanuts on his silver waiter, offered the to her with ceremony, she could bear it no longer. That scarlet brand on her arm had smarted its way into her soul. With a hasty gesture of refusal she rose to her feet. A moment later, with doors locked and with hands tight clasped over her burning eyes, she lay silent, face downward upon her bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Eleven o'clock struck. Ellen, propped on pillows, was sitting up in bed reading. In practise as well as in theory, she hated the woman who "sat up" for her husband. So as sleep was impossible, this was her compromise.

She turned the pages furiously, as one frightening away thought. The book itself was of no great interest; being indeed the stray volume that had been forced on her acceptance earlier in the day. Its title was "The Greater Purity," and its subject a turgid passionateness which at any other time would hardly have sufficed to keep Ellen's healthy young lids from closing. At this moment, however, she felt as though sleep would never come near her again.

How lonely it was, this evening to which she had looked forward with so much joy! The fierce efforts of the day had overworn body and soul alike. Her nerves, strained by the racking anxieties of the past forty-eight hours, were twanging all together. The thought of her recent disappointment lay against her heart like a knife. She longed inexpressibly for her husband's coming, yet feared it, too. For the first time since they had known each other, there was the barrier of an admitted secret between them.

With the whole force of her resolution, she put doubt from her. Just at

this moment, when she should be happier than ever before in her life, to let her joy and Jim's be clouded by a brooding vanity! Vanity, that was all it was, this disappointment that her husband should be saved by another hand than hers, even by his own! He was safe, without the price she had so gladly planned to pay—a sacrifice to be borne after all as much by him as by herself. Their home was safe, their little savings, the inheritance which some day would add so much to their security and their ease. The cloud that had threatened so much disaster had passed by, leaving their cheerful and kind existence exactly as it was before.

Was she not a goose, to let its shadow stay? The secret, what did that matter? Did not every husband keep his business affairs more or less a secret from his wife? A pretty thing, indeed, if an active financier at every turn of the game had to take some woman into his confidence! The method by which Jim had freed himself from the engulfsing complication was most distinctly none of her business. He was free, and that knowledge should be enough for her.

She turned the pages feverishly. In spite of her resolution, her restless soul went back to the miserable grinding of its doubts. Of course, the details were none of her business. But then why had Jim shared his pain with her, to the last detail? And if his pain, why not his joy?

He had said just now, he was not at liberty to tell. That must mean a promise to some one else—to the "parties" with whom he was now spending his evening. Who were they, these "parties" who hid their light under so modest and imperious a bushel?

It might be the "hoary-headed old rascal" himself, playing a double game with the man he had already once victimized. But in that case, would he not have commanded her, on her side, to a like secrecy? It might be the defaulter Henderson, sneaked back from the dead in order to make tardy restitution to the man who through his fault had been so monstrously threatened. It might be

—she clamped down the vise of her will on her spinning brain. After all, if she loved her husband well enough to sacrifice for him all present luxury and all future prospects, might she not be willing to make him a burnt-offering of an ignoble trifle like her curiosity?

The paper rattled as her rapid hand turned the trashy leaves. Suddenly she stopped, her eyes staring, her mouth open wide.

The new page which she had turned was the end of a chapter, finishing with a few lines at the top. The half page thus left blank below was scrawled over and over in a penciled handwriting that she knew.

This time, her reading was no forced and weary pretense. The words before her, in her husband's familiar handwriting, riveted her eye.

Vouchers, 5 in all, typewritten on pale-blue paper, stamp of Achagua Rubber Company. Sums aggregating \$65,000, paid by J. M. Palliser to B. K. Henderson.

Notes, 7 in all, sums aggregating \$540,000, discounted by Patroons Trust Company, signed by B. K. Henderson, initialed by J. M. P., 12 in all. Memorandum signed by J. M. Palliser.

Ellen remained staring. Her husband's face, looking out at her suddenly from a jail window, would have startled her less.

The silence about her was broken suddenly by the click of a key in the outer door. Ellen thrust the book with its perplexing scrawl beneath her pillow. Her first impulse was to rush and meet her husband. Then the remembrance of the secret that lay between them smote her to a shy self-consciousness. She would not wear before him the look of a woman scheming to force his confidence. With a quick turn of her fingers she extinguished the electric bulb that dangled by her ear, and cuddled down silently in the dark.

Her husband's steps, slower than their wont, came softly down the corridor.

"Ellen!" said his voice at her door.

She lay silent, breathing quickly. Of course, the book had been left in his office, there at the Patroons, by some

careless lady-client—or left in the reception-room, and carried by mistake to his room. In the abstraction of his despair, his fingers had traced upon its stray pages the fateful words that were naturally uppermost in his brain.

"Nelly, darling! Are you asleep?" said his voice again.

She stirred herself. "Yes, Jim," she answered slowly. Then she turned on the light, and her wide-awake eyes surveyed him.

At the sight of his dearly loved face, smiling at her from the door, the doubts which assailed her vanished like ugly shadows before the light. She sprang up, with her long white negligée trailing around her, and threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"You're safe?" she cried. "It's all right now? It's all settled?"

He kissed her. "All settled," he answered cheerfully, though with a hint of hesitation in his voice. "That is, all but a few last formalities."

"Not quite settled!" She echoed his tone as well as his words. It was hard, indeed, if this evening's disappointment, which had dashed hopes so dear to her, had not brought full security as to its recompense!

"The moment it's settled, and the papers in my hands, you shall know it—I give you my word for that, Nelly! But that's a mere technicality—you see, I want to tell you the literal truth, darling. But practically, I'm a free man at this moment. Do you congratulate me, darling?"

"With my whole heart!" she cried in unaffected delight at his words. "Only I can't realize it yet, you see! Sit down, dear, and tell me all about it!"

As he sat beside her, a sudden chill of remembrance fell over the enthusiasm of her last words. "But I forgot," she said, drawing a long breath, "you can't tell me about it, can you? I forgot."

Her voice broke, for the day had been a trying one; and the mystery which now lay between them reared itself suddenly to the proportions of an icy wall, cutting her off from the warm

human sympathy for which her soul longed. She was not inquisitive, she told herself indignantly. She trusted her husband, and granted him his right to his secrets. And yet, just at this point where she had suffered so much and hoped so much, to find herself suddenly pushed away as an outsider! The long evening of solitude, falling on top of her glowing enthusiasm, had carried faith and courage suddenly to a dangerous ebb. It was impossible for her to speak, but she smiled at him.

"And what have you been doing all the evening, dear?" asked Jim, with an evident willingness to get away from the forbidden topic.

"Charlotte telephoned me about eight o'clock," she answered indifferently, "to ask me to go to the play with her and some people she has visiting her, from Washington. But I felt too tired; so I just went to bed and read all the evening." A sudden irresistible impulse seized her. She raised her eyes, steadily and clearly. "I've been reading a book called 'The Greater Purity,'" she said. "Did you ever hear of it, Jim?"

Her eyes were on his, but his unstartled face showed neither embarrassment nor bravado. His voice expressed nothing but his indifference. "No," he said, "I'm not much on novels, you know, dear!"

She took in her breath. Her hands, fumbling about the edges of the mystery that baffled her, fell back ineffectual and abashed. Her impulse to produce the book was quenched. Since her husband did not recognize even its title, where was the use in showing it to him? And why, after all, should he have noticed the title of the flimsy volume, at the moment when his unconscious fingers had traced his troubled thought on its vacant leaf?

The blood rushed to her face in sudden shame at her own self-trickery. Where was the use of pretending, either to herself or to him, that she could bear this silence on the point most thrillingly vital between them? Whether she was moved by curiosity or by the nobler desire to share every thought

of the man she so deeply loved, was a point not worth disputing. By whatever impulse she was pushed, she found this barrier of silence more than she could bear.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried in a grieved voice. "If you knew what I had been doing to-day, myself, I think you wouldn't shut me out like this!"

He glanced in open surprise. "What have you been doing, Nelly?"

In words as brief and rapid as possible, she related to him the day's transactions; the visit of the Jews in the morning, Belden's message of the afternoon, and her own interview with Durham. The specially cooked and uneaten dinner was the only point suppressed. Her voice choked a little as she concluded her tale with the promise obtained from the president of the Patroons; this story, which was to be that of her triumph, was now related as it were only by way of apology.

"What a trump you are, Nelly!" cried her husband. What spontaneous enthusiasm was lacking from his voice? He expanded as it were in words which should fill the gap of confidence made by his own silence. "What a trump you are—what a thoroughbred! You're the girl to stick by a man when he's in trouble! Planning to sell all your little precious knick-knacks, and to bargain away all your future inheritance into the bargain! But isn't it a wonderful thought, that you don't have to do it? The house, the inheritance, the job itself, all safe—and your beggar of a husband, the safest of the lot. Your noble sacrifice wasn't needed after all—isn't that magnificent, Nelly?"

"Yes," she answered mechanically; while the barrier which she already had felt between her and her love, seemed to freeze and thicken into that tangible wall of ice. She flung out her bare arms in a desperate gesture, as though to melt that growing barrier before it should be too late. Her hands, clutching her husband's shoulders, reminded her of that desperate grasp in which two nights before she had seized him; then as it seemed from the encroaching clutch of death, now from that of an

enemy more shadowy but more fatal still.

"Dear Jim!" she cried. "Don't think me inquisitive, don't think that I speak from no motive but mere frivolous curiosity! But don't you understand? I've lived this thing with you! Your peril was my peril—I felt the policeman's clutch on my own shoulder, Jim! I've fought for you to-day as I'd never have had the courage to fight for myself—when it's for you, I'm afraid of nothing! You needn't thank me, it would have been no sacrifice if I'd stripped myself of everything but these rags I stand in. It was done for you, so it was my joy—my joy that I hoped to share with you. Dear heart, won't you share yours with me?"

She bent toward him. Her smile was an all-embracing caress. Palliser turned troubled eyes upon her.

"But I have shared it with you. Dear, I'm a free man. No danger threatens me. Isn't that enough?"

"Enough," she answered in a low tone, "if I'm not to know any more."

"Bluebeard's closet!" said her husband, shaking his finger at her with a smile.

But the playfulness was a self-confessed failure. They remained staring at each other with an expression in the eyes of each which had never been there before. Ellen's pride bade her be silent. Her love prompted one final effort. Her wearied nerves lent her an almost hysterical energy.

"Bluebeard's wife peeped because she doubted. I only want to share because I love. Dear Jim, this is the first secret that ever has been between us—and to-night, of all the nights that ever were, I feel it between us—it frightens me. Something sad will come of this silence—something dreadful will come of it. I feel it! I know it! Dearest, just one little word!"

Her husband's embarrassment, deep and obvious, showed almost to irritation in his voice as he replied:

"My dear girl, it's a matter of honor and that's all there is about it. Don't you understand?"

"Ah!" When a man talks of his

honor, a woman feels her nose brought up suddenly hard against a wall. It seemed to Ellen that the shock had taken her breath from her. It was in a whisper that she asked:

"Just one thing, Jim. Is it anything that it would hurt me to know?"

He hesitated in a plain uncertainty. Then he answered, very precisely, like a man weighing his words:

"I'm quite sure, my dear child, that it's nothing that ought to hurt you to know!"

"But, ah," cried Ellen sorrowfully, "I didn't ask if it ought to hurt me, I asked if it *would* hurt me!"

This time the silence seemed acute, and heavy with menacing possibilities. To his wife's last words, Palliser attempted no direct reply.

"Ellen," he said, with sudden energy, "don't you trust me?"

She lifted her chin in a sudden realization of her own dignity.

"Yes," she said, "I trust you, Jim!"

This was the first time that she had ever had to protest her faith in him. It seemed to her that this necessity of open expression marked an epoch in their relations with each other.

CHAPTER IX.

The next day broke with a curious blackness for Ellen. The absorbing purpose for which the past two days she had striven, existed no longer. She had nothing to do but to telephone the Hebrew dealers that her belongings were after all not for sale, and to telephone Belden that the money was not wanted. The King of France, who had marched up the hill with the high glory of a martyr, was marching down again a sleek and bloodless victor. The only task that remained for the triumphant martyr to face was to soothe the damaged feelings of her maid and butler, and to seek a new cook.

To this bewildering anticlimax was added, however, another task decidedly more heroic; namely, to hold her tongue.

Ellen's dignity, to say nothing of her tact, forbade another mention of the

subject which lay like a burning weight on her heart. That it was equally present in her husband's mind was plain from the air of constraint with which he greeted her at the breakfast-table. And skirting the subject that lay between them, he passed on to remark on the sensational news that stared up at him from the paper.

"These copper failures are a frightful thing, Nelly," he observed, with hurried gravity, "there was nothing else talked of, yesterday. This high-flying Western firm, now, banked with the Broad Street National, which is one of the Patroons chain. Their failure is going to hit us where we live. And with call money running up to ten per cent. a month, and stocks fluttering like a scared horse, there's no saying where the next few days will land us. This city is in a bad way, Nelly; and between friends I don't mind owning that the Patroons is one of the weakest spots in the lot. When the smash comes, Nelly, if smash it must, I own that I haven't much hope for us."

"Indeed, I hope it won't," she returned, with polite concern. "That would be dreadful." Then she added with determined and energetic affection: "But what does that matter, dear Jim, so long as we know that you are safe?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid, it will be all of us, from president to depositors, Nelly, instead of the one particular burnt-offering that was prepared. However, this is the kind of thing that one's prepared to fight. What do I care what comes in the way of honorable failure, so long as I can walk down the Avenue without crossing when I see a policeman?"

The fine edge of their common joy was dulled by the film of the first confessed secret that had ever been between them. Ellen felt this disenchantment in herself, and raged that she could not conceal it; and more painful yet, she felt its shadow in her husband's smile and in his good-by kiss. For the first time, they parted with something resembling relief. With a heart weighed down by a vague heaviness,

Ellen turned to her morning round of housekeeping and of shopping.

At one o'clock, with Armandine's help, she was putting the finishing touches on her toilet for the luncheon-party to which she was bound. To find herself back again in the elegant and trifling routine of her usual existence filled her with a kind of amazement, like a sinking sailor caught miraculously to the solid earth. She sighed—had the ground only been more solid! Had she only been permitted to see with her own eyes the foundations on which her new security rested! And she slipped her rings on her fingers with a sensation of receiving them as a gift from a hand which she was not permitted to see. All her life she had abhorred mystery and concealments; and here a mystery had come to domicile itself in the very heart of her life. In sudden foreboding, she shrank from the days to come.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come!"

Nikeda entered.

"Boy to speak with you, madam."

"A boy! A messenger-boy?"

"No, madam. In livery, but not the A. D. T."

Ellen frowned. "Somebody's page, I suppose. And I haven't but a moment. Tell him to wait in the hall."

A moment later Ellen, issuing from her room, found herself face to face with the lad in the Patroons livery whose rosy face last evening had for a moment flashed up at her from beneath the electric light.

He ducked a salute. "You've come for your book, I suppose?" asked Ellen quickly.

He heaved a great sigh of relief. "Then you've got it, after all? 'Twas you I passed it in to? Gee! Ain't I lucky Willy, to find it again!"

"Wait a moment," said Ellen.

She turned; and reentering her bedroom, she took the book from the drawer where she had laid it. The remembrance of those unexplained words, penciled therein in her husband's handwriting, smote her with sudden questionings. Suppose she held here in her

hand the key to the mystery which had nipped her joy—what then?

"Here is your book," she said to the boy.

He snatched it eagerly. "Tanks, Mrs. Palliser. You *are* Mrs. Palliser, ain't you? Gee! Wasn't I the farmer, to get you mixed up with her? But I don't care, how was I to tell the diff'rence, wit' the brown veil and the yellow hair a-shinin' through, and the vi'lets?"

"The violets?" said Ellen sharply.

She put out her hand and caught the back of a carved settle, to keep herself from falling. An idea had hit her, falling squarely on her brain as a poleax descends on the head of the fated ox. "The violets?" she said again.

The boy nodded as he eyed his recovered prize with triumph. "How was I to tell the diff'rence?" he repeated, with an air of injury. "So when she phoned me this mornin' for it, I felt pretty sick, I can tell you. 'Greeny!' I says to myself. So I moseys about a bit and I finds out from the young feller 'twas holdin' down my job yesterday afternoon that 'twas you, Mrs. Palliser. So when my lunch-hour comes, me for the Fletcher fast and the quick sprint up here, see? And I've got it. Say, Mrs. Palliser, can I have a bit of paper to wrop it in, so the boss can't see the name a-glitterin' when I rush it in?"

Ellen was breathing with difficulty. She opened the door of her dining-room. A glance showed her that the room was empty. She called the boy in and shut the door. He eyed her with the sharp, wary glance of the city lad who refuses to be caught unawares in a mystery. With a sudden thought of kindness that struck even through the blind confusion of her rising fears, Ellen remembered that the lad before her was fasting. She rang the bell and ordered Nikeda to bring the uneaten remainder of the unfortunate apple-pie. The boy's eyes glistened as he flung himself on the flaky semicircle. It seemed to him that he had blundered into heaven.

Fighting off still further the enlightenment which, like an approaching

flood, Ellen seemed to hear roaring every moment nearer, she sent the Japanese for the required wrapping-paper. The hands of the clock were creeping on toward the hour of her appointment; but she sat motionless in her velvet and plumes, with her gloved hand clenched in her lap.

When the door was shut upon the butler, she raised her eyes again to the blissfully gobbling boy before her.

"Why are you afraid of the boss seeing the book when you rush it into the bank?" she asked, with indifference.

He stared at her. "Why? Cos I promised, of course, that I'd never pipe to him, and I won't! And to let him have a look at this—what'd that be but pipin'?"

"Ah!" Ellen took her breath again. It seemed to her that the security on which for a moment she had stood, was riven suddenly. Her eyes drew back from the chasm half-seen beneath. Her better judgment cried to her to halt, but her instinct drew her relentlessly to the dangerous edge. And her instinct gave her art.

"You're talking nonsense, my boy," she said. "How could anybody come to the bank and the boss not see her?"

"Out to lunch," he said, with his mouth full of pie.

"Perhaps *he* might be," she cried, with contempt, "but all the other people down at the bank—where were they? You're giving yourself too much importance, my child, when you imagine that you are the only one to hold the secret of this visit."

He fell into her trap. "Say, Mrs. Palliser," he said indignantly, "wot do you t'ink I am—and what do you t'ink de bank is, anyway? W'en one o'clock strikes, de whole bunch rushes dem-selves over to the chop-house, see? All but Mr. Miller in his room. And de corridor it might be choich on a weekday, see? All but me and the door-boy, and yesterday the door-boy had gone up-stairs wit' the nose-bleed—see?"

Furiously Ellen pursued her ruse. "I don't believe a word you say, my boy.

To go off and leave a row of offices unguarded but for a couple of children—ridiculous!"

"Children!" he cried, sputtering over his pie. "Children, nuttin'! There's the watchman at the door and the vault watchman, and the cops outside, ain't there? And anyway what's the diff, when the safe is all screwed up tight—and the offices, too, all but de boss' sometimes, see? But then, I'm there!"

"Have some more pie," said Ellen, helping him lavishly, "and let me fill your glass up with milk again. Here's the sugar." She felt herself Delilah, taking advantage of innocent and greedy boyhood; but for the life of her she could not refrain. "So it was yesterday when the bank was deserted," she said slowly, "and all the offices locked but the president's, that Mrs. Durham was there?"

A huge crumby morsel of pie halted half-way between plate and open mouth. "Mrs. Doy'm!" cried the boy in a scared whisper. "But I ain't piped! I ain't piped a word!"

"So it was Mrs. Durham," returned Ellen slowly. She was very white.

"It's no fairs," protested the boy in a tone of injury. "When I took her X, I crossed my heart I'd never give her away. And now if she hears, she'll know it wasn't de watchman—and she'll git de old man to give me the bounce. Say, I don't know how you got it out of me, but you ain't goin' to pipe on me, now, are you? And you won't pipe on her to the old man?"

"Don't be afraid," said Ellen, rising to her feet. She repeated his words mechanically. "I won't pipe. And now, if you are done your pie, here—you may take these peanuts, too, if you like."

The boy grinned as she emptied the rattling nuts into his pocket. To her they symbolized a tragedy, to him so much "in." He wished that books would get mixed up every day between the wife of the president and the wife of the cashier, and that he might have the privilege of returning them.

As they went down in the elevator together, he noticed the queer white

look on the lady's face. He took it to mean, she must be hungry for her lunch. So, munching his peanuts as he marched, he set out down the Avenue for the office again.

Ellen, seating herself in the waiting taximeter, gave the address to the driver. She had to speak two or three times, for her voice came hard, and her thoughts were not fully under her own control. She had the sensation of falling through space.

"I must pull myself together before I arrive at the luncheon," she repeated to herself over and over, in a little whisper barely audible over the whirring mechanism. "I must pull myself together before I arrive at the luncheon."

Her brain, coming back slowly to her own control, strained itself to an odd exaltation. The keen autumn air whipped her face. The windowed walls on each side of the Avenue streamed by her like a cinematograph. Never it seemed to her had her mental forces worked with such keenness, with such precision. One by one out of the rushing events of the past two days, trifles once light as air detached themselves and came back to her with a deadly confirmation. Like the gruesome toy of the medieval clockmaker, the stray bones leaped up from the heap and confronted her in one complete and hideous skeleton of proof.

Her husband's words of a few nights before were in her ears: "I'll leave no stone unturned, no wire unpulled, to beat Durham's little game. Fair means or foul, I'll do him before he does me." And what had she answered? She remembered. "Fight fire with fire!"

He had obeyed her. And her advice, recoiling, had seared the one that gave it. Beneath her long glove, her scalded arm stung with more than a symbolical pain. Jim had taken her advice, and had fought his fire with fire.

The missing papers which Mr. Durham, in wily self-control, had yesterday claimed to be merely mislaid by his secretary—she knew now, as well as he had known then, that they had vanished from his safe.

What had he said, after dinner the

other night? "I always trust my wife to memorize the combination of my safe, and other secrets that can't be trusted to paper." What had he said, yesterday afternoon? "My wife never comes here to the office any more."

And yet she had been there herself, only a few hours before. Why, at the price of bribery and corruption, had she kept that visit of hers a secret from her husband? What terrified haste had urged her, that she had even left her betraying book behind?

In mathematical precision, like a lawyer preparing his brief, Ellen marshaled the facts. Yesterday, during her husband's absence, Mrs. Durham had paid a swift visit to his office. She had worn a heavy veil, and had bribed office-boy and watchman to insure secrecy. She possessed the combination of the safe. And in her book she carried the description, in Jim Palliser's own handwriting, of the missing documents.

So it was not in his office, in a fit of tortured abstraction, that Jim had penciled that accurate description of the papers upon which hung his fate. She understood now with what motive those careful details had been outlined. But upon what occasion? Again from the limbo in which they had dropped since birth, more facts jumped up like ugly gnomes and thrust their grinning faces aga 'st her soul.

"Bu. didn't I see you just now at the Waldorf, with your husband?" Charlotte had said to her at Sherry's only day before yesterday. And she remembered the embarrassment, the quick explanation with which, on her denial, her friend had disclaimed her own mistake. A mistake? Yes, a mistake. But if the slight and detested physical resemblance between herself and the other woman could deceive the office-boy at the Patroons, then why not deceive Charlotte Swanwick? If their solitary figures, veiled and violeted, could be confounded, then why not the passing glimpse of blonde hair and tall stature, rushing by in a crowd? In the case of Charlotte, moreover, there had been an antecedent possibility that the tall blonde in Jim Palliser's

company might naturally be his wife. But it was not—*that* time.

Ellen knew now on what occasion her husband had written the description of the documents in Violet Durham's book. And with a little sick throb of remembrance she recalled his unconscious eyes of last night, as she had flung the book's title at him. No, he had not recognized it. Why? Because his attention, when the book was thrust under his eyes, had been so completely absorbed by other things. Where had his eyes been at that moment? She knew.

And she knew also where her husband had dined last night, when he had

turned his back on her little feast and on her unwanted sacrifice. He had had no use for the humble means of safety that she had so painfully prepared for him. He had left her, to take his full and assured salvation at the hands of the other woman; the other woman who at such grave and terrible risks had pilfered from her own husband the documents which should save Ellen Paliser's. Under what circumstances, urged by what motives, does a woman do such a service for a man?

The taximeter came to a full stop beside the curb. Ellen drew a long hard breath. The world was to be met again, and with a smiling face.

TE BE CONCLUDED.



IN AUTUMN

I WANT to go where the leaves are burning,
Burning in scarlet and gold;
The wind is up and my heart is turning
Again to the forest old.

I want to go where the leaves keep dropping,
Dropping in crimson and brown,
From dawn till dusk, not a moment stopping,
They are drifting, drifting down.

I want to go where the leaves are blowing,
Blowing in russet and red;
The brook, like a voice, through the silence flowing,
Still whispers of summer dead.

Yet, why go back where the leaves are falling,
Falling again on the hill?
Though woods await and the winds are calling,
Thy voice is forever still.

Alice E. Allen.

RED WAR

By *Will Leverington Comfort*



SKIRMISH was going on three hundred yards down the trail, where the plaza of Los Gatos narrowed like a funnel into the jungle-path. General Geddo stood in the white road in front of his headquarters, eyes glued to a field-glass, his lips lively with mutterings. The voice was like two frozen elm limbs rubbing in a winter wind, and the substance of his speech just now pertained to matters of war and death.

The present skirmish was by no means an unusual proceeding, for the natives of the island of Morodano, which lies between Manila and Singapore, are wasteful of wickedness. Geddo had brought an American infantry brigade thither several months before. It was a skeleton brigade now. The climate was unnecessarily hot and the little black folk wouldn't stay whipped.

The field-glasses were snatched from the hands of the commander.

"Let me look, general," his daughter said sweetly. Then as the lenses brought out the action below at the jungle-edge she added impatiently: "Oh, why don't you make Captain Blackburn spread out his lines more? His skirmishers are all jammed up, and the natives will pump him full of slugs before he gets set for a charge into the jungle."

"Hand back those glasses, miss," Geddo growled. "Blackburn can handle his fight——"

"Just a minute! There, at last, Blackburn is actually beginning to un-

derstand. Ah, he has charged! Here, father, dear, you may look now."

Miss Grace Geddo was a gorgeous girl, which is the particular business of this narrative. Any officer in the Morodano command who would dare to appear unwilling cheerfully to die for Miss Grace would have been marked "Cad" for life. She had the tints of a flamingo feather in her cheeks. She could bandage a wound, throw the diamond hitch, sit a troop-horse without leaving the cloven-seat of her regulation McClellan saddle for indefinite periods, and look any six-foot officer and gentleman straight in the eyes without raising her own sights. Miss Grace, moreover, could read aloud from Browning or Riley so as to perform a wet miracle in the most obsolete rudiment of a tear-gland, and a listener was forced to remember his other lives when she sang "Mandalay." For reasons of her own, she had never married.

The squirming lines of khaki far down the trail had vanished into the jungle. Lacy wisps of smoke puffed out above the foliage and dissipated like spirits in the garish day. The firing had a far pent sound.

Miss Grace turned to the porch of headquarters where a considerable male person, immaculate in civilian white, was stretched out in a hammock and staring at her dreamily. This was Mr. Colver Keene, chief of the Combined Press correspondents in the Orient, resting after a recent series of Luzon campaigns. Keene had turned many queer tricks in his astonishing career, but none farther from sanity in the

eyes of his adoring subordinates than that of seeking rest in steaming, sizzling Morodano.

His men did not know that Keene six months before had glimpsed a pair of blue-gray eyes in the dusk on a Pasig pier—the eyes of a girl of his own people. Miss Geddo did not know. It was at the moment of her first glance at the big island city. Keene had been in the Orient long, even then. There was something gloriously American in his vision, something that ignited a dream in his brain.

Two hours afterward, he was riding with Lawton's staff, out on the Novachiches trail. Later, when he touched the cable-end at Manila again with his story, the girl was gone to the Southern Islands with her father's outfit. Keene followed at the earliest possible hour of his leave, for the dream had endured; and so, presently in Morodano, the blue-gray eyes held the civilian in calm scrutiny. Neither Miss Geddo, nor her father, nor the brigade, had been in Manila long enough to hear the name, much less the record of Colver Keene, but he was suffered to remain for the time.

"I should think you'd go down there, Mr. Keene," the girl observed, reaching the porch at headquarters.

"Why?" he drawled.

"To watch the fight."

Keene yawned. "I can see from here," he said lazily. "Besides, any man who could think of a mere skirmish when there is a chance to watch an American girl, behind a pair of field-glasses, ordering a brigadier——"

"Nonsense!"

"Besides, wounds don't heal in this climate."

Miss Grace met his eyes, and moved closer. "Honestly, are you afraid of getting wounded?" she demanded softly.

"The fact is, I'm on my vacation and so——"

"I know you are laughing at me, but that is all right," she declared. "I really want to find out, though, if you are actually afraid."

She had refused a chair and was

standing before him. Keene darted up an intent glance at her from time to time as he carefully unwound the gold-foil from a royal Manila cigar. He had a square, sun-blackened face, clean in line. His eyes were straightly set, unwitching—yet incomprehensible.

"What does it signify, Miss Geddo?"

"It signifies this. I heard Blackburn and Thebes and two or three other officers talking about you. You have been here three weeks; you haven't ridden out for a single expedition. They seem to think it is queer for a correspondent not to care to see the fights at first hand. You *have* avoided the inside stuff, Mr. Keene."

"I have," he acknowledged.

"But is it because you are afraid?" she persisted restlessly.

"There is no answer that a man can make to such a question," he replied. "A man wouldn't ask such a question. Suppose I should say to you, 'Oh, no, correspondents are never afraid!' wouldn't it have a bright and winning sound? And if I should say that I am afraid you wouldn't like it, nor me for telling you. The fact is, you soldier-folk are brought up on this sanguinary stuffing. You steel yourself for heroics between wars. On the contrary, when a civilian gets to be thirty years old he quits 'crying ha-ha among the spears!' He should, anyhow. It's a boy's business at best—this being afraid or not—unless one is a soldier. Above all, it doesn't matter."

"But, it does, too, matter!"

"At least," he qualified, "a man is brave or not spontaneously. Words can't be adjusted to the question."

"You're stubborn," she said in a vexed tone. "How can a man be brave or not spontaneously when he dawdles through a battle in a hammock at headquarters?"

Several times before, Miss Geddo had undertaken to sound for sand in Colver Keene; and always, as now, her thoughts had been left quivering about some sentence of his, like flesh about a splinter of steel.

Keene attracted her. Secretly she had defended him, and had stood fast for

the unknown quantity of his courage, in the presence of the officers who were inclined to point out his spiritless attitude toward the fighting. Still she knew that there was only one way to prove her insight deeper than theirs. This was to bring out the stranger on their own ground, force him to uncover his especial brand of physical valor.

They were bringing up a corpse from the jungle, and three wounded Americans after the charge. Grace Geddo watched Colver Keene as the little cavalcade passed. Pity was almost a passion in his face, and there was hate, too, hate for the condition which made the fallen. His eyes were drawn tightly against the intense light; and yet, about his eyes, and graven entire upon his tropically embrowned face, was a look impossible to the men her life had known. It suggested strangely the profile of Savonarola.

They walked down the trail in the dusk. Fireflies winged from afar to a certain clump of foliage, and bloomed into a constellation there, making the dark keener. There was no star and Morodano had not found her moon. For a hundred seconds after the skirmish, it had rained—just a swish of a passing torrent—and mysteries of fragrance arose from the heated earth. It was that hour of a torrid evening when the low utterances of a woman bring out the lord of creation in a man. They passed the outpost, and the last shacks of Los Gatos, nearing the jungle-edge.

"It won't do to go any farther," Keene said quietly.

She had been expecting some word of this sort, but she strode on, with a quick-uttered: "Why?"

"The natives are all around the town," he answered.

"Not so near——"

"The sentries at the outpost have sent back word to headquarters that we have passed," he added. "Your father will order the commissary not to sell me bacon any longer."

"I'll tell him that I led the way."

"The path is narrowing into the

jungle. Just here the men fought today. The trouble is, one couldn't see a knife in time in this thick dark."

"You shouldn't be frightened when I am here," she said feverishly.

She knew no better. It had always been a high thing in her life to seem unafraid. Yet now that the bamboo maze closed about her it became hard to breathe. She was resolute in her purpose to try him, but the air was damp and shivery at her back, and all the corpses of memory awakened in her brain.

"What a child you are!" he said softly. "There is a little bamboo-bridge a few steps farther on. I'll let you go that far——"

"You will *let* me?" she repeated. "Would you prevent me from going beyond if I wished?"

"Yes."

His voice was steady.

And now the jungle foliage actually met above the path, so that they had to push aside the branches. The thought of a native knife leaping out from the brushing leaves ran like a panic along her nerves. Always his body was between her and the densest wall of the thicket.

She felt that he was playing with her now. He had told her what she must do presently. She had never been treated this way before. A moment before, she had been able to see his face in the glow of his cigar, but he had tossed it away as the tangle thickened.

They reached the bridge. Sharp as a pistol-shot out of the silence, came a hideous guttural from the stream; then an unearthly sucking sound. The girl screamed, seized her companion with groping desperate hands.

"Just a water-buffalo, Miss Geddo," he said in a quick, quiet tone. "We startled it out of a snooze in the mud. I shouldn't have liked you half so well if you hadn't screamed. Intrepid women are so tiresome!"

She couldn't speak. Her spirit was broken, whelmed in shame. She had led this man out into the night of insurrection to test his courage, and had lost her own.

He pushed her gently back along the path, walking lock-step as it narrowed again into the stretch of haunting fears. The bamboo-branches touched her face like icy fingers. Then—a horrid hiss of breath from the tangle. Keene's arm was hurled about her waist and she was tossed forward. She heard a gasp from him and the crash of his pistol, then a choking alien cry from behind, as she was rushed toward the open in the torrent of his strength. Not until the sentries were running toward them did Keene's restless force drop from her.

Her world had fallen into chaos. She faced him for an instant in the dark, exclaiming pitifully:

"Oh, I thank you, but I don't want to see you ever again!"

"You'll forgive me, I think, if I refuse to take that seriously," he replied.

The soldiers had gathered about, and the two walked back to headquarters apart. Keene hastened to his own room. There in the candle-light he dressed a rather ugly knife-wound in his left thigh, and dropped down upon his cot to smoke. There was a knock at his door presently, and the general entered. The old man was very pale.

"Mr. Keene," he said, "the sentries have told me about what has happened. A man who will take a lady walking at night through a nigger-haunted jungle isn't safe to have around this post. I'm too much of an old-timer, anyway, to get used to correspondents trailin' my outfit. A steamer leaves the port at six in the morning for Manila. I'm sending a battalion down with the mails. The battalion leaves here at four."

The Combined Press chief sat up in his cot, started to speak, checked the words, and rubbed his hand over his face.

"You are making a mistake, general," he said, slowly assimilating the poison, "but I'll be ready to go down with the battalion."

"Thank you, sir," Geddo answered curtly.

Throughout the long sultry hours of that night, Grace Geddo writhed for what she had done. In the shock and

bitterness of realizing her helpless feminine panic in the crux, she had, to her present state of mind, acted abominably. To think of saying to the man who had just saved her life: "I don't want to see you ever again!" She would go to him to-morrow, she decided, and ask to be forgiven. After that, she might avoid him—avoid him assiduously.

She had dozed only a moment or two seemingly, when aroused by the forming battalion in the road under her window. She peered down with stinging eyes, and the outfit swung out of town in the gray light. There was one contrast to the hueless khaki of the soldiers—a white-clothed figure that limped, but it signified nothing to her then.

The general joined her at breakfast and started to explain. Miss Grace stared at him after a sentence or two, her face grown bloodless, her eyes widening with agony.

"Father—father—you haven't deported him?"

Old Warhop grew afraid. "He took my suggestion that a boat was leaving for Manila this morning," he managed to say.

"And he didn't tell you that I forced him out there—that I led the way past the outpost—that he saved my life in the jungle? Oh, God, father, what have you done?"

Geddo was a simple soldier, a plain dealer in action. To wrong a man was a crime in his eyes. The next steamer for Manila was a week hence. When Miss Grace announced that she was going to take it, that Morodano horrified her, that she intended to bear to Colver Keene an official apology from the commander of the American garrison at Morodano, the old officer voiced no radical objection. In the waiting days, the zest of horses, guns, fights and island frontier life seemed gone out of the veins of the girl.

In the Combined Press office in the Escolta at Manila, Miss Geddo found a nervous attenuated little man who seemed to be expiring for want of sleep.

This was "The Beaver," second in command to Colver Keene in Asia and the Archipelago. To The Beaver, the Combined Press was God, and Colver Keene the Light and the Way.

"Why, Keene's gone over to China," he said. "They're trying to strangle the legations at Peking, you know. Keene was down in the Southern Islands somewhere when he smelled the new war. He turned up here and was off again the same day. Yes, that's quite Keene's way. You see, he's earned the right to a free hand in other wars. I've known him to lose himself for a month afield, sometimes to sit tight through a whole campaign, still as a dreaming prophet; then suddenly to fuse every wire with the newspaper classic of the war—making a noise in every capital over the planet like a beetle in a candy-box. That's Colver Keene!"

She was weeping in heart. "Then—then he has no address?"

"Yes," returned The Beaver, regarding her carefully, "Colver Keene, Head and Front of the Allies, On to Peking!"

"Does he really love action—like that?" she faltered.

She had touched one of the little man's fervid enthusiasms. "Why, bless you," he replied, "Keene stood with Steve Crane on the hottest Cuban hill; rode with Big Bell up to Tarlac and beyond; stepped out on the banks of the Marquina River that rainy dawn last December when Lawton fell there. In front of the smoky pits at San Isidro, I watched him taking a reel of films. Our boys were down for the volleys at the time, and I was making a full-length impression in the ooze of a rice-paddy myself. Keene walked up and down leisurely, sighting his camera. His pictures showed the string of smoke-puffs on the nigger-trenches. Still he hates war—hates war for the rotten imposition it is on the enlisted man."

She left him tingling. The big island city was steaming and sweating between rains. In the few days which followed, Miss Geddo did not seek her army friends, but reached a very good understanding, indeed, with the nervous

little man at the Combined Press office. Not in words exactly. Words were not needed since their thoughts had a common base.

Colver Keene loomed big in the young woman's heart—no less than this—and her days with him back in Morodano partook of deeper meaning in the zeal of The Beaver's tales. Word came that the allies had passed the Taku forts; later a private cable to the Manila office that Colver Keene was down with fever. A quick pain awoke in Grace Geddo's breast and would not sleep again.

"I'm going north," she confided to The Beaver. "I can't live here in these rains! Wire me, care International, at Hongkong, if you hear any more."

The little man's tired eyes filled with praise for her, and he put her aboard ship. The first night out on the China Sea was wild. Furies and demons thronged and roared over their old hurricane trails and vanished panting in the dawn. Grace emerged from her cabin and clung to the upper railing.

"I never used to be ill in any weather," she murmured pitifully, "and I never used to be like this at all."

There was much in the vague words. Once she had been mistress of herself and her world; once she had ridden and laughed, followed troops afield with a merry heart, proclaiming in glad spirit that all men were unfinished, save soldiers. And now a civilian was upstanding in her mind, like a sierra against a sky-line. Inevitably, she was drawing toward this civilian. Of course, it was a matter of honor—her father's honor and her own—and yet, the news of his fever had filled her with the agonies of a wife.

"No word from Keene," was The Beaver's cable at Hongkong.

In the dusk of the day of her arrival, the girl was at sea again, and the motley colorful city, carved on its mountain, was a fading picture in her brain. At the hotel desk in Shanghai a second cablegram was handed to her. A Chinese boy stood at hand waiting to show her to a room. An empty cablegram again—the chief was still unre-

ported. She followed the servant, preceded him into the room. He halted in the doorway for further commands. He was pushed away and the door locked.

No one saw Grace Geddo weep. Visions shut out from her brain the lights and sounds of the seething yellow world. She could see the wasted figure of Colver Keene caught in the awful current of suffering which an invading army leaves behind—fallen in cold desolate rains—racked in ambulances—lying white and still amid the horrors of a field-hospital. The far-visioned woman in Shanghai that day pitilessly arraigned the impetuous girl of Morodano, crying into her pillows:

"I was a blind young animal not to see his big clean soul. To think him a coward because he would not stoop to the tricks of mere physical bravery; a coward—that giant whose strength saved me from the jungle, whose courage suffered him to be shamed in silence for blame that was mine! He may not know me when I find him, but I shall call him back to consciousness. He must know me! It is not in nature for him to die—without knowing me!"

Truly, that nervous little giant of things done, The Beaver, had made the name of his chief wonderful to the woman through his heart-bursts of admiration; and old Mother Nature must have nodded grimly that it was quite true she would not allow the fevered correspondent to die without knowing the real Grace Geddo. At least, that battle alone in her room restored the heart of the woman like the healing of prayer. She was lifted at last by some splendid vitality from the pits of agony, and strode forth with the brightened beauty of dreams in her eyes; and the ancient yellow city was fragrant with the priceless attar of romance.

Events adjusted themselves apparently to her wishes after that. An American transport, loaded with half a hospital-corps and medical supplies for the field, was lying in the offing out of Woosung, the port of Shanghai. A river-launch bore her to the ship's side

an hour before sailing. The surgeon-major commanding the hospital force aboard was her father's friend. He laughed at her, and said she might take pot-luck with the nurses.

Three days later, the transport dropped anchor in sight of the Taku forts, at the mouth of the Peh-ho, that roiled drain of an evil land. There was a hurry call for nurses and stores. The American soldiers, thin-blooded from torrid service, were coughing, burning, and shaking in the chill damps of the Chinese nights. Grace Geddo stood with a group of red-cross girls in the first lighter despatched up the river.

Dusk afield. The smell of the river hung over the bivouac, tainted the fine aroma of the cook-fires, survived above the breath of farrier tents and picket-lines, maddened the tempers of men, and defiled the cold clean rain. The allies were scratching their heads before the old gray walls of Tientsin, and the outer world was hanging to the cable-ends for the flash, "Battle."

Three war-correspondents, standing beneath the awning of their mess-tent, stopped talking suddenly and rubbed their eyes. A woman, a young woman, tall and fair as civilization, had abruptly materialized in the wet gloom, rain-coat, campaign-hat and all. In a frightened voice, she asked for Mr. Colver Keene. The substantial Carreras stepped forth, replying:

"I'm one of his men, miss. Keene rode forward an hour ago, to have a 'look-see' at the Point——"

She swayed a little, and Carreras caught an instantaneous glint as of sunbursts in her eyes. "Then—then he isn't down with fever?" she faltered.

"Not down, but he ought to be," he told her earnestly. "He's sticking for the battle against every law of man and nature. Maybe you can do something to keep the demon on sick report. Every time he comes in out of delirium, he says he's well and calls for his horse. The fact is, miss, Keene is a living image this minute of a man sitting up in his grave."

"Will you show me the way to him?" Carreras' eyes kindled. "Come on,"

he said eagerly. "We won't miss him unless he has ridden over to the Russians or Japanese. Our column stretches straight out toward the Wall, and Keene rides the rangiest mount in the American line."

The night blackened, grew shuddering with evil. The boys from the States were but shadows huddled upon the ground; shadows that coughed and breathed weary oaths. All the tissues of the woman trembled, but the drive of the fine chilled rain was breath of life. A trumpet behind screamed strangely.

"That's officers' call!" she panted.

"It may mean action to-night," muttered Carreras.

"Please, let us hurry, sir!"

He quickened his pace, and a moment afterward clutched her arm, pointing ahead to a blotch of blackness, denser than the night. It was camel-high and moved slowly across the sprawled American column.

"There's Keene!" Carreras exclaimed softly. "I won't let him see me because he might think it a conspiracy to drag him back to bed. Go to him, and bring him in—for God's sake!"

She ran forward calling his name. The huge beast he rode halted, motionless as metal. She stood at his stirrup. Keene's face bent down—an angular spectral face of luminous pallor like a pearl. For a few seconds he gazed at her; then shook his head angrily, brushed his hand across his eyes, and lifted his bridle-rein to move on. She caught the leather and the mount held.

"Won't you speak to me, Colver Keene?"

He winced at her voice. Her fingers crept up the bridle-rein to his gloveless hand. It was cold, wet, emaciated.

"I treated you horribly, and my father did, too, but I thought you—you could forgive us. My father did not understand. He is a good man, but he did not understand. I have carried a letter from him to you," she whispered on desperately.

He cleared his throat and muttered

in a strange dry voice, still staring down: "Colver, my boy, you're bad off—worse off, a whole lot, than you thought."

A spray of sparks shook out from the city wall; then followed a succession of booming crashes, as if the skin of the earth was drawn tight and falling comets drummed upon it. The man-run plain to the left was filled with whistling screams.

It was the high moment in the woman's life. The monster interruption of war maddened her.

"I was utterly childish and wicked," she went on impetuously, some of her words lost in the roaring. "Every one spoiled me except you, but I am different now. Why don't you say something? Why don't you come down?"

He stirred excitedly in the saddle. The splendid mount stood tense-muscled, snorting softly at the racket. Keene laughed bitterly at last.

"If I got down I couldn't get back—unless you boosted me, Miss Spook! Oh, I say, wouldn't the boys tie me down, if they heard me talking to thin air like this? In the name of the true God, who has turned His face from this our war, are you there or not? Has the curtain gone up on the Tientsin fight or is all this just a flash in my poor brain-pan?"

"Don't you feel my hand, Colver Keene? Don't you know the girl who abused you in Morodano, whose father deported you by a wicked mistake?"

"If you are that girl, spirit or flesh," he said huskily, "I love the heart of you! Come up here to me, Grace Geddo. Old Danville can carry us both."

She took his hand, but his whole body gave way at the first pressure of her weight.

"Can you ever forget that I have been as weak as this?" he asked.

The words hurt her. "Please don't say that! I'm not like that any more. Give me the stirrup and sit back against the cantle. There—" She found the stirrup, caught Danville's mane, and swung up in front of him.

Keene's veins were replenished with

new blood from the untainted wells of creation.

"It is *you!* I thought it all the fever again," he murmured. "You know, you came to me always in the fever-dreams?"

Her eyelids grew wet. The arm that touched her waist now was so changed from the thrall of living might that had borne her from the jungle—so pitifully wasted and softened.

"What a grand mount!" she whispered. "And, oh, it is good to feel the saddle again. I haven't been in the saddle since you went—since you were sent away. Those hideous sounds—what are they?"

"Shrapnel. The Chinos are on the Wall and they're getting the Russian range."

"No, no—that high-pitched screaming, I mean, like hounds racing forward to the kill?"

"Ah, the Japanese; they're taking the lead!"

Danville picked his way along the aroused American line. Fire had broken out behind the Wall in the native city and the moiled sky was red, like an Indian blanket. It shone red upon their rain-wet features. The man leaned forward against her shoulder and studied worshipfully the mysteries and mistiness in her eyes.

"The Japanese have snatched the glory of the lead and I love you," he whispered.

She glanced back into his eyes lit with far flames.

"I came—The Beaver told me you were ill," she faltered.

A trumpet screamed, "Forward!" The crouched American column beneath them quickened into life. The boys sprang like magic into formation and swept past—coughing, laughing, shouting in the rain.

"God pity them!" Keene exclaimed, with strange passion. "Good boys—our good boys, all! I wish you could all come back! I wish all your dreams might come true—as mine! See how they go to break the Wall—how gladly they run into the blind gray stones of

centuries, into fire and steel and the hate of all the hells! Grace Geddo, help me to paint War, so red, so real, that the nations shall shudder at it, as at the monstrous crime on Calvary, shudder to the quick of their souls and sin no more!"

She could not answer, but her heart drank in the wealth of the man who clung to her. The moment was exalted. She expanded seemingly into a being of larger than human consciousness. The old trends of her life were far back in the youth of time, childish things long since put away. Across the world, she seemed to see the maids and mothers of these boys straining toward them with faces of tragedy. And high above the fire-lit field, now running with the reddest blood of earth, she seemed to see the face of God averted from His images, because they were obsessed for this profane hour by the insane devils of War.

The tail of the column swayed by, its last fragments blotted in the rain and the night.

"But your father and his brigade?" said Keene. "I haven't seen them in China. They're not in the column."

"My father and his men are still in Morodano," she answered proudly. "I came alone to Manila to ask you to forgive us. Then The Beaver told me you were here, that you were ill. I couldn't stay away then. Come back with me now to the tents, with me, and I shall make you strong—oh, so strong again!"

They were far in the rear where the Red Cross tents waited for the first fruits of the battle. A reserve of Russian infantry now swarmed the American trail, and roared a song as it tramped along—a song of snow-bound hills and ice-bound hearts. Shrapnel shrieked and crashed in discord; and a British battery, tons of charging steel and brass, thundered the bass. Already in a red mist on the Tientsin Wall was the dance of death.

Grand old Danville halted among the hospital-tents. The woman slipped lightly to the ground and held up her arms to her lover.

MY LADY WILDFLOWER

BY CHARLES
NEVILLE BUCK

HE road was a shredded ribbon of ruts running in a tangled course of helter-skelter, but its general trend was toward the top of the knob. In spots it hung to the edge with a sheer drop-away on the side, and in spots it plunged recklessly into the sun-spattered tangle of branches and underbrush where the wild grape-vines swung like snares to catch the horseman's chin and pull him from the saddle.

But Old Nebuchadnezzar took it in his easy canter with the assurance of familiarity, and the childish figure on his back rode like a lance in rest where her lithe shoulders and sun bonneted head had space to bear themselves erect, and dropped to Nebuchadnezzar's neck with an instinctive dip when the tangle threatened her above. She hummed a "meeting-house" hymn as she went, but only the words were devotional; for she had quickened its time into a more cheerful melody than is inherent to the mourners' bench.

Her song seemed attuned to Nature's mood, while the sun broke through the laced branches in gules of gold, the birds and bees were tuneful, and the June sky was cloudlessly, serenely blue.

They came at last to a screen of leafage where the road appeared to stop, and where a fallen log lay across its narrow span, but Nebuchadnezzar leaped over the obstruction without a pause, and burst through the obstruct-

ing tangle of foliage, bringing his rider into a small clearing with much the effect of the circus lady jumping through a paper-covered hoop—a clearing from which you could stand knee-deep in the lush grass and let the eye wander over twenty miles of valley and flat.

There was no idea of trespass or invasion in the mind of either horse or rider, and at the sight that met their eyes Nebuchadnezzar suddenly hurled himself back on his haunches with distended nostrils, and with a violence that threw his rider's sunbonnet to her shoulders, and left unshaded a pair of surprised eyes.

A somewhat gaunt young man, clad in hunting canvas and leggings, humbly began to gather together his recumbent length—the unintended cause of the panic. As he rose in sections—for he was a somewhat lengthy young man—from the tall timothy, his fastidiously trimmed vandyke beard and copperish hair, as well as the scarab that fastened his tie, rebutted the presumption that he was native born to the Kentucky mountains.

Having elevated himself to a sitting posture, he clasped his hands about his updrawn knees and smiled at her across his knee-caps.

The startled expression that had haunted his eyes for an instant, with the realization that this was a female intruder, had given way to one of amiable reassurance when he noted that she still wore her hair in braids and that the fabric of her dress and sunbonnet, if masculine diagnosis of textiles could be

trusted, was simple calico. For these were tokens of informality that ameliorated her fault of sex.

Since she, herself, wore the colors of confusion on her very attractive and childish countenance, and since the singular depths of her grave gray-blue eyes were ruffled, it seemed to take the burden of embarrassment from him. He could in such state of case be composed, superior, even amused.

"I'm glad you didn't lift your mount higher on the take-off of that jump," he commented in a pleasingly modulated voice, with a nod toward the horse. "The plateau is so circumscribed, you know—so precisely laid off on the plan of an apartment-house—that a longer leap would have landed his fore-hoofs very neatly on my solar-plexus."

The girl's cheeks flushed, and a lucid flash cleared the gray from her eyes, leaving only the blue. She shook her head with a puzzled expression, and the man felt with self-accusation that he had begun with comments not properly gaged to her vocabulary and grasp of anatomy. He had no desire to tease a child wood-nymph with words beyond her understanding.

She leaned forward and pulled an erring sprig of Nebuchadnezzar's mane over to the right side. Then straightening up she looked at him directly.

"What are you doing hereabouts?" she demanded, then added: "You don't live hereabouts."

"No," he admitted, his forehead wrinkling as he studied the toe of one boot with a scowl of deep depression, "I am a stranger. I am—" He paused, then went on. "The fact is, I am just running away!"

She met his gaze frankly. The boot had ceased to interest him. "You don't look like a 'shiner,'" she vouchsafed critically. "I don't believe you'd know a still if you saw one. Did you kill some person?"

He shook his head. "Worse than that," he replied. "I'm running away from a wife!"

"Oh, have you a wife?" There was a touch of disappointment in her tone.

"I mean," she hastily amended, "is your wife so—so cruel to you?"

"Heaven forbid!" he ejaculated, with fervor. "I have no wife, you know—not yet. I am just trying to escape that peril—endeavoring to maintain my celibate status. I mean to stay single." There was a commendable finality of purpose in his tone.

She nodded with ready sympathy. "I think they ought to let you do just as you like. Won't they?"

He threw himself down on his elbow and discarded his hat. She wondered why he wore a beard, and what sort of chin lay beneath its disguise.

"Squirrels?" she inquired, looking at his repeating shotgun.

He nodded.

"Am I a trespasser on your father's posted ground?" he asked.

The smile came again. "If you are I can't get very mad about it. You have such a good excuse. Besides," with a covert glance at an empty gamebag, "you don't seem to be doing much damage."

He laughed. "I shine more as the hunted than as the hunter," he admitted. Then the dismal visage returned, and he sat scowling.

"Is the lady chasing you very hard? Is she close on your trail? I know a cave where you can hide. Bud Mercer hid there when the revenuers were after him."

"It's not that bad," he admitted, "I'm safe enough here. She is some hundred miles away, and I doubt if she could live here. The atmosphere would prove fatal to her type of humanity."

"This is a healthy country," she contradicted indignantly. "It's the healthiest country in the world if you keep out of feuds and moonshining."

"My child," he explained, "you don't understand me. She can live only in a violet-scented atmosphere of artificiality. She would fall off her high-heeled shoes and break her neck up here. No, I'm safe as long as I stay here, but I've got to go back. I am the soldier who can't face the music of the musketry along the firing-line, and who runs away. But let's talk of more en-

g-ging matters——” He paused, then hazarded tentatively: “Yourself, for instance.”

The corners of her mouth trembled up a moment, then came severely down again. “No,” she said, “we’ll finish with you first. I don’t think much of running away.”

“You can’t get an argument out of me on that proposition. I, altogether, agree with you. Of course, I haven’t precisely taken to the tall timber of these hills to elude a pursuing lady. The——” He hesitated, then proceeded plausibly: “The coal interests of a client are immediately responsible—but cutting out the bloodhounds, and the galloping steeds and all that, I am none the less a fugitive from matrimony.”

“Is the lady such a—perfect fright?” she questioned.

“On the contrary, I understand she is beautiful, accomplished, possessed of wealth ‘endowed,’ say newspapers, ‘of every charm of culture and personality.’ I have never seen her myself.”

“Why don’t you take a look at her? It might save all the running away.”

He looked up, and in the gray-blue eyes that frankly met his own, he read guileless candor and the simplicity of a child.

“Suppose you had a matrimonial voyage charted out for you by your people, like some poor royalty enmeshed in red tape? Suppose—but what’s the use supposing? You are a child—a child of nature, as untamed and unlearned in these wearisome matters as some butterfly. You would not understand.”

She slipped from the saddle and turned Nebuchadnezzar loose to graze upon the lush grass. “I’m not young—I’m not young,” she protested. “I’m old. Awfully old. I——”

He rose and bowed, removing his hat. “Pardon me,” he apologized, “I should never have guessed your extreme age. You are so well preserved. At all events,” he went on, “she is eons older than you. She has lived an aging life. Balls, dinners, lobsters—human and crustacean, I dare say; a life spent in frivolities and dominated by dressma-

kers. These things are aging. I’d be afraid she’d wither up during the honeymoon.” His eyes burned with righteous disapproval.

“Now, a girl,” he urged complacently, “should ride horses, live close to Nature, wear sunbonnets and calico gowns. She should have her hair in braids, and eyes to match the sky.”

“Oh,” she interrupted, “but the sky is so different.” She pointed up with the forefinger of the right hand, enveloped in a rough time-battered gauntlet that was much too large. “You see up there it is glorious bird’s-egg blue, and then it shades off, lighter and lighter, until out there around the edges it’s a—a sort of soft color like you’d like to have a dress to match.”

“Eyes—the same eyes,” he avowed with conviction, “should be just as different. They should be gray-blue, clouding into a toned-down cobalt when they are grave, and shading off through the degrees of expression until they are a clear soft tone, such as you’d like to have a gown to match. I mean, of course, you would like to have the lady have it.”

“Maybe hers are like that,” she suggested as though she saw no personal application. “At any rate, I think it would be braver to find out.”

“How could we meet without hating each other?” he demanded almost fiercely. “I suppose I should say: ‘My dear young lady, I am the young man your parents and mine have selected, as adapted to your needs. I trust I shall prove satisfactory, but I’m not guaranteed.’ And she would smilingly respond: ‘I am the caucus nominee for your bride; you will endeavor to think well of me.’ We should naturally fall into a predigested love at first sight. Besides, she’d be getting in my way. I want to be free! I’d hear the desert or the mountains calling for me through the days and nights, and she would hear the little tinkle, tinkle of the cotillion orchestra.”

He had moved over and was sitting on a ledge of rock at the edge of the cliff, hurling small sticks over into outer emptiness, by way of emphasis.

She stood near, and as he gazed up he caught a far-away look in her eyes.

"There's no reason why I should be telling you my troubles, you know," he suddenly admitted. "Indeed, I started out talking to a child and I suddenly find that you are very antique. Possibly," he mused with a half smile, "I ought not to talk to you at all, without a chaperon. We have not been introduced."

She looked at him gravely. "In this country," she said, "everybody talks to everybody else—why shouldn't they?"

He looked away moodily, and then began talking again, possibly to himself. "Society is hollow, empty, vacuous. What chance has a wandering Bohemian for happiness mated to a woman who was reared to think life's boundaries lie between the ballroom and the boudoir?" He looked up with an apologetic smile. "All this is Greek to you, I dare say, but somehow it makes it easier to say it out loud. I——" he leaned over to her half eagerly—"I love to sit in a café in the Orient, and look off at mosques and minarets. I love the riot of color and the flavor of the atmosphere and the babel of the bazaar. I love the rocking of the camel across the desert and the light that dyes the sands at sunset. I love the wild gaunt peaks of the Andes, with the lightning flashing far away below me—the ragged palms of the tropics. I am a vagabond." He spread his hands with a hopeless gesture.

She was drinking in his words with rapt attention, and breathing deep, through lips half open.

"I don't blame you," she cried, with enthusiasm. "I should love all that, too. I should love it!"

He looked up with the delight of the enthusiast who finds an appreciative listener. "Yes, you would like it. I can read it in your eyes that you would. And you could take your chances on the trail like a man. But then," he added, with deep dejection, hurling a stone far out and watching its curving plunge downward, "you have never learned the engrossing importance of the horse-show and the reception-day gang of

frock-coated loafers and sterile-brained females. You are not educated in the fine arts?"

Suddenly he looked up with an expression almost of terror in his eyes. "So far," he exclaimed, "it has been only revulsion against being forced into matrimony against my will. The rebellion against the dying injunction of a father who thought foolishly to decide for me more wisely than I could decide for myself; but suppose"—his words came fast, with a note of sudden panic—"suppose there should be another woman? Suppose love should ambush me?"

"You promised?" she asked in a low voice.

He nodded.

"You would have to keep your word," she ruled decisively.

The tall grass waved and eddied on the little opening, gray-green lights and shadows played over the big rocks that piled up behind, with ferns clinging in the crevasses. The breeze sighed lazily, whispering an invitation such as the lotus-eaters heard and accepted.

The girl sank into the deep grass, propping herself on one arm—her brow puckered reflectively. She tilted her head slightly on one side and pointed her moral with the outstretched forefinger of the unemployed hand.

"I am going to lecture you," she announced. "Do you see the white speck of a roof away off down there in the valley?"

He looked down and bowed.

"That is to be my school next fall," she declared. "I might as well get used to doing the schoolmarm. Let's suppose things."

He gazed with the fixity of mastering interest at the white speck below.

"You are the teacher," he gloomily responded. "I'm just the children. Proceed with your spelling-bee."

"Suppose," she began, "the girl you are running away from is sitting somewhere, crying her eyes out because you don't come to her. She can't well get out and follow you. She can't run you down with a posse."

He snorted.

"Suppose she is a perfectly nice girl—a girl of the sort you'd love. Suppose some other man is—is not running away from her?"

"I'll give him a quit-claim deed and welcome. I'll throw in a handsome dowry."

"Maybe if you went and asked her, she might refuse." Possibly it was only his imagination that lent a note of hopefulness to her voice—certainly the tone and manner were charming. "Suppose you met her and fell in love with her," she added.

"I shouldn't! I couldn't!"

"Why?"

He looked up at her with a sudden light in his eyes. "Suppose I had discovered suddenly—as one always does discover the important things of life—with a flash of revelation, that I love another girl—a totally different girl—a girl—"

"Let's stop supposing," she interrupted, while the color stole into her face and her eyes turned suddenly outward over the country below.

There was a long silence. He watched a spider laboriously manipulating an addition to its web on a near-by twig, then looked up quickly.

"Are you a wood-nymph, or a dryad?" he asked. "I don't seem able to classify you. You seem a part of Nature, yet you are different from these mountain folks. You have some elements of civilization about you, and yet you are altogether too delightful to be civilized."

She laughed: "I am the schoolmarm." Her eyes caught a glint of violet. "That's why they civilized me a little. I am the only girl in the county who has been away to boarding-school. Then I have been to the college at Barbourville. I wish I were more civilized," she reflected slowly. "I should like to know the real cities with their roar, and the thousands of men and women doing things worth while. I do know them, but from books only. I went to Frankfort once, too, to see some friends in the penitentiary," she supplemented, with perfect gravity.

"In the—what?" came his astonished query.

"In the penitentiary," she repeated calmly. Then she added with a laugh: "I forgot. You don't know our ways. Down here men think differently about—well, about killing people. Some of our best families have members who were tried and didn't come clear. Yes, it must be wonderful to live in a city," she mused on. "Wonderful!"

"And yet—" She sprang lightly to her feet and stood upright with her gauntleted hands behind her, her slim figure as willowy and graceful as the slender poplars and birches about her, and gazed off across the wide basin beneath. "Yet this is wonderful, too. I love it—I love it!" A sober look came into her eyes, matching the blue between the piled-up clouds. The brown hair blew across her cheeks and forehead under the sunbonnet. "I couldn't be happy without the trees to talk to," she added thoughtfully.

The man looked up suddenly, and his voice fell a shade lower. "What do they say to you?" he asked. "Sometimes I feel that they are on the point of telling me things, but I can never quite learn their language."

She spoke impulsively. "Oh, it's easy." She turned and stroked the shaggy bark of a shell hickory. "Old Hickory here is one of my best friends, one of my very bestest friends. When I am blue I lie on the grass and gaze up at the leaves and branches and little patches of sky between, and the wind comes up, and he sings a song. And when it storms and the whole country out there is hazy with the rain, and the wind blows hard and the little trees bend down, and the birds fly away, he stands and lashes around and rattles his branches. I think he's laughing at the storm. He's not afraid, though the lightning has struck him. See?" She put out one hand and affectionately ran her fingers along the scarred bark.

The man's eyes grew grave, too. He nodded.

"Back there under those big rocks," she went on, "I hide away from the rain, and watch him stand there on the

edge of his cliff and shake his strong old arms out in the sky. And in the spring the ferns and the sunsetty flowers grow there."

"The what kind of flowers?" he interrupted, with a puzzled smile.

"I don't know their real names. I don't think it matters, do you? My name for them is just sunsetty flowers."

"And why?"

"Oh, because they are yellow, just the color that the sky turns over the west when the sun sets after a rain, and there are the fairy cruets—you can see some of them blooming there now."

She pointed over to the delicate clumps of rock-flowers, cornucopia shapes of delicate red, grouped four on each stem. He plucked a handful and handed them to her with a bow.

"Do you believe in fairies?" he queried soberly.

She laughed. "I believe if I could live away off by myself with no one to laugh at me I would believe in them. There must be a fairy-land somewhere."

He stood silent and followed her glance out across the green and yellow patches of field and woodland to the purple frontier of the horizon. "If I lived alone—with you near—I should know it," he said as though to himself.

Then as the mellowed sound of a distant shout floated up from farther down the hill, she turned and shouted back.

"I must go," she said. "There's Mr. Will hunting for me. Good-by."

"Of course," he replied gloomily, "fairy-land exists. It never lasts. There's always a Mr. Will!"

He offered her his hand, but she vaulted to the saddle as lightly as a boy. At the screen of foliage she drew rein a moment.

He lifted his hat and said: "Good-by, My Lady Wildflower!"

She laughed back, "Good-by, Mister Stranger-Man," and was gone.

He stretched himself under the hickory, and gazed up into the leafage. "Old chap, will you talk to me? Will you tell me a few secrets?" But the old hickory was uncommunicative; so he pulled himself together. "You are

growing sentimental," he told himself severely. "But a woman like her. And for me it's Miss Millicent Stuart, the finished product—the flawless exotic, the hothouse rose. Good-by, My Lady Wildflower."

Miss Millicent Stuart appeared in the dining-room of the Browne-Smythes, bewitchingly garbed in a dark-colored riding-habit, and wearing an expression of sternest resolve. The most strenuous week-enders had breakfasted from the sublimated free-lunch-counter apparatus, and departed for tennis-courts, canoes, and kindred diversions. The more indolent had not appeared.

Frances Browne-Smythe looked up with a twinkling smile of welcome.

"Whom are you riding with so early?" she questioned. "Or do you merely realize that you are irresistible in those togs?"

The eyes of the guest remained steady, her lips sober, her voice was deliberate. "I am riding—alone. I want to think. I want you to have me driven to the three-twenty this afternoon. I'm leaving."

The hostess looked up out of her startled eyes. "What do you mean, my dear?" she demanded. "You came for the week, and any number of people, including George Welles, are to come to dine this evening—to meet you. It would be rank desertion. You couldn't seriously"—the voice trailed off into a wail, all disconsolate—"you couldn't seriously think of it."

The guest stood rigid. "I suppose you did not intend to offend me. I suppose that being married, and finding that estate tolerable—how long has it been, six months?—you are imbued with the chronic matchmaking instinct. I suppose that you thought it a lovely idea to get two people who have been assiduously dodging each other over the face of the globe for months, cornered in your dining-room. It would be a diverting spectacle. Only, one of your animals is going to escape." The voice rose lightly. "Is going to escape and spoil the exhibition, to which she was lured by false pretenses."

"I can't possibly understand. What are you talking about?"

Miss Stuart looked at her friend under level brows as she swung her riding-crop and inquired casually: "By the way, why didn't you mention that Mr. George Welles was at home when you invited me up?"

"Why should it have occurred to me?" countered the other woman innocently.

"It has occurred to you to have him take me into dinner to-night, hasn't it?"

"That seemed the natural thing to do, my dear."

"Well," very deliberately, "you had best provide him with some one else, or let him go in alone and sing a solo. I would suggest, 'Everybody's Got a Lady But Me.' It will suit his condition."

The other sank back with the supine attitude of one who surrenders the last ditch.

"What is your wild prejudice against George? He is a splendid fellow. You'll love each other on sight, and I don't propose to let you keep on avoiding each other, just because of a ridiculous understanding in your respective families that you shall marry. The world isn't big enough for two perfectly attractive and charming people to play hide-and-seek. I'm going to put an end to it."

"Indeed?" The interrogation was put with cool indifference.

"Yes, and you are not going to desert me. You will go into dinner with George and in one week thereafter—or less—you will rush into my room, flushed, excited, and confide in me."

"Indeed?" It might have been an echo. Then silence.

"How many subpoena servers, how much intimidation and duress did you bring to bear to entice this Mr. Welles to your miserable, odious dinner-party?"

"It won't be. It will be an absolutely good dinner. He was delighted of course."

The girl's lip curled. "Now, Frances, it's not worth while to lie so heroically. You know, and I know, that he has

covered the face of the globe in a feverish impulse to keep out of my way. He has fled cowering to Patagonia and hidden himself in the wilds of Afghanistan, and climbed wildly and perched on Chapultepec's summit for no other reason than to postpone the inevitable fate of marriage with me." She paused to draw breath. "He has with characteristic chivalry assumed that if I saw him first I would grab him, and he'd have to yell: 'Down!' The timid flee when no woman pursues. He has so far saved me the trouble of doing the fleeing, but you, with your subtle strategy, make it at last necessary. I flee by the three-twenty."

The young woman flipped her riding-crop decisively, and wheeling on a small boot-heel strode majestically from the presence of her overawed and astounded hostess.

At the stables she was given a roan hunter.

"You wants to be careful of autymobiles, ma'am," the groom warned as he mounted her. "He's uncommon irascible on that topic, ma'am."

She went down the roadway pulling at the bit of her curveting mount.

She cantered without excitement for two miles, along the smooth turnpike, until she came to a trim stone fence surmounted by a hedge. Across the fence the pastures lay smoother, freer of weed and undergrowth, bespeaking the care of a wealthy and fond owner. As far as the eye could reach the woodland was unbroken park. Here and there laborers with hoes and mowing-machines shaved the face of Nature. Near a turn in the road stood a machine at ease. The horses rested with heads down in the shade of a giant oak. The driver sat on the fence with his feet hanging over the road, and smoked a cob pipe. He was a stalwart swain, in cotton shirt and overalls, stuck into boots, à la clodhopper. His head was enveloped in a broad-brimmed straw hat of the variety which any small boy, country-bred, will recognize by the title of "ten-cent-jimmy." Its brim drooped dejectedly about the face, partly concealing his features, and coming close

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about the ears. But a strong chin, just a trifle undershot, and a frank mouth-line were visible covered with two days' growth of light stubble. As Miss Stuart drew near there was a honk! honk! from around the bend, and a huge touring-car flashed into sight. The roan halted with distended nostrils, and whirled upward.

The driver of the car brought it to a stop, and yelled, under his goggles: "My man, go to the bit, till I get past."

The countryman slouched lazily from the fence and strolled into the road, but when he came close to the plunging horse he merely stood by in the attitude of one in readiness but awaiting a command.

In a few moments she had calmed the roan and was edging him up gingerly toward the car. Finally, with a keen lash of the crop, she carried him past and the driver threw forward his levers and glided away. The countryman strolled back and resumed his perch on the wall, fumbling in his overalls' pocket for a match with which to re-kindle his cob pipe.

She rode back.

"My name is Miss Stuart," she said frankly. "I want to thank you for coming to my aid, and more yet for not taking the bit. I wanted to fight it out with him, myself."

He gazed at her, his lips apart, with open and rustic admiration. "Yes-suh," he replied.

She leaned over and slipped her fingers under the girths. "Would you mind tightening these?" she inquired.

"Yessum—I mean, no, ma'am," he replied, slipping down again from his perch into the road, and coming around to the horse's side.

She looked down on his straw hat.

"That is a beautiful piece of woodland," she absently commented.

"Yessum."

"Whose is it?"

"Mr. George Welles'," he replied laconically. "You're the lady Mr. George Welles is goin' ter marry, ain't you, miss?" He drawled the question with his head tucked against the roan's side, as he tugged at the girths.

"I certainly am not. Why do you ask?" she flashed.

"I heerd Mr. Welles say suthin' 'bout havin' ter marry a lady named Miss Stuart. I 'lowed you might be the one," he replied, with naive candor.

"Does Mr. Welles discuss his sad plight with all his farm-hands—I mean all his acquaintances?" she corrected quickly.

"No'm, I reckon not. Him an' me hunts together an' is pretty thick friends. I reckon he tells me some things that he don't spread around very general."

"Oh, so you are his confidential comrade. Well, what does he tell you?"

No response.

"Aren't you going to answer me?"

"Yessum. What is it?"

"What else does Mr. George Welles say about me?"

"I reckon it wouldn't just do for me to tell, miss."

"Is it so bad as that?"

"No, ma'am, it ain't bad at all! Mr. Welles just don't want to get married off by his papa an' mama. He 'lows he'd like to do his own sparkin'. I reckon he'll tell you all about it tonight. I heerd him say he was goin' to dinner over at the Browne-Smythe place to meet you."

"I hardly think so!" with animation. "I sha'n't be at the Browne-Smythes. He will escape!"

"I reckon, miss, he ain't goin' ter try to escape after he sees you."

"He won't have to try."

"I don't know much about sassity sparkin', miss," replied the swain honestly, as he slipped the last girth end into its buckle. "But if it was me, I reckon you'd have to do the runnin' away, and you'd have to run pretty blamed fast."

She laughed. "That is a genuine compliment," I think," she said. "Thank you. You ought to take your friend, Mr. Welles, into training."

"Don't mention it, miss. I seen you handle that horse. I just told the truth."

There was silence for a moment as

she sat looking away across the landscape. "It is wonderfully beautiful," she mused.

"Do you think these trees would talk to you, too?" asked a voice at her elbow—a voice strangely familiar.

She looked down with a start. The man stood with one hand caressing her roan's shoulder. His hat was off and his head was covered with reddish hair. His eyes were not the eyes of a rustic. They wore a smile of quiet amusement and—adoration.

As their eyes met an expression of recognition clouded her own pupils into bird's-egg blue. He bowed slightly. "Good morning, My Lady Wildflower," he whispered.

"Mr.—Mr. Stranger-Man," she stammered.

"I am the young man your family and mine have agreed upon as best suited to your needs," he laughed. "I hope I will prove satisfactory, though I am not guaranteed."

She schooled her face into hauteur. "I'm afraid I can't use you," she retorted. "I should hear only the tinkle, tinkle of the cotillion orchestra, when the desert and mountains were calling to you!"

"Please don't be hard on me," he begged. "I never ran away from you. Nobody ever did. Does the iron filing flee from the magnet, or the Mussulman from Mecca? I ran away from an unknown, because I wanted to keep the throne vacant for you—you whom I had met only in dreams. How could I know that our progenitors had such discrimination—such wonderful, un-

dreamed-of good taste? How could I?"

"You did have a chin under that beard," she commented irrelevantly.

"Poor refugee! I did not mean to run you down so mercilessly," she added, with magnanimous pity.

"Give me a chance," he pleaded.

She shook her head. "There is another man," she said slowly.

His face went white, and despite his added pounds, looked for a moment gaunt again. "You belong to me," he protested. "It is foreordained. It must be."

"A man some twenty pounds lighter," she mused. "A man with a vandyke beard, who likes to feel the camel rocking under him—who—"

He seized a gauntleted hand—this time the gauntlet fitted. "You will be at the dinner?" he urged.

"I'm afraid I must. It is in my honor, you know," she conceded, and the eyes went sky-blue and serene.

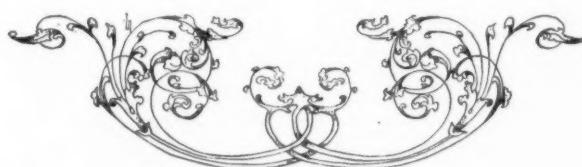
He looked up, neglecting to release the gauntlet. "How did you happen to be in those wild hills?" he demanded.

"I have friends there. I run away when I feel the need of talking to the trees," she said. A twinkle caught and trembled in her eyes. "When I can forego the tinkle, tinkle of the cotillion orchestra."

"And the schoolmarm story?"

"Lies in self-defense," she laughed, "are discounted by the recording angel."

She leaned over a trifle toward him and he seized the other hand drawing her down—but that's a matter between the two of them, and the roan.



AROUND THE BRIDGE TABLE

By Arthur Loring Bruce



T is surprising, in playing bridge, to note how many hands are helped and how many are ruined by the opening lead.

If a player were blessed with some demoniacal power of divination so that his opening lead were always suited to the peculiarities of the twenty-six cards held jointly by the dealer and dummy, he would be invincible at bridge and his profits would be enormous.

Take, for instance, the singleton lead. I believe that as many hands are saved by a short opening as are ruined by it. In many, many cases a short opening will wreck a hand beyond any power of saving. In many cases an opening from a long suit will do the same. There is no knowing, before the lead, what terrible pitfalls destiny has prepared for you. I have seen countless rubbers lost because of a *correct* opening. Indeed, I believe that the proper or regular opening of a hand proves wise in only two out of three cases.

For instance, the other evening I was playing a rubber with three gentlemen. The dealer went out on a heart make. The hands were as follows: The dealer held queen, jack, 10, 9, 7 of hearts; jack, 10, 8 of diamonds; ace, queen, 10 of clubs; king, and jack of spades. The dummy held the 4, 3, and 2 of hearts; jack, 9, 4 and 2 of clubs; 9, 8, 7, 5, 4 and 2 of spades, and no diamonds. The leader held the king and 6 of hearts; ace, king, queen, 4 of diamonds; 7, 6

and 3 of clubs; ace, queen, 10 and 3 of spades. I was playing third hand and held ace, 8 and 5 of hearts; 9, 7, 6, 5, 3 and 2 of diamonds; king, 8, 5 of clubs; and the singleton 6 of spades. The score was, dealer and dummy, 24; leader and partner, 16.

Here was a hand in which there was only one correct opening—the king of diamonds. Not one good player in a thousand would have opened it any other way, and yet the play cost us the game. The dummy ruffed the king of diamonds, came over to his queen of clubs, ruffed another diamond, came over to his 10 of clubs, ruffed another diamond, came over to his ace of clubs and then made three heart tricks, a total of nine tricks or twenty-four points and the game.

The worst possible opening of this hand would certainly be the king of hearts and yet it is the one opening that will utterly defeat the dealer and score game for the leader and his partner. Let us suppose that the leader had opened his king of hearts, then a low heart, which his partner takes with the ace and leads another heart. The dealer would lose, with such an opening as this; three diamond tricks, two hearts, two spades and one club, which would give the leader two tricks, or sixteen points and the game. Here is a difference of four tricks saved to the leader by a preposterous and altogether inexcusable opening. Cases of this sort could, of course, be multiplied.

As it turned out in this particular case, the rubber was one of the largest which I have seen for months. After

the hand the gentlemen began comparing notes as to the largest rubber in their experience of bridge. One of them remarked that it was possible to score 2,206 points in one rubber, without a double of any sort. This remark aroused the three of us to the point of incredulity. We began to study the matter and saw that the statement was absolutely correct and that such a rubber is—humanly speaking—possible.

The marvel is accomplished in the following utterly improbable way. North deals and declares hearts with five honors in one hand and wins the trick. East deals and declares hearts, but North still holds five honors in one hand. East wins the odd trick. North then holds five honors in hearts and wins the odd trick. East deals and wins the odd trick at hearts, North still holding five honors. North deals with the usual five honors and makes the trick. East declares hearts with no honors and North wins the trick. By this time North has scored 480 points in honors and 24 below the line. East has scored only 24 below the line. North now deals and declares spades with five honors in one hand, and makes the trick. East declares a defensive spade, and North holds five honors in one hand. East wins the trick. North again holds five honors in spades and wins the trick. East deals and declares spades. North as usual has his five honors, but loses the trick. The score is now 28 all below the line. At this point North declares no trumps, with 100 aces, and makes a grand slam, or a total for the first game of 784 points, net. The same score is repeated on the third game, but, on the second, notwithstanding the fact that East wins the game, North again scores 638 net points—due to the honors—or a total, for the rubber, of 2,206 points.

A bridge story has lately been going the rounds which is fairly amusing and which will bear repetition. A lady living in a small way in the suburbs is at an employment agency, trying to secure a cook. As the lady and her husband live some distance from any neighbor and as the wages she can offer are

meager, the cooks display a decided unwillingness to assume the cares of office.

Finally, to the great elation of the lady, a very respectable and well-mannered English girl seems disposed to risk the rigors of suburban life. The searching questions which the girl had put to the lady have all been satisfactorily answered, when at last she asks the number in the family, to which the lady replies that there are only two—herself and her husband.

"Oh," said the girl, "it will be quite impossible for me to accept the situation. I could not *think* of going into service with only three in the house. I would not go *anywhere* unless we could make up a four at bridge."

A somewhat similar story was told me by a Boston lady, who claimed that it had actually occurred to her. She went into a dry-goods shop and was vainly trying to secure the attention of two glorious beings in black *princesse* costumes, surmounted by gigantic and plentifully marcelled pompadours. Their voices were as sharp as the proverbial tack. Their heads were as close together as their pompadours would permit and their conversation was fervid and obviously engrossing.

After the lady had waited patiently for some minutes for the discussion between them to cease, so that she might modestly inquire as to the price of Copenhagen blue amazon plumes, she was surprised to overhear the following pregnant remark:

"No, dearie, positively you are wrong; from king, jack, 10, you always want to lead the jack."

This dictum, although it startled the lady greatly, gave her a cue which she was not slow to take up.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I think you are wrong. If you will read Ellwell's new book you will find that the 10 is the correct lead from such a combination of honors. I am glad to see that you ladies like bridge; I am myself passionately fond of it, and I wonder if you could show me, without troubling yourselves, the beautiful feather in that case beyond you."

The blonde goddesses were at once propitiated and an *entente cordiale* was immediately established.

To veer a little from this anecdote, I must narrate the harrowing experience which befell this same lady on a recent visit to England.

She was stopping in a country house in Warwickshire and the house-party contained enough talent to make up three excellent tables at bridge. Mr. and Mrs. N., of London, were particularly strong players. Their prowess at the game was well known and freely spoken of throughout London. They had little visible means of support and the gossip was that they lived by their bridge. This hideous implication was partly borne out by the fact that they showed a marked preference for playing with each other, or, at any rate, at the same table.

As they sat down, the American lady, who preferred a rather "stiff" game, was surprised to hear the English woman remark that she never played for money. The fourth at the table was a rich bachelor, who said that he really did not care to play unless the stakes were fairly handsome. The married Englishman seemed to be of the same opinion and my friend sacrificed herself upon the altar of good manners and agreed to play against the lady so that the men should always be opponents.

The game proceeded in regular course and my friend soon perceived that the English lady was a surprisingly good player so long as she played with her husband, but that when she played against him her game became distinctly amateurish. Every rubber that Mrs. N. played with the bachelor she "chucked" most barbarously, but those rubbers in which she had her husband as partner, she played with consummate skill.

The difference in her play was so marked that the bachelor, who was by this time hopelessly in a hole, remarked that he thought he had had enough and the game broke up in an ominous silence. After the bachelor had paid his twenty-one pounds to his adversary he

turned to my friend and remarked, so that the couple could not help but hear him: "Upon my soul, I have never been so rooked in all my life."

This story prompts me to say that where the stakes are large, it is always advisable for a husband and wife to play at different tables, and I have noticed that in Newport, for instance, where there is a great deal of after-dinner bridge, married couples always prefer to split tables so as to avoid any possible suspicion of signals or of unfair playing.

As the foregoing anecdote casts the gravest doubt upon the conduct of some British players I feel that I must narrate an experience which decidedly places the blame upon the other side of the water.

There is an American whose bridge manners are notoriously bad and whose disposition is always to quarrel and find fault. On his first visit to England, he was admitted, as an honorary member, to White's Club in London, where the regular club-stakes are larger than in any other club in the world. The usual game at White's is shilling points and five pounds on the rubber, which makes the average rubber about eighty dollars.

The American, who is an exceptionally good player, inquired if it was permissible for honorary guests to play cards. On learning that there was no rule against it he cut in a rubber with three Englishmen. The luck was at first against him, but it soon turned and he seemed in a fair way to win his first rubber.

The score, on the rubber game, was 24 to 16 in his favor. He dealt and declared no trumps, on a very good hand, except that it had no protection in the heart suit. The leader asked if he might play. Third hand hesitated unduly, but finally said: "Yes." The leader thereupon played the ten of hearts.

As the American thought that the leader had taken advantage of his partner's hesitation, he lost his temper completely, threw the played card on the floor and said:

"Gentlemen, I do not know what you call this, but I call it signaling."

The leader looked at him as if he meant to make trouble, but Captain F. H., who was playing third hand—and who is certainly one of the most delightful bridge-players in England—politely reminded the American that in England a doubled no trump called for the top of a short suit, and not for a heart. Dummy then laid down the ace, queen, and two other hearts, and the American discovered that the leader was playing from king, jack, ten and another heart. The hand was played out and the American scored a small slam, as well as game and rubber.

The Englishmen at this point all invented some mythical dinner engagements and left the club. This was the last rubber which the American ever played at White's. His little display of temper finally cost him the pleasure of bridge in all the London clubs, as the story was given wide currency among English players.

This particular American has the most extraordinary memory for cards that I have ever known. Once in playing a duplicate-bridge tournament in Philadelphia, he was barely beaten for the first prize by two Pennsylvania players. Coming back to New York on the train he and his partner were discussing the various hands and their play of them. He asked the porter to fetch him a table and a pack of cards. He then proceeded to lay out, one after another, the twenty-four combined hands which he had played in the tournament. His partner told me that he remembered them without any effort and that, as far as he could recall, there was not a single error in the ninety-six individual hands.

I have myself known a man with a card brain so perfect that he could carry hundreds of hands in his head and remember them at incredible distances of time. To the ordinary player, this seems like magic, but feats of memory such as these are, of course, cast into the shade by the performances of certain well-known chess-players. Pillsbury, for instance, one of the greatest

marvels of chess that we have ever produced in this country, frequently played sixteen simultaneous blindfolded games of chess. Mr. William D. Guthrie, the famous New York lawyer, can repeat, word for word, the whole of "Paradise Lost." Macaulay, on a wager, memorized the shopkeepers' signs on Piccadilly during a walk from Hyde Park corner to Piccadilly Circus and, having successfully repeated them, he astonished his friends by repeating them backward.

I spoke recently to a feminine friend of mine about this extraordinary memory for cards that some people possessed, and I added that I could no more remember the bridge hands which I had played a year ago than I could fly. With a very arch and charming manner, she replied:

"Well! If I were in your place I certainly would not *wish* to remember them."

As I have previously said, the club-stakes at White's are, I think, the largest in the world. It is fair to say that there is an occasional game at the Whist Club in New York and also at the Racquet Club, in which the stakes are higher than at White's. Last winter, for two or three months, there was, at the Racquet, a dollar table. At the Whist Club the stakes at one particular table also ran very high, but the regular club-stakes were of course less extravagant. At the St. James' in London there are a sixpenny table and a threepenny table. At the Turf there is only occasionally a shilling game. In the clubs at St. Petersburg, Vienna and Paris, the average game is about five cents.

I should say, on the whole, that the European games are a little bit lower, on the average, than in the New York clubs where the regular game is either five or ten cents. It is also true that in New York, after-dinner or mixed bridge is a little higher than in the society of European capitals. This is very natural. Americans are richer than any other people in the world, and they can well afford to play for a little higher stakes. In England the social game is

frequently very moderate. I have visited several English country houses where the guests were people of decided means, and where the game was never more than farthings, or a half of a cent.

The whole system of gambling in European clubs is very much better than it is on our side of the water. In London, Vienna, Paris, etc., one plays against the club and never against an individual. The club acts as a clearing-house for all winnings and losses.

For instance: I am playing at White's Club. I win a rubber of seventy dollars, and Mr. B. loses it. We decide to stop, so I put a winning card in the special box in the card-room for that purpose. This card shows that I am owed seventy dollars and is initialed by Mr. B. If we play more than one rubber I merely put my *net* loss or gain on the card, and do not deposit a card for every rubber. At the end of the day, the card-room steward gathers up the cards and gives them to the card bookkeeper.

On a certain day of the week—usually Wednesday at twelve o'clock p. m.—all card debts for the previous week must be paid to the club. If not, the defaulting player is in a great deal of disgrace, and may even be expelled from the club; but when such cases happen, the club committee, as a rule, give the player a chance to explain and make good his error of omission.

Once a week the card bookkeeper mails checks to all the winners and receives checks from all the losers. Each player's account is, in this way, balanced. At the end of the year the player may look at his card account upon the book and see just what money he has received from the club or what money he has paid them.

In this country, on the other hand, we play against individuals—a very complicated and ridiculous system. I have been owed money by as many as five players in a day. These players had not the cash with them and preferred to send checks. Such a course as this enforces me to deposit five checks, to carry the figures in my head,

and to remember the names of the losers. I think that all sensible players are united in hoping that the European system of play will be introduced into the American clubs.

There is also a difference between European tournaments and those on our side of the water. In Almack's Club, for instance, which is a great center for bridge in London, players who desire to enter a tournament pay a guinea for admission. Besides this, they pay the usual sum for the cards and privilege—in Almack's this sum is about fifty cents. The winners of the tournament divide the prize—which is always cash.

In this country when tournaments are given at clubs, the course adopted is usually as follows:

Two or more members donate the prizes—usually gold cigarette-cases, match-safes or card-cases—for which the players contend. The winning couple each take a first prize, and the second couple each take a second, if second prizes have been donated.

Speaking of tournaments reminds me that last year at a bridge club in Newport, a tournament was given with rather a tragic ending. This club was used almost entirely by older ladies. This fact gave point to the somewhat cruel and uncharitable remark of a Newport bachelor who never spoke of the club except as "The Hags' Hell." In this particular tournament duplicate-bridge was played. Individual scores were kept, and a first and second prize had been provided by one of the lady members.

As bad luck would have it two of the ladies tied for second prize. This led to a great deal of excited discussion among them as to what should be done. Finally the tournament committee suggested that the two ladies should cut for the second prize. One of the contestants, who was about sixty years of age and had a decided will of her own, was very much averse to doing this. She remarked, in a loud voice, that she had won a prize and was not going to be "done out of it."

At this point the lady donor took a

hand and said she could arrange the matter in no other way. With rather bad grace the elderly siren cut the pack—and lost. Her rage and annoyance were rapidly getting the best of her. She looked the mortified donor straight in the eye and remarked, in a very acrid tone:

"Well, all I can say is that *somebody* is getting fearfully stingy! I win a prize and get nothing at all. I never heard of such an outrage in all my life!"

With this sally she marched solemnly out of the club and stepped haughtily into her victoria.

Harking back to the English and their "bridge manners," my experience has convinced me that they are the politest players in the world, although I think the most extraordinary single exhibition of politeness which I have ever witnessed at the bridge-table was at the Ritz Hotel in Paris, where I was playing with Prince de L., his wife, and Madame le T. This was my first bridge session in France and my knowledge of French, although fair, did not extend to the technical terms of bridge. In one of the very first hands that we played I remember making it a diamond, or, as I said in very feeble French, "*diamants*." A little later I again declared "*diamants*." During the whole course of the evening my hosts, when they made it a diamond, always declared "*diamants*," notwithstanding the fact that such a term is never used by the French in playing bridge. The correct expression is, of course, "*carreaux*"; but their innate sense of politeness prompted them to repeat, over and over again, the ridiculous blunder which I had so foolishly committed.

My readers may excuse me for giving here a comparatively simple bridge problem, but one that involves an important principle of the game. Some of them may care to try their hand at it. The solution will be found in a note at the end of this article.

The score is one game all and 28 to 6 against A and B, the dealer and dummy. A deals, and as he needs 24 points to go out, he declares a weak no trumper, to the score. Y leads the five of spades. The players all discard from weakness. The hands are as follows:

A (Dealer) Ace, 7, 4, diamonds; ace, 6, 2, clubs; king, 6, 4, spades; jack, 10, 3, 2, hearts.

B (Dummy) King, 8, 6, diamonds; jack, 8, 3, clubs; queen, 9, spades; ace, queen, 8, 7, 5, hearts.

Y (Leader) Jack, 10, 9, diamonds; king, 9, clubs; ace, jack, 8, 5, 3, 2, spades; 9, 6, hearts.

Z (Third hand) Queen, 5, 3, 2, diamonds; queen, 10, 7, 5, 4, clubs; 10, 7, spades; king, 4, hearts.

Note—Solution of the no-trump hand mentioned in the foregoing article.

Trick One—5 spades, 9, ten, 4.

A does not risk the queen of spades, second in hand. He hopes to exhaust Z's spades before he comes to the finesse in the heart suit. For the same reason A refuses to take the trick with the king of spades in his own hand.

Trick Two—7 spades, 6, ace, queen.

Z was tempted to "switch" to the club suit here, but it looked a little dangerous and he returned his partner's spade. If, however, he had led the club he and his partner could have scored game.

Trick Three—2 spades, 3 clubs, 2 diamonds, king spades.

Trick Four—Jack of hearts, 6, 5, king.

As A knows that Z has no more spades, he feels safe in finessing into Z's hand.

Trick Five—5 clubs, ace, 9, 8.

A now makes the remaining hearts, and his ace and king of diamonds, or two odd tricks and the game. If A takes the first trick with his queen or his king of spades he cannot go game.

The HEART AND THE ARROW



LTHOUGH it was the hour when Mrs. Waring was usually at home to friends who craved a cup of tea and a desultory chat with a charming hostess, she had, on this particular winter afternoon, told her maid to deny her to all visitors. It was intention rather than chance which led her to issue this edict after Howard Eastlake had been admitted and had sunk into his usual chair, with a sigh of epicurean appreciation.

A pair of softly shaded candles on the tea-table and the fitful flickerings of the fire supplied all the light in the room; but the shadowy illumination was esthetically suggestive of the half-tones in which Mrs. Waring habitually lived. One felt that the soft rich tints of the walls and hangings, the simple and restful proportions of the room were as much the expression of her own taste as were the books lying on the broad low table, the few admirable pictures, or the virginal procession of white cyclamen plants, whose blossoms—like a flock of delicately poised butterflies—filled her window, and faintly perfumed the air with a subtle suggestion of spring. But these harmonious accessories retreated into their rightful relation as a mere background when one's consciousness awoke to the personality of Mrs. Waring herself.

She was nearer thirty-five than thirty, but her figure was wonderfully girlish in its curves and slender erectness.

When she moved there was a delightful sense of coordination of all parts into a graceful harmony of motion. Her charmingly poised head was well shaped, and the soft brown wave that rolled back from her low forehead gave no hint of defying fashion, but merely of conforming to intrinsic standards of beauty. Her eyes were deep-set, and of changing gray-green hues, dreamy with the lights and shades of an idealistic imagination. Oddly enough her eyebrows—often a mere adjunct to the eye—were her most expressive feature, for they had an unexpected little quirk in the middle which gave her a puzzled questioning look, peculiarly appealing to the masculine heart. Her mouth was sensitive in its curves, suggestive of quick sympathies, yet ready in cynical appreciations.

The young man who was watching her, as he had watched her off and on for the last fifteen years, reflected in his own face some of the characteristics of hers—perhaps from a certain kinship of temperament, perhaps from unconscious imitation of one he intensely admired. But his look was more alert, less imaginative; his lips were modeled on more sarcastic lines, and his bright humorous eyes, always seen behind glasses, were quick as a bird's. An overrefinement of line robbed his face of its masculine share of strength, and suggested that he had been somehow a little too highly finished. In man one expects a few rough angles, even a hint of crudity to show the material out of which he was originally created. Howard Eastlake had overlaid Nature's fun-

damental simplicity with conscious subtlety, and his own manufacture was a trifle overelaborate.

"Well, have you come to a decision yet?" he asked, looking with a certain amused affection at his hostess, who had seated herself on her favorite low stool by the fire, with her delicate profile faintly shadowed against the blaze.

Her fingers tightened their hold on each other, and a little rush of color swept over her face. "Oh, how deliberate and cold-blooded I must seem!" she exclaimed, with a sort of subdued vehemence. "It seems so dreadful for me to have discussed my affairs of the heart with you, just as if I were a schoolgirl and you were my mother. But it was all your fault, Howard. You took me unawares that evening after I'd been seeing Mr. Blake. You seemed to understand by that feminine gift of intuition you have no right to possess just how he felt about me and just how I felt about him. Then before I knew what I was doing I was talking to you as if you were another woman instead of—"

"Instead of another suitor," he quietly interposed. "Never mind, Edith. I assure you it takes no more intuition than is contained in a pair of half-blind eyes to see how Blake regards you—and my experience of your character, your responsiveness and your tendency to idealize, shows me pretty clearly how you must feel about him. You have always flattered me by telling me that I was able to detach myself from my own personal predilections sufficiently to judge a situation impartially. I wish you would now believe that I want you to do what is going to make you happiest for the rest of your life in choosing between Blake and myself, or nobody, or somebody else."

"I think I have got as far as deciding to marry either you or Mr. Blake, since you are both good enough to want me to," Mrs. Waring confessed slowly. "The trouble is"—her lips curved humorously—"I can't decide between you. I'm sure you'd both be angelic to me, but— Howard, I've got to see him

once more, it's fairer to you both, it really is. I promised him ten days ago—the evening when you saw him here—that I'd go to the theater with him to-night. I shall decide between you for better or worse before to-morrow. Come in at tea-time then and get your answer."

"Ah, I see. And if you give me a lump of sugar in my tea I suppose it will mean yes, and if you give me a slice of lemon it will mean no; the symbolism of afternoon tea." The young man gave a quick little laugh. "Edith, you do sound cold-blooded, but you're not. I've known you long enough to understand you. And besides, temperamentally I have great sympathy with indecision. But poor Adam Blake—he must be dazed—I can as easily fancy a savage trying to interpret Maeterlinck."

"No, I'm *not* cold-blooded," Mrs. Waring eagerly acquiesced. "I'm just weak-minded, but *you* know and *he* knows that when Tony died, seven-eighths of me died with him, and there's very little decision left in one-eighth of a woman. You see, Tony and I were so absolutely happy. I think that our four years together held as much happiness as most people's entire lives."

She spoke slowly, her voice vibrant with feeling.

"There was not a thought which we did not share, not an emotion which was not understood and respected by the other. My life was fulfilled completely by my marriage with him—it was perfect. But you see there are the years ahead and I'm not yet middle-aged."

She suddenly turned her face toward him, and his puzzled eyes were wistful, like a child's.

"I am so utterly lonely, so terribly useless! I must have companionship and affection and sympathy in order to be able to give out anything myself. That's the way I'm made. It's a limitation, but I may as well recognize it frankly. If I marry again I shall bury my past life completely out of sight. When I am alone I shall sometimes sit on its grave; but all of me that lives

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externally—the wretched little fraction of a me—will do all that it can to make my husband happy and to be happy myself. I shall never again care for any one as I cared for Tony. I'm glad I can't, but I still have a piece of heart left. I'm awfully fond of you—dear old Howard! We're tremendously congenial; but—Mr. Blake—he is entirely different from any one I have ever known, he is so big, so compelling—so—so important somehow." Her slow words trailed off into silence.

"Let me help you to decide, Edith," the young man said, getting up and facing her. "I will try to state the case fairly. And yet when I look at you it is very hard for me to think of anything except how much, how incredibly much, I want you to decide in my favor."

"Don't make love to me!" Edith Waring pleaded. "I have enough heart left to be touched by it, and I want my judgment to act without bias. It inclines toward you, I confess. But my imagination is more appealed to by Mr. Blake, at any rate when I'm with him. Emotions are so disquieting to common sense."

"But you say this is a time for judgment, Edith, and not for emotions," the young man reminded her. "I wish some one who was not personally concerned in this business could talk to you as sensibly and as eloquently as I can."

Her sympathetic smile met his laugh with its unfailing friendliness.

"Edith, it's just this. I entirely understand how you felt about Tony, and how you feel now. You see I knew him."

Her look thanked him.

"I should never expect from you one iota more than it would be your instinct to give," he went on. "Our marriage would simply be a natural seal put on a delightful friendship. There would be no shattered illusions. Our point of view is the same, our traditions are identical. I think you like me a good deal—I know I love you a good deal. I am quite aware that I am not a romantic person. If I undertook to

become impassioned we should both laugh—but—well, I feel sure we'd be awfully happy together."

Edith Waring leaned forward and patted his hand with a little shy confidence which he found infinitely winning.

"Of course we should," she acquiesced. "But now be fair—go on about Adam Blake."

Howard Eastlake looked down at her with his shrewd clear-sighted gaze. "Adam Blake!" he exclaimed, with a slightly cynical accent. "How perfect it is that his name should be Adam! What gift of second-sight persuaded his parents—if he had any—to give the primitive man his fitting name! Now, don't think I am sneering at him, Edith. I know perfectly well that Blake is a great deal finer and better and bigger a man than I, just as a great king-of-the-forest sort of a lion is superior to a black-and-tan terrier, yet I think you would do better to set up housekeeping with the little insignificant cur. Blake represents a different world from yours and mine. He is on a large scale—I grant it willingly—he loves you tremendously, and lets every one see it; the primitive man does not hide his feelings. He is already a great figure politically and will be even greater. He is awfully good-looking, and if I were a woman I confess that it would quite bowl me over to be adored by such a man. But before I lost control of my judgment, I should tell myself that I should never be permanently happy with that type of man, nor would he be permanently happy with me, or—what is more to the point—with you."

"You really believe that?" Mrs. Waring asked earnestly.

"I know it," Eastlake persisted. "Why, you don't speak the same language. He would not understand your temperament or your moods, they would simply make him wretched, and he would make you unhappy by exaggerating their importance. In matters of taste he is a savage. In all the trifles that make up life you would find yourself mated to a clown, or rather to

a deaf-mute as regards perception of delicate shades. He would offend your taste—unconsciously—at every turn. You would admire him, respect him, perhaps love him, you might even come to despise yourself for not being as large in your standards as he, but, believe me, Edith, you would not be happy with him."

"I'm afraid you're making me out very small, very conventional," she expostulated. "I think he might lift me up to his level, and I should come to see that the things we have cared about—you and I—were very unimportant and superficial."

"But they are not unimportant to us," he persisted. "They are the essentials of our little section of civilization. An offense against morality is nothing to an offense against taste. We can forgive the man who murders the king, but not the man who murders the king's English. Why, Blake might at any moment say 'Folks.' What would you do then? He might insist upon wearing a cameo ring; he would very likely turn out to have a brother who tunes pianos, or a cousin who is a dentist; he has undoubtedly never heard of Chesterton and probably pronounces Wagner as it is spelt. All that is very trivial. So is sand in one's shoe, but it is more annoying than a big stone. Then you see one can't get through life unarmed, whether one is married or single. Even in the friendliest relations we all wear spiritual armor and carry weapons, and yours are of the most delicately tempered steel, sharp, sensitive and searching. Your armory might almost be said to be fitted out with surgical instruments, so fine and sure are your weapons of defense. And how is poor Blake equipped? Spiritually speaking he wears a leopard-skin and brandishes a bludgeon. Now, Edith, is that a fair contest? I am thinking of him quite as much as of you when I say that marriage between people of civilizations as different as yours and his, would eventually bring unhappiness to both. Pardon my eloquence. Now I'll sit down and have a peaceful cup of tea."

Mrs. Waring rose and went over to the tea-table. "I suppose you are right—my intelligence tells me that you probably are. I hope I sha'n't act on impulse when I see Mr. Blake, but when I am with him I feel that all my wretched little standards of taste and convention are so trivial, so unworthy. He makes me feel ashamed, he is so *really* large and generous, so truly pure-minded and single-hearted." She dropped a lump of sugar into Eastlake's teacup and then smiled at him with a sudden change of mood. "I'll think of that possible cameo ring and the not impossible piano-tuner," she assured him. "Those were positively serpentine suggestions. Now let's leave Adam in his garden of Eden. It's time for Eve and the snake to withdraw."

That evening the primitive man came. Blake knew that the next few hours were momentous ones for him. He was too innocent to dream of little unimportant Mr. Eastlake as a possible rival, but he knew that his fate hung in the balance of Mrs. Waring's changeable moods, and she had promised to give him his answer before the evening was over.

She ran lightly down-stairs to the library, drawing on her gloves as she went. She saw him waiting for her and her heart beat more quickly at the sight of him, as it always did.

It was not simply his physical bulk that seemed to fill the room, though his personality always lifted him above and set him apart from other men, nor was it because of his undoubted gift of good looks that he towered thus. He seemed surrounded by an aura of simplicity and sincerity. His brow and chin told the same tale of ability, concentration and force, his eyes and mouth revealed equally the good working-day qualities of truth and gentleness.

"I came rather early," Blake said, shaking hands with Mrs. Waring. "Let me hold this for you. I thought it was such a beautiful night that you might enjoy the walk to the theater, but I can whist for a cab in an instant if you prefer."

"Thanks, I would really rather walk," she agreed. "We haven't had a walk together for some time, have we?"

She knew that she said this for the sake of the look that would come into Blake's eyes as they met hers. Her judgment reproached her heart for this flirtatious instinct, but she could never resist saying things to Adam Blake which she was never tempted to say to other men. The thrill which she had longed to feel trembled through her, as he looked down at her with his truthful devoted eyes and said quietly:

"It is just nine days and four hours. I have counted the minutes as they passed."

"And so you've never seen one of Ibsen's plays before," she went on as they prepared to leave the house. "How I shall enjoy seeing you grapple with 'Ghosts'!"

"I had never even heard of Ibsen till you told me about him," Blake acknowledged as they walked briskly off under a blandly shining moon, "so I am quite prepared to see him through your eyes—only I warn you if the play is sad I shall cry exactly like a great big blubbering baby. I don't mean just clearing my throat. When I cry I do it noisily and conspicuously. Why, when I was a boy up in New Hampshire I once went with mother and one of her lady-friends to see 'Rip Van Winkle,' and—" But the rest of the anecdote was lost upon Mrs. Waring. "Lady-friend!" Howard was right, he might wear a cameo ring—and yet—and yet— Her thoughts wandered off and lost themselves in an emotional labyrinth.

Suddenly as they were about to cross a crowded street a little newsboy, catching sight of a possible purchaser on the other side, dashed past them, too intent on his coveted penny to heed the warning trump of a motor-car relentlessly bearing down upon him. Blake saw it, a flash of vision told him that Mrs. Waring was safe and, leaving her side, he made a plunge for the heedless boy, at the imminent risk of his own limbs or life.

But he was too late. The snorting

monster in trying to turn aside had rushed upon the little boy; there was a horrid shriek, a grinding noise, then followed an instant's terrible stillness before the gradual realization of what had happened dawned on the gaping bystanders.

Instantly Blake's inherent qualities of leadership made him take control of the situation. He spoke quickly and decisively to the chauffeur, who was the sole occupant of the car, told a flurried policeman what to do, ordered back the morbidly curious crowd with a commanding voice which some of the loafers recognized as one they had heard in public speeches. Then in an instant he had tenderly and quickly picked up the tortured, half-conscious boy and held him in his strong comfortable arms as easily as if he were a baby.

Edith Waring saw Blake's face revealed by the relentless glare of electricity as he bent over the child. His face was white with horror at the spectacle of the bloody bundle in his arms, but his lips were firm, and his whole attitude self-confident yet full of pity. He spoke quickly to the chauffeur.

"Take us to the hospital, *at once*, as quietly and as quickly as you can. It's all right," he added to the policeman who was busily taking the number of the machine. "Please see that the lady who was with me—there she is waiting by that post—please see that she gets a carriage to take her safe home."

Edith Waring came over to the side of the automobile which was on the point of starting.

"Can I do anything to help?" she hurriedly asked.

"Nothing," he answered instantly. "I'm sorry to leave you like this, but there's nothing else to be thought of. Later in the evening I will come and tell you about it. Now quick, quick"—to the chauffeur; then: "Keep your courage up, old fellow," he whispered to the boy in his arms. "We'll get your mother, and everything will be all right."

The automobile rolled away, and Edith Waring stood like a figure in a

dream, allowing herself to be put into a cab by the busy policeman and finding herself rolling back to her own house almost before she had had time to realize that the little theater-party had come to a premature end.

When she reached home she threw herself down on the sofa in her dimly lighted library and gave her imagination free rein. How pitiful it was that she should have been weighing this man's little verbal crudities in the balance while he had been playing the hero—unostentatiously but genuinely. She knew what the evening with her meant to this man who worshiped her as only one other man had ever worshiped her. He knew that all his future happiness depended on these few hours, for he recognized the power his personal presence exerted over her, yet he tossed the hours away without a thought, without a look, just because, being himself, he could not do a small or a selfish thing.

"Ah, I do love him, I do, I do!" she whispered into the sofa-cushion, and blushed at the sound of the words spoken in her own voice about some one who was not Tony.

The afterglow of romance lit up the simple act of Blake's impulsive abandonment of her on the curbstone. Her own nature was sufficiently fine and large to value his inevitable choice of the painful—the horribly uncongenial—alternative. That poor bleeding mutilated boy! What an agonizing experience to a man like Blake, so sensitive to suffering that even simulated pain made him cry like a child!

Mrs. Waring covered her face with her hands, and unreservedly gave herself up to the luxury of hero-worship. Judgment had fled, Howard Eastlake was forgotten, her own fastidious standards were despised. In imagination she saw herself—an hour, two hours hence—plighting her troth with the man who had fired all her better nature, to whom she looked up as to a creature of a nobler race, and who regarded her as an angel come to earth. Impatiently she watched the clock and waited.

At the end of two hours he came. Tragedy had touched him so closely, and so recently, that he still seemed to walk in its shadow. The sweetly suffocating odor of anesthetics clung to him.

"The poor little fellow died," he said very softly. "He was just able to tell me his mother's name and where I should find her. I went for her in the automobile. She was just in time to see him before he died."

"Oh, how terrible, how heart-breaking!" Edith cried, and tears sprang to her eyes. "But you did everything. You acted so wisely and quickly. Was the chauffeur to blame for the accident?"

"Not in the least, I think. He was not going fast, according to automobile standards. It was that poor little chap's fault. A penny was to him so desirable that he risked his life to get it."

Adam Blake passed his hand over his forehead. "Well, this evening proves the folly of looking forward to anything," he said. "We have certainly seen a tragedy, but I didn't enjoy it as much as I expected."

The fatigue, the emotion in his face smote her. Black as was the tragic corner of life into which she had just peeped, she could not keep her heart from leaping up into her chest and suffocating her with the joy of anticipating Blake's next look.

She stood in front of him with extended hands. Her slender figure swayed a little toward him, and she smiled through tears.

"I told you I would give you your answer to-night." She hesitated. "When I first saw you I did not know what it was going to be—but now it is—just inevitable—I can't help it's being what it is!"

Suddenly his eyes seemed lighted up from within—his face was irradiated like a transparency held up to the sun. "Quick, quick," he begged, "tell me—I—I can't believe it!"

He clenched his hands together that they might not clasp her till they had the right.

Her smile, her look answered him. "It's true," she whispered. "I have got to say yes."

The next hour was to both of them a dream of deepest happiness. Only once did Eastlake's warning come into Edith's mind, and then it was to be scouted with scorn, for Blake had shown a delicacy of perception which she felt that not even Howard himself could have approached. He had lightly touched her engagement-ring—Tony's ring which always sparkled alone on her hand—and he had said softly, hesitatingly:

"I know all that that ring must mean to you, how it must symbolize those years of happiness and love. I don't want you to take it off and put mine in its place. Will you let me give you instead some pin, or pendant, some little jewel that you can wear on your neck or in your dress? It will mean just as much to me, and I think you will like it better. You see, dearest"—his voice dropped almost to a whisper—"I can imagine how it would be if I had been the man who loved you first and whom you loved first. I don't want to drive him out. He has your past, I want him always to have it, that ring of his claims it. But your future is mine—thank God, Edith, it is mine, mine!"

Could anything, she asked herself, show more delicacy of perception than that? Then he told her of his mother and sister who lived on the old farm in New Hampshire, how his sister taught school in the nearest village, how eager he was to have her know these two other women who loved him, and who, she knew, must be proud almost to the bursting point, of his success, his importance.

Again Edith was embarked on a sea of dreams, dreams of his possible future and her own. While she looked into his adoring eyes, hypnotized by his presence, she forgot to listen to the simple annals of his home, every detail of which—had her intelligence been awake—would have convinced her that the difference between them extended too far back into the past to end in any similarity of development in the future.

She saw in him the potential statesman, the heaven-made gentleman, not the self-made man.

When he left her, at almost midnight, it was as her affianced husband, with the liberty to see her for a few moments early the next afternoon, by which time she would have decided how soon the engagement might be made public.

"It mustn't be a long one," she said. "I like to have things settled. I don't like loop-holes. We had better be married soon."

"The sooner the better," Blake declared somewhat tritely.

"The sooner the safer," Mrs. Waring amended.

After he had gone, and she began to make preparations for bed, her judgment awoke. She remembered Howard's warning not to act on impulse. Now that the spell of Blake's presence was removed, various trifles came back which her unconscious memory had stored up during the evening and now displayed to her cleared vision. With her mind's nose she perceived again the aroma of "Lubin's Extract" which had faintly emanated from his handkerchief and mingled with the honest earthy smell of her growing plants. Why should a man of his caliber dabble in scents when even the more virile "4711" suggested a druggist's clerk out for a holiday? Why? Why?

Her clamorous heart demanded a reply. With inexorable truth the answer cut its way in. "Because he doesn't know any better."

The recollection of his watch in its case of embossed gold, covered with fancy scrolls, sent shivers of retrospective horrors down her back. She despised herself for remembering that he had said "pardon me" when his foot touched her dress.

All these were trifles, but was not Howard perhaps right in saying that of these trifles her life was made? All night she tossed, restless and wide awake, one moment berating herself as a fickle, small-minded flirt incapable of appreciating true nobility and worth,

the next minute telling herself that the affection she felt for Blake when they were together would eventually strengthen into a permanent emotion and swallow all minor objections conjured up in his absence. At all events, she had promised to marry him and she was not going to break her word—only she hated to think of the cynical lift to Howard's eyebrows which would express his feelings when she should tell him of her decision.

At last, about five o'clock in the morning, from sheer mental and physical exhaustion, she dozed off, her last lucid thought being: "I do wish his name were not Adam!"

The next morning she walked about the house meaninglessly, nervously. Her face was pale from sleeplessness and dark shadows lay under her eyes. She couldn't read, she couldn't sew, or write. Finally she sat down at the piano and played, in the hope of working off her emotional intensity. She longed to see Blake again, to feel once more the certainty, the truth of her affection for him that waned so ominously when they were separated.

Once when the door-bell sounded, she started gently, but it was only a box of roses, and tied to their stems a little note containing a few charmingly expressed phrases of radiant happiness and overflowing love. The words warmed her heart, but the sight of the too careful handwriting chilled it.

Blake had promised to come early in the afternoon; but it was almost four o'clock when he appeared—his face still illuminated with the joy that she had put there the night before. Her heart smote her guiltily at the sight of him. It was penitence rather than affection that made her run to him and hide her face against his shoulder. She could not bear to look at his radiant eyes and think of the treachery that had swayed her own heart, and made her doubt the wisdom of her choice.

Presently he held her at arm's length. "Dearest, I must look at you," he said softly. "I can't believe yet that you are really, really mine. All night it seemed a dream—it has been a dream so often

before—but now, I understand that life itself is just you. It is you that gives it meaning. Everything has seemed to me lately dust and ashes, burned out and dead; but now the flame leaps up, life is full of warmth and light. And it is all you, you!"

"Ah, how much you care for me!" she cried contritely.

"Yes, I do, quite a little," he said, smiling. He dropped her hands and fumbled in his pocket. "You haven't asked why I am late, but this is why. I have something here," he went on proudly. "It is something you must wear all the time if you will, to remind you that I really do like you pretty well. The moment the jeweler showed me this I knew that it must be yours. I think you will like it."

Clumsily he tore off the paper and opened the little satin box. There on a bed of cotton wool lay a pendant. It was in the shape of a heart, set with small diamonds. Through the heart ran a slender gold arrow with tiny enameled feathers, and from the tip hung a ruby to simulate a drop of blood.

Instinctively Edith Waring looked quickly up at the giver ready to respond to the gleam of humor which she felt certain must be sparkling even in his rather literal eyes. Had the gleam been there she would have thrown herself into his arms and cried: "I will marry you to-morrow!" But it was not there. He was looking with undisguised pride from his engagement-gift to his fiancee's face, eager to hear the rapturous enthusiasm which he was so sure she would feel.

"The man told me that the red stone is a pigeon-blood ruby. You see the pendant is a sort of allegory," he explained.

"Yes, I see. It is a sort of an allegory," Mrs. Waring softly repeated.

Her head sank till it almost rested on the table, where the allegorical pin sparkled. Her horror at the jeweled monstrosity was swallowed up in a flood of unutterable pity which almost suffocated her. She seemed to see Blake receding from her through a mist that obscured from sight the qualities

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in him with which she had fancied herself in love. She felt the chasm between them widening to an extent which she knew could never be bridged over, and the pitiful part of it was that he would never understand that the real symbolism of his gift was the cause of their inevitable separation. She knew that if she told him that the pendant was not quite to her liking, he would gladly change it for something else. He would be bewildered by her strange taste, perhaps even a little hurt, but he would not question her wish. Or she could keep the pendant, simply telling herself that some men were born without an esthetic sense, and she could value it for the love that went into its selection.

No. She could not deceive herself. The terrible pendant symbolized the differences between them, differences which their life together would increase rather than lessen. Judged by her standards, he was a barbarian; judged by his, she was a fickle, heartless flirt, for she knew now with a deep unalterable knowledge that she could never marry him.

"Well, dear, you don't say anything," Blake broke into her silence eagerly. "Do you like it? Do you approve of my taste?"

She prayed that she might drop dead before she had to reply, but nothing happened, except that she had the pain of seeing the happy confidence die from his ingenuous look, and of knowing that she should never see again in his eyes the light of triumphant happiness. Hot tears rolled down her cheeks, she tried to speak, but only a sob would come.

"Why, Mrs. Waring, Edith, what is it?" he cried, bending over her. "What have I done? If you don't like the thing we'll just get something else. I don't understand you."

"No, you don't understand me," she softly acquiesced, "and you never can. I should just make you wretched. You are too good, too fine, to understand a wretched pretty creature like me. Listen, Mr. Blake. I may as well say quickly and brutally what I have to

say." She flung back her head, and turned her tired, puzzled eyes to him. "I can never marry you. I can't explain why. I admire you more than any one I have ever known. I like you so much that I thought I loved you, you were so awfully good to that little newsboy!" Her whispered words were scarcely intelligible. "I thought I loved you," she repeated. "I was mistaken."

Mechanically she closed the cover of the little jewel-box on which her hand still rested, with a click that suggested finality.

The man she was hurting so cruelly still faced her, but he had grown suddenly white.

"I can't believe this. Something has come between us!" he cried vehemently. "It is that wretched ornament! Edith, don't treat me like this. You did love me last night! It was not only your words that told me so. Look at me. Let me tell you again all that you are to me. Why, you are my whole life! If I lose you I lose everything. I will devote every thought, every act, to making you happy."

She closed her eyes that she might not see his love, his pleading and his pain. Dumbly she shook her head.

Suddenly Howard Eastlake entered the room. They had not heard the door-bell, and knowing that he was expected, he came up unannounced.

"I am a little early," he began, and then stopped. He suddenly realized that he had entered at an inopportune moment, but he was skilled in acting small parts, and he felt that his present rôle was that of the obtuse society man perfectly at his ease.

"Well, Edith," he said lightly as he shook her passive hand. "Ah, Blake, you are just going? I'm sorry."

"Yes, Mr. Blake is just going," Mrs. Waring answered for him, looking gratefully at the social life-saver. She did not dare to meet the eyes of her rejected lover.

"Here is your box. Thank you for showing me the pendant. I am sure your sister will like it."

For one instant a look that was like

a spasm of acute physical pain darted into the bewilderment and grief of Adam Blake's face. Then his native dignity came to his aid and seemed to lift him to a pinnacle far above the level of the two complex little persons he could not understand. He took the jewel-box.

"Thank you," he said quietly. "I'll bid you good afternoon, Mr. Eastlake. Good-by, Mrs. Waring." He included both in his bow, and left the room.

"Poor chap!" Eastlake breathed, with a sigh of genuine pity. "Ah, poor Edith! Poor old girl!" he added with a tenderer note, for she was crying like a child whose nerves were all unstrung.

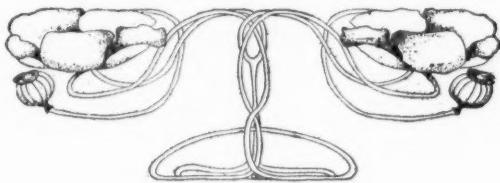
Eastlake had taken in the situation at a glance. He felt sure that Edith

had played fast and loose with Blake. She had given impulse its sway and was now controlling it with a tardy effort of judgment. Eastlake's ready tact sometimes amounted to sympathy.

"I'll just give Blake a head-start, as the boys say, and then I'll follow him," he said lightly. "You want to be alone. I understand how it is, Edith. I'm not going to bother you for the present—but I'll not say good-by. Au revoir."

He patted her shoulder affectionately, and before she could control her voice to speak to him, the shutting of the front door told her that he had gone. She buried her face still deeper in the sofa-cushion.

"Oh, Tony, Tony, I wish you were here!" she sobbed.



THE INVALID'S GARDEN

THE golden sunlight floods the air,
The leaves are whispering in the trees,
And through my open window comes
The drowsy murmur of the bees.

Tall hollyhocks are blooming near—
Deep red, and pink, and white are they—
A robin, singing merrily,
Proclaims the glories of the day.

The Queen of Flowers bends her head,
And peeps at me through casement wide;
In full-blown glory there she nods,
And seems to beckon me outside.

Dear, fragrant rose, I cannot come,
But here must spend the dreary hours,
And yet my spirit dwells with you
Among the birds and flowers."

LAURA A. RIDLEY.

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They ALSO SERVE



By
Daniel Steele



ACK DUDLEY, a second-rate substitute half-back, sat on the side-lines and watched with disconsolate alertness the monotonous succession of line-up and scrummage on the white-lined field. The score stood six to nothing in favor of opponents; they had scored on a blocked kick in the first half and it was now past the middle of the second half.

Although for four successive seasons Dudley had been on the side-lines, sitting on one sweater with another around his shoulder, generally in an attitude resembling that of the dying gladiator, and had pounded his hand viciously into the cold damp clay when things were going wrong, never before during that long four years had he seen the time when the prestige of his university was so endangered in a practice game, as it was now in the chill dusk of this late October afternoon.

Across the field, below a sky-line of distant mountains, and a cold gray sky broken by the pattern of upward-tending bare black branches of nearer trees, a cheering section of young men in gray uniform lost individual identity in the growing darkness and became an oblong silver-gray patch. From here issued an almost continuous volume of barking sound drawn out in time to the straining exertions of a cheer-leader, who waved a megaphone like a signal flag in great sweeps to right and left.

Suddenly, as another costly fumble gave the ball to the opposing team, the regular rhythm was drowned in an un-

premeditated barbaric yell which seemed to rise out of the ground and fill the low-lying bleachers on both sides of the enclosure like a great tidal wave; for Dudley's was the visiting team and fully nine-tenths of the crowd favored their opponents.

"No wonder," he thought, "they are beside themselves with joy if they're going to beat us."

And he began to wonder what hope there was for his team, those slow, heavy, overtrained giants, worn, spent, and injured, with the simple "straight football" plays they were pitting against a lighter but better drilled and fresher team, trained to the minute.

As Dudley disconsolately pondered, with a pain in his throat, this seemingly hopeless proposition, the minutes ran by, and the end approached.

And just here it is necessary to digress and explain a few things in order to put the reader in possession of facts which to Dudley, and his friends with him on the side-lines, were matters of every-day commonplace.

It is well known, to any one who takes the trouble to follow a season of conflicting football scores, that the efficiency of a football team is a variable quantity. But it is not generally known that this fact is taken advantage of by the coaches of the big teams in their efforts to develop the highest efficiency out of any given situation. The final one or two championship contests of the season is the time at which the greatest possible efficiency is desired. The team is therefore put through a course of hard training leading up to these big games. In the course of this training team-play, so called, is neg-

lected or rather it is sacrificed to the training of the individual.

In fact, team-work, in the last analysis, is a very different thing from blind perfection in drill. It is founded on the development of the individual player as such, and consists in eleven separate men using their separate intelligences, and each playing his respective position independent of the others. This independence of judgment and action is acquired by a long course of hard knocks in which the individual player finds himself constantly handicapped, constantly facing odds, constantly opposing the sole unsupported energies of his overworked body to the combined energies of better trained opponents with more effective plays.

Furthermore, in the face of this discouragement he is not urged, in elaborate exhortatory appeals, to win, it is simply taken for granted in a matter-of-fact way that he will win. It admits of no discussion one way or the other. Why no one seems to know, except that it seems to be a sort of undercurrent in the atmosphere.

And so when three-quarters of the season has passed and the individual players have gone through the furnace of general unfairness, and the absolute limit of endurance has been established by practical tests, the work is lightened, and a reaction sets in. Then the simple plays are overlaid with a more effective and more complicated system of attack and defense.

Drill takes the place of hard grinding work and, in what seems a miraculously short time, a slow bungling group of men springs into life as a fast effective machine. The sudden consciousness of power acts on the men like a tonic. On such a foundation of individual hardship the real team-work is built. In the course of this building many a man is weeded out and sacrificed, in Spartan fashion, a willing victim to the glory of the whole.

All this was commonplace to Dudley and the others on the side-lines, who watched with the interest of experts the fighting of the two teams on the field,

the one struggling in the meshes of fate, the other like a band of hungry wolves sure of their prey. For the one it was just another hard tussle in the long preparation for the November contests, for the other it was in some respects the game of the year with nothing to lose and undying glory to win. What mattered it now that in November these same worn and spent players, when they rounded to and reacted from the heart-breaking work of October, when they "got together" as the critics say, could make short work of these soldier boys?

In November would come a much more formidable proposition. Meanwhile, sufficient and more than sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof. They must do at present with what they had. Somehow out of that tiredness and slowness, injured, aching limbs, and lack of coordination in offense, must come in a few minutes the strength to hammer out one touchdown, and then another, against that fast team already cresting with the hope of victory. It must come. You could read that wish in every blanched anxious face on the side-lines.

In every face but one should have been said. Alone, the head coach walked with a slow deliberate step, up and down the side-line, watching carefully the shifting scrimmages, keeping directly opposite them, with an unmotional matter-of-fact look upon his clear-cut young face, as though any real interest in the game was farthest from his thoughts. He was last year's captain and he had postponed a promising business opportunity in order to come back after graduation and bear with the present captain the daily burden of it all.

The skirt of his overcoat brushed Dudley's cheek, and Dudley looked up to catch a momentary glint from his eye, as a private in the ranks might look curiously upon the face of a defeated general. Dudley suddenly began to wonder, behind that quiet mask, how much more it must all mean to him.

The umpire's whistle called his momentarily diverted attention back to the

game. Some one was hurt, lying flat on the ground, one of his team. As the players on both sides, released from the strain, trotted or walked slowly around to keep from getting stiff while waiting for the next line-up, Dudley tried to see who the injured man was.

Meanwhile, in response to a call from the captain, a rubber bag in one hand, water-bottle in the other, was running out. He reached the group on the field, and Dudley could see him bending over and rubbing the knee of the injured player. Then the man was lifted to his feet, and with one arm flung around the rubber's shoulders, and the other around the head coach, who had walked out, he was half carried to the side-lines. It was Morton, the veteran guard. As he drew near, his head drooping to one side, Dudley could see the drawn expression of pain on his face.

The head coach, disengaging Morton's arm, looked down the row of substitutes and called a name. In instant response a young giant of a freshman sprang to his feet, whipped off his sweater, and trotted up to where the coach was standing.

Dudley watched the youngster curiously as he towered over the head coach standing arms akimbo, and listened respectfully with nods of perfect understanding to something the head coach was saying in an earnest voice. Then, receiving a shove that was half a blow, he ran out on the field and became merged in the next line-up and the game went on as before.

Dudley wondered at the coolness of this boy of seventeen, fresh from prep school, in almost his first varsity game, and caught himself envying the boy's temperament. He, himself, a senior, could recall the few times in the past four seasons when he had been put in a game. And the attack of nervousness that once made his icy fingers drop the ball at a critical time, came back to him now with a twinge of remorse.

Then he fell to watching the work of the backs with a critical eye. In spite of the effort he knew it would cost him to actually go into the game,

he began, in the absence of the possibility of such a consummation, to really long for a chance to get in behind that line in his accustomed place of left half-back.

He could see that Jones, the All-American left half-back of last year, was slow on a lame ankle. The entire back-field trio were not working together, and Dudley knew why. They were all badly overtrained.

Dudley was fresh. He hadn't been used in the practise for the last four days and he felt instinctively, as he saw the disheartening attempts to gain ground, that a fresh man would do better than a crippled star. He knew he could make his distance on those short-end runs as he saw Jones stagger lamely along behind Southwaite, the right-half, and then get thrown for a loss.

On the next play Southwaite, in a desperate attempt to make up the lost ground, was stopped after a four-yard gain and the ball was lost to the other team on downs.

"Why didn't they kick!" cried Dudley to himself in dismay, and at the same moment the realization came to him that there would have been no use in punting, as the ball would simply have been punted back, and just that much time lost.

The only hope, now that the half was nearly over, was to keep possession of the ball and try to carry it over by straight rushing, no matter how great the distance to the goal.

Now like a flash the cadet quarterback came sailing out for the end nearest to where Dudley sat. Aided by his interference he cut clear of the end, made a wide sweep, and turned into a clear field; another touchdown looked imminent. Dudley and those with him sprang in horror to their feet. The change of perspective as the distant kaleidoscope of figures sprang into the foreground added to the apparent danger.

But it was only momentary. Straight as an arrow from a bow, Southwaite came toward the side-lines, in a course at right angles to that of the runner, left his feet and dove with deadly aim;

a thud of impact and the two men were rolling over and over together on the ground. They came to a stop just inside the broad white mark of lime, which indicated the side boundary of the field of play, and not ten feet from where Dudley stood.

It was a fairly hard tackle and it caused the runner to drop the ball, which bounded gently away, now to the right, and now to the left, in that characteristically irresponsible fashion of a fumbled ball. To an eye trained to football, a loose ball always carries an appearance of danger, and Dudley watched it with almost as much apprehension as he would have experienced had it been a loaded bomb.

Instant with the fumble the place was alive with great figures of men, springing suddenly into the foreground. They were so close to Dudley that he could see their glaring eyes and the expressions of effort on their mud-stained faces, could hear their panting breath, the thud of their footsteps, and the crushing swish of contact of canvas and moleskin, as they dove one over the other at the ball, like great boulders torn from a hillside.

From a distant pantomime of puppets, it had all suddenly changed to a struggle of giants, a chaotic whirl of hugeness and desperate intensity, so close to Dudley that he seemed in it, though not of it; and the vividness of it more-overwhelmed his senses because of the contrast with his own inactivity.

In a second it was all over. The captain of Dudley's team had fallen on the ball and was in turn fallen on by half of both teams. A yell of joy from the bleachers, which had answered the appearance of the runner, died as suddenly as it had been born, with a curious forte-piano effect, while out of the sudden hush emerged the shrill whistle of the referee, and a slender college cheer from the very small contingent of collegians on Dudley's side of the field, who had journeyed to see the game and now sat together, an isolated little group.

"Now's our chance!" thought Dud-

ley, as the tension of the last moment gave way to a feeling of relief.

And just then he heard the sharp voice of the head coach snapping out his name and his blood froze. He comprehended instantly what it meant even before he turned and saw Southwaite stretched unconscious on the ground in the place where he had tackled the cadet quarter-back, the head coach and trainer bending over him, and heard the command "get in at right half."

Mechanically he pulled off his sweater and tossed it to the man next him, who said, "Good boy, Jack," in a low tone of encouragement; and with trembling, but willing legs, he allowed himself to take the few steps necessary to reach the place of right half-back.

"If it only could be left half," he thought, while the two teams lined up in front of him, and then he cursed himself between his teeth and stamped and struck hands together and tried to make the blood run into his nervous arms and fingers.

The captain at right tackle turned and walked back to where he was standing, put his arm over his shoulder, and began to tell him things. He listened as he looked over the heads of the two opposing rush lines and saw the goal seventy yards away. Then he took his distance from the full-back, crouched with the others, his head dizzy, and moistened his chapped lips.

The whistle blew to indicate time was up, and he listened for the signal. "Eleven, sixteen, four, twenty-eight!" It meant full-back to center, and he thanked goodness it wasn't his number. He clapped his left arm around the full-back's waist and together they plunged. The line seemed to step ahead in front of them, and without experiencing any adequate physical sensation, he knew that a gain had been made.

Then some one who was sitting on his neck got off him, and he jumped to his feet, catching a glimpse of the linemen moving the flags. The knowledge was like draft of wine. Already the impact had crushed out his nervousness. He knew he was a fresh man, and began to feel like playing the game.

Then came his own signal. He knew it was coming and was ready for it. As he brushed past the quarter-back the ball was slapped into his waist comfortably and with perfect automatic control, and held there while he wrapped both arms around the precious leather. He felt, rather than saw, Jones ahead of him and the quarter beside him in the fraction of a second it took the tandem to form and reach left tackle.

He had crossed over behind the center of the line, and as he tried to see a hole in the rushing tangle in front of him, he instantly realized that the freshman at left guard was carrying his man back; and with the power of quick-thinking and dodging in a small space, which was really Dudley's strongest point as a half-back, he left following Jones and in the space of two steps swerved to the right and stumbled past the youngster. As he did so he saw a clear field in front of him.

It was a picture destined to live long in his memory and to be lived over again and again. Mentally poised as he was for a plunge into the secondary defense, he nearly lost his balance, like a man who steps down two steps in the dark. There in front lay the field crossed by white lines, a long open stretch. The tangle of two rush lines in front of him had disappeared, swept aside as by magic, and only a solitary, alert figure remained in his path, the defensive full-back, about twenty-five yards away, and beyond that solitary figure the distant goal-posts.

Out of the corners of his eyes on each side he was conscious of something insistent that kept pace with him like shadows, as though he was running down a lane, but he did not dare turn his head, and only saw straight in front the open stretch of ground and that single alert figure running up a short distance and then standing, poised, waiting directly in his path. A queer feeling of intoxication mounted to his chest, throat, brain, as he realized that after all his hard, unrewarded grind for four years, butchered daily for the sake of others, fate at last was kind to

him; that here was his one chance. He knew that the man in front of him was a sure tackler, and that he simply must get by him.

The imperativeness of the matter cooled his brain, and hardly had his quick mind decided what to do, when the gap between them was closed up. In that brief interval he had been running like a deer, but he had the sensation of standing still and seeing the goal-posts and the silent figure in front closing in on him. He shifted the ball to his right arm, held out his left stiff for defense, swerved slightly to the right; his change of direction was answered by a corresponding change in the position of the man in front of him, who kept directly in his path, his eyes glued to Dudley, his body poised to spring.

In an instant it was all over. With the ball still on his right arm, Dudley stepped over to the left, one foot across the other like a hockey-player, and careered past his opponent, prone on the ground from his wrongly aimed dive, and flashed over the goal-line directly between the posts.

The next thing he knew he was picked up by some one from behind and slammed into the ground. He got up again hugging the ball in both arms, and looking among the figures that came running up for his quarter-back, to hand it to.

His captain slapped him a stinging blow on the shoulder and said: "Damn you, Jack!" It meant praise and thanks-giving.

There was a moment's anxiety until the goal was kicked and the score tied six to six. The quarter-back lay prone on the ground, arms outstretched holding the ball, and another man sighted it with slow deliberation.

Dudley stood near. He felt a sort of proprietary interest in the affair. It was his touchdown, and he smiled as he watched the gentle, low flight of the ball straight over the cross-bar.

Then his team trotted back to their places to receive the next kick-off; and Dudley became conscious of his erstwhile companions on the side-lines dan-

cing, yelling and waving sweaters like wild dervishes, half drowning out the series of thin, but cheerful, rhythmic cheers from the little band of friends in the bleachers.

In front of it all the head coach walked with a slow deliberate step along the side-line, with an unemotional matter-of-fact look upon his clear-cut young face, as though any real interest in the game was farthest from his thoughts.

Then the game began again with the kick-off from the center to Dudley's side. It was nearly dark. As the minutes went by the cadets began to show the effects of their rapid afternoon's work. They weakened a little bit on defense, though they kept at it as hard as ever; and the big, slow, overtrained team began gradually to pick up and get together on the offense, so that their plays became more and more effective. They were still slow, but the one beneficial result from their over-trained condition was a superior endurance. They could have kept it up, doggedly, at the same pace for hours.

And as their opponents weakened they appeared to grow faster, although they did not in reality. Receiving the kick-off on their fifteen-yard line, their plays swept to right and left in a steady march down the field.

Dudley was used for all there was in him. He carried the ball two-thirds of the time on straight plunges, tandems and short-end runs. The other third was divided between Jones and the full-back.

Once Dudley found himself leading the interference, and carrying back an opponent by grasping his jersey. The cadet dropped and Dudley was carried over on top of him by the force of those behind. He still had his hand grasping the jersey in his doubled fist. The sudden pressure above him jammed his fist hard against his opponent's collar-bone, and he heard a cracking noise, and knew with a rather queer feeling inside of him he had broken it, and yet for the instant he was powerless to draw his hand away.

When the mass finally untangled, the

man arose and took his place for the next line-up, as though nothing had happened; and seeing this Dudley raised his arm and cried out for time, and called attention to the injured man.

A cadet coach ran out from the side-lines, made a hasty examination of the broken collar-bone, called out a substitute, and ordered the injured man off the field. The latter, who all the time had not said a word nor even changed the expression of his face, turned quietly and walked, head erect, to the side-lines.

Dudley wondered at the man's behavior. He was accustomed to seeing injured men at crises such as this dragged off the field, their faces distorted with pain, fighting to stay in the game. But this was a different kind of sand, this quiet acceptance of an injury and unquestioning obedience to orders. Accustomed as he was to exhibitions of grit, this ingrained obedience was a revelation to him. He experienced a decided feeling of exhilaration and pleasure as he plunged into the next play.

"These fellows are certainly worth while to beat," he thought as he made his gain and jumped back, listening for the next signal.

It was the old story over again. Dudley's university was picking a game out of the fire, weathering the storm as often before. It was a practise game, a rather slow affair. Back home on the campus, as the news came over the wires no one would rejoice overmuch at the victory, because the team was expected to win. Down the field, across the center, one, two, five, and fifteen yards at a time they surged, getting ever nearer that second touchdown. They were not fighting opponents now, simply fighting the clock. It was a race against the fast-flowing sands of the last five minutes.

But it was not to be. Dudley, thrown just over the twenty-five-yard line, sprang up instant with the referee's whistle, shaking off a tackler. His center-rush ran up, snatched the ball from him, put it down, and as he was jumping back into his place, he saw an of-

ficial run out toward them from the side-lines, brandishing in one hand a stop-watch.

It was over.

The cadets poured joyously from the bleachers on to the field, and bore aloft their heroes. A tied score to them was a virtual victory.

Dudley, and the rest of his team, with downcast angry faces, trotted slowly off, past the goal-posts they had failed to reach, under the darkness of high arching elms, across a roadway, and up the steps and into the doorway of one of a row of stone buildings.

At the foot of these steps Dudley heard a familiar voice, and turned in the semidarkness to see the figure of the girl he knew very well standing with her mother and some other people. And yet so intense had been his interest in the game, both before and after he entered it, that he had clean forgotten she was to be there. She had a flag in one hand and was waving it toward him.

"Jack, you're simply splendid!" she cried.

Her sudden appearance at that moment in his field of vision, gave him a mixture of a pleasurable sensation with an incongruous shock. He managed to cover up his surprise, as he walked back to the group and engaged in the proper amount of conversation.

He answered her few questions as well as he might, with an undcurrent in his consciousness that, as far as sympathy with the true inwardness of the facts went, he might just as well be talking with inhabitants of Mars.

"Girls don't understand football, anyway," was the way the matter took shape in his mind.

To her the game had been simply magnificent, and Jack's run, a wonderful performance. His keen feeling of the disgrace of not winning, and the consequent irrelevancy of any praise, may have showed through the lines in his tired face. Perhaps it could be explained so she would understand it, some other time, but not here and now, and so not being able to see where she was at fault, she insensibly drew back

a little, and said good-by with a slight degree less than usual cordiality.

Nevertheless, as he bade good-by to the little group and moved away, she looked toward him a little wistfully and called after him.

"You won't forget to come over tomorrow, will you, Jack?"

"No," he replied, looking back at her. "I'll be there."

Then he turned and walked off, his head filled with insistent thoughts about the game. He had had his great chance and had done well; he knew that, and as he thought over that run of his, that had saved the day, he seemed to lose a sense of events happening in time, and to see that open stretch in front of him again, with the tense watchful figure poised to spring at him, and to have at the same time a realization of the fact that he had made the touchdown; that it was done and couldn't be taken from him; and a lump of mingled happiness and pain came up in his throat. Yes, he had done well, but not well enough; ought to have won. Well, it was all over; what was the use of thinking about it now?

He found his way to the crowded dressing-room, and sat down on a bench in a corner, and for the first time began to feel how tired he was. Men were moving around silently, attending to the necessary trouble of dressing. Rubbers were hastily packing trunks. An occasional word was all that any one said.

The atmosphere of the place was subdued. The game had not been lost, it was true, but a tied score in a practise game was something fairly serious. Just now there was nothing to be said, but lots to be thought about, and many a young mouth tightened into a silent resolve for the future, as its possessor reflected on the few weeks of preparation left before the final battles of the year.

Over near the door the head coach was talking in low tones to an old player, who had seen the team for the first time that afternoon.

"Well, it's the annual slump," the head coach was saying. "I'm glad it's

come "at last." He paused a moment and looked down at his feet as though considering something, then he continued: "That was a lucky chance for us that let Jack through there. Did you notice who made the hole for him? I thought it was that freshman I put in Morton's place, but I wasn't sure."

"I don't know," replied the other, "but that youngster certainly played a good game."

"I thought he did. Jack Dudley did rather well, too. He's a good little dodger; pity we can't use him in the

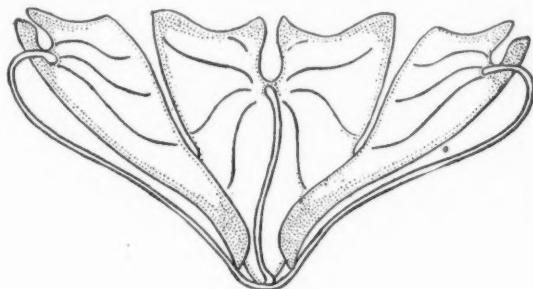
big games. It's his last year, and he sort of deserves his letter."

"Why can't we use him?"

"He's weak on defense. I wouldn't dare take a chance with him in a big game."

They stopped talking and fell to meditating again.

Over in his dark corner and out of range of their voices Jack Dudley sat. He hadn't yet begun to undress. His elbows were on his knees, and his face was buried in a sweater, and he was quietly and unobtrusively crying.



WILL O' THE WISP

WILL o' the wisp, with your dancing light,
Where do you wander into the night?
Where will you lead, if I keep you in sight,
Will o' the wisp?

Will your lantern illumine for me
A fairy ring 'neath a forest tree?
Or will you beckon me down to the sea,
Will o' the wisp?

Will o' the wisp, the wise people say
Who follows your lead goes far astray
And never again see the light of day,
Will o' the wisp!

Though you are swift as the flying wind,
The treasure you seek, I, too, will find;
So, come! Let us leave the world far behind,
Will o' the wisp!

TORRANCE BENJAMIN.

ARTICLE 61



By
*Quentin
M. Drake*

ROM the first I was deeply interested in Miss Cope—Marion Cope. Any one of my philosophical turn of mind must have been that. But during the earlier stages of my acquaintance I cannot truthfully say that I really liked her.

Beauty, in a tall, slender, reserved way, she had in generous measure; there could hardly have been two opinions as to that. Still, the young men of the post did not seem attracted to her, scarce as unattached feminine charms were in Fort San Nicolas. It is hard, perhaps, exactly to explain this fact; yet I know that had I been a young officer instead of an old one I should have felt much as they seemed to. Marion Cope was so inscrutable, somehow—so different from the average girl of four-and-twenty. Why, even to me she was somewhat of a mystery.

Now, I know that it is the fashion to say that no man ever knew any woman, and so far as the run of men is concerned, the saying is probably true. But with me it is different—very.

No man, with the possible exception of a commissary officer, has better opportunities for the study of that strangest of created beings than the quartermaster of a military post. The latter I had been for many years, ever since an injury had compelled me to exchange from the more active life of the cavalry into my present department. Since I was first stationed here at San Nicolas, I have been acting commissary as well. I am a bachelor, and therefore without conjugal bias.

As I said, I am a philosopher. I have always made the most of my almost unparalleled chances for study of the opposite sex. Therefore I think that I should be in a position to speak with some degree of authority. And yet this sort of girl was new to me.

Not that there was the least mystery about her antecedents or her being at that post. These things I had ascertained directly she came, in order to classify the specimen, as one might say, and properly to label it.

It was through the young wife of Tom Clarkson, of the infantry, that Marion Cope came. Her father—Marion's—had been a scientist of some note, it seems, and his daughter his devoted companion, and during his last illness, his sole nurse, as well. He died, leaving her penniless and broken in health from the nursing. About that time, my old friend Colonel Redfield had been looking about for some one who could take charge as governess of his little granddaughter, Phillida. Little Mrs. Clark, who had been Marion's classmate and chum at college, recommended her for the post, hoping that the air and rest might restore her. The position, accordingly, was offered her, and she accepted it. That was all.

Philly, after a brief but spirited rebellion at the notion of having a governess at all, had become devotedly attached to this new friend. They were nearly always together. Indeed, her grandfather would not allow Philly to run about the post unattended. So it came to pass that when the child came over to see me, which she sometimes did, her governess would accompany her, and would sit, generally without speaking an unnecessary word, until her imperious little charge elected to

go. Silence—habitual silence—is not at all a natural attribute for a young woman, or an old one, either, for that matter. And this young woman in some way managed to convey the impression that she did not speak for the reason that there was no one save Philly worth talking with. But one never could tell. I said before that she was inscrutable.

One afternoon, when Philly had not been very well, she came, accompanied by Marion Cope, to my quarters. The day was very hot. Little by little the child's animated conversation had flagged, and at last she fell asleep in my arms. I carried her into the house, and laying her on my cot, returned to the veranda. After an abortive effort, made for perhaps the fiftieth time, to talk with Miss Cope, I fell into a doze. But not for long. The voice which would always put my philosophy to a more severe test than anything else in this wicked world, woke me rudely. It was the voice of Halkett's wife who at that time was in command—the wife was, I mean—of the infantry contingent.

"Good morning, Major Drake. Beautiful weather, isn't it?" she said, with what was intended to be a most ingratiating manner, and one of those rare smiles of hers that always made one wish that it was rarer still. "Did you ever see anything so delightful as this sunshine?"

I answered with what cordiality I could assume on such short notice. I did not like the woman, but I was mortally afraid of her. I knew, too, that in this most uncommon mood of cordiality she was, if possible, more dangerous than in any other. I observed, inanely, that the sunlight was glorious but hot. Mrs. Halkett quite agreed with me. She was so exhausted, she said, that she would trespass on my kindness to the extent of resting a while on my delightful veranda if I didn't mind. I did mind, very much, but had the deep discernment not to say so.

Handing her a chair, I wondered the while as to which of my shortcomings she was about to tax me. I could think

of nothing, save the leg of her kitchen stove. Why the legs of army stoves so often are missing, I never have been able to determine, and I never regretted the fact that they are missing more than at that moment. Still, I felt sure that this matter was not important enough for this elaborate preparation; and I was right. She had, that day, a soul above stove-legs.

As she came on the veranda, Marion rose, and then, for the first time, Mrs. Halkett appeared to see her. She looked the girl over for some seconds, answered her bow with a slight lowering of the eyelids, and turning her back on the governess, sat down facing me. I glanced at Marion, who also resumed her seat. If she felt anything save a certain weary amusement, her slow smile was most wonderfully well done, that's all. As Mrs. Halkett faced me once more, she became again all graciousness.

"Of course you've heard the news," said she, untying her bonnet-strings, probably to give her jaw greater freedom. "We are all *so* delighted. Poor Eleanor, you know! She *did* repent so bitterly. But it will be quite a romantic ending, don't you think? Delightfully so."

I had not the most distant idea what she was talking of. I knew Eleanor, her husband's niece, of course. She was an elderly young lady with aggressively blonde hair, languishing manners, and bold eyes. She was not popular. Both Lieutenant-Colonel Halkett and his wife had assumed something of a superficial polish. Mrs. Halkett, by dint of a pitiless tongue and brains of a sort, even had become a social power in the circles that she favored with her presence. But Eleanor remained essentially a member of the class from which the other two originally had sprung.

"I'm sorry, I'm sure, if there's anything that weighs on Miss Eleanor's conscience," I replied. "It's some unfortunate individual of my sex, I imagine, to whom she was cruel. But I am unable to place the exact one. You didn't mention his name, you see."

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"I thought that of course you knew," she said, bridling, but taking no other notice of my fine sarcasm. "It was awful for him, poor lad! In fact, I have little doubt but what it was Eleanor's treatment of him that was the cause of his subsequent conduct. Indeed, I am sure of it. Still, it was without intention of cruelty on her part—you know. Major Drake, how apt very young girls are to mistake their own minds. That is what happened in this case. She did not in the least realize the state of her own heart when she sent young Greston away."

"Young Greston!" I echoed. "Not Jack Greston, surely."

"Jack Greston. Yes. *The* Jack Greston you know. It was a case of boy-and-girl sweethearts—puppy love that lasted; one of the uncommon incidents of the kind. When she sent him away after some childish quarrel, he made the usual lover's vows, to be faithful forever, and all that. The uncommon thing is that he kept them. I only wish that his conduct in other respects had been as good. But all that doubtless will mend itself—now. I really must go. Eleanor is calling at the Clarksons, and doesn't know yet that Mr. Greston is here at the post. I don't want the news to reach her suddenly. A shock, even so joyful a one, is to be avoided. I see that Colonel Redfield is coming, so I sha'n't leave you without company. It will be a delightful affair to watch, won't it? Thanks *so* much for your hospitality. Good-by." And she sailed away, this time not taking the slightest notice of my other guest.

As a matter of fact, I also forgot Marion for the moment; the tale I just had heard astonished me so. I knew young Greston, as I had known his father before him, and had always been interested in his career. I had followed it closely, and therefore could not but be somewhat surprised at Mrs. Halkett's notion of fidelity to a boyish love. But then, a graceless lieutenant of artillery can be faithful to any number of women, I am told, when he gives his mind to it. Personally, I don't know.

When I was of the age for that sort of thing I was in the cavalry.

Dressed in immaculate white, the post-commandant, as Mrs. Halkett had said, was coming toward my quarters. He glanced up as he neared them.

"Where's Philly?" he asked.

Then a look of distressed anxiety flashed over his face. My eyes followed his, and rested on Marion. She was white to the lips, which were set as though in pain, while her eyes blazed strangely.

"My dear young lady!" he cried. "What is the matter—are you ill?"

She tried bravely to smile, but without much success. "I'm not at all ill, thank you," said she, in a voice that she seemed to have trouble in controlling. "I had a touch of—an old trouble, that's all. Philly's asleep inside, and if you're going to stop here for a little time, colonel, I think I will go and lie down for a while. I'll be all right, then. No, don't come with me, please; I'm better alone."

Redfield would have remonstrated at her going alone, but she smilingly stopped him, and passing down the steps, walked swiftly away. The colonel watched her moodily until she disappeared into his house.

"I certainly hope that nothing is seriously wrong with that young woman," he said. "I have become not only attached to her, but in a way dependent upon her. She's done wonders with Philly—can control her better than I can. And now I'm afraid she's going to break down. Everything seems to go wrong to-day. Probably you haven't heard that young Greston is here. His name wasn't on the list I gave you for assignment to quarters of the artillery that came day before yesterday."

"I heard, though," I replied. "Mrs. Halkett told me. She seemed pleased."

"Mrs. Halkett—seemed pleased!" he repeated after me in apparent surprise that anything save a disaster would please that amiable lady. "Why in blazes should Mrs. Halkett be pleased? At any rate, I'm not. It's a bad thing for the post to have that boy in it. Distinctly bad."

"Why do you think that?" I asked.
"Personally, I'm very fond of the lad."

"Fond of him! Of course you are. So am I, for that matter, and so is nearly everybody else who knows him, and that's the worst of it, in a way. I don't think I ever knew a personality so magnetic as his—at all events, it has held him, without his trying, in soft details up to now. It takes a good bit of magnetism to do that, as you know. Almost every one is his friend, without effort on his part. Women, old and young, are crazy about him. I heard one of 'em say that he had the face of an angel, and she wasn't far out. He has more animal spirits than money, though he can't spend his income even by calling on all his friends to help him. His men will do anything for him. He's a clean, decent lad, and would make a good officer, if he had the chance."

"You haven't said anything very bad about him yet," I observed. "What you mentioned last ought to make up for a good deal more than the worst you accused him of, it seems to me."

"I said nothing bad of the boy because there's nothing bad to say," replied Redfield, his face softening. "Still, that doesn't alter the fact that he's a most disturbing element. He's the most prominent personage in the post this minute—one of the most prominent in the army. He, a lieutenant! If that isn't 'prejudicial to good order and military discipline,' I don't know what is," he finished, with a smile.

"I don't see how he ever came to be sent here, to a post like this," said I.

Redfield frowned. "That was on account of our department commander," he replied. "Or rather, of the department commander's wife. You 'now Mrs. Ballard, don't you?'"

"No. I know that General Ballard has a wife—of sorts—and that she's a lot younger than he," I answered.

"Exactly. She fairly pursued the lad, who tried as well as he could to escape. Ballard found it out, pursued and pursuer reversed, of course, and at

the last minute relieved him of whatever detail he had and sent him here. That's the case in a nutshell. The worst that could be said of him was that he allowed the woman to make a fool of herself—which he couldn't prevent. I'm sorry, on the boy's account, that it happened. Ballard has a grudge against him now, and isn't any too scrupulous, I fear. Why, he meant no more harm than—that he does to Philly, here."

The comparison evidently was suggested by the young lady named, who at that moment came out of my bedroom, her eyes heavy with sleep, but her face alert, notwithstanding. She started to speak, but did not, for her grandfather, passing an arm around her, went on to finish what he had been saying.

"No, don't mistake me, Drake. The boy has behaved wonderfully well, considering everything. Probably he'll settle down by and by. He certainly will if some of the fond mamas of marriageable daughters have their way."

Mrs. Halkett and the fair Eleanor had left the Clarkson quarters, and were advancing on the MacDonalds. I nodded toward them as I spoke.

"There's a fond aunt, with a—more or less—marriageable niece, who told me of Jack Greston's having come," said I thoughtlessly, forgetting for the moment that Philly was present. "She—the aunt—told me also of a romance that, if it pans out, will stop Jack's philandering right enough, I fancy. I know it would mine, if I were in his place. But then, I always did hold that a swift death by one's own hand was preferable to torture of any kind."

Philly, with a suddenness that startled us both, sprang from her grandfather's side and stood facing us. There was no sleep now in her big, black eyes. They snapped, and she stamped her foot on the veranda floor.

"I know what you mean," she cried. "I know—and I know more, too. Lots more! She sha'n't have Jack! I won't let her. She sha'n't, I say! The pig!"

"Philly—why, Philly!" cried poor Redfield. "What under heaven do you

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mean, child? What can you know about the matter? And how could you use such an expression—about a lady, too?"

Philly's eyes were brimming by this time with tears, but they were not tears of repentance. "I didn't use it about a lady," she promptly replied. "I used it about Eleanor Halkett. And her aunt. And her uncle. And I was wrong. They aren't any of them half as nice as their own Murphy. His manners are lots better—poultries and all!"

Redfield was honestly puzzled, and so, I own, was I. "Philly—stop!" he cried. "Poultries—Murphy! What can you be talking of, child?"

"I'm talking of Murphy," his granddaughter answered. "Murphy, the Halketts' pig. He won't stay at home. He can't live on the stuff they have on their table. He thinks he doesn't take so many chances when he stays out behind the hospital and gets the poultries they throw——"

"Philly!" thundered her grandfather, more severely than I had ever before known him to speak to her.

"I don't care—it's true!" said she defiantly. "I heard Sergeant McShane telling Mary about it. I don't think you're at all nice to-day, Dad's Dad. There's Jack now. And I must go—Mary's calling me."

She turned and ran away across the parade-ground just as young Greston, followed, as it seemed to me, by every other subaltern in the post, came trooping from the officers' club, and laughing and skylarking like a lot of schoolboys, went in a direction at right angles to Philly's path. Running to Jack, Philly threw her arms around him; he tossed her high in the air, kissed her and set her down again, whereupon she wriggled through the crowd and out of sight on the other side. I glanced at Redfield. The look on his face did not argue any great severity toward the new "disturbing element." There was no surer path to his favor than by way of Philly's.

A sudden hush made me look again at Jack and his friends. They were walking soberly enough now, and the

cause was not far to seek. Mrs. Halkett and her niece were coming so as to meet them. As young Greston passed she tried to stop him, but he either would not or really did not see her upraised finger. With a smile he lifted his cap and went on. I saw her hand clench as she stopped, and leaning on the limber of the saluting-piece that stood by the flagstaff, spoke earnestly for a time with her niece. Redfield saw it, too, for his gray mustache curled in a grim smile.

"I said, if you remember, that the boy would make a good officer," he remarked. "Did you observe that masterly retreat, in the face of the enemy, and without loss? But—but I say, Drake, where's Philly?"

That was always his question if the young one slipped for a moment from his sight—and no wonder. Once, a year or so before, when she thus casually disappeared, the results had been tragic. This time I, as well as he, was puzzled. The child, since she had passed through the crowd of subalterns, had not had time to reach any building; the parade-ground over which she passed was as level and bare as a billiard-table—yet she was nowhere to be seen. We both rose, and leaving the veranda, walked in the direction that the child had taken.

"I can't think what on earth possesses Philly," said Redfield, after we had gone a little way. "Generally she's so gentle and affectionate. She's hot-tempered, I know, and headstrong sometimes, but never have I known her to be as she was to-day. I can't understand her."

"Naturally not," I replied. "She's a woman, though a very young one, and you know you never could understand why——"

"What the devil is the matter with that limber-chest?" he demanded suddenly, interrupting me.

For a moment I thought he had gone daft. The only limber-chest in sight was the one belonging to the saluting-gun, and there was nothing wrong with that, so far as I could see; it appeared perfectly normal. Nevertheless Red-

field walked quickly over, and reaching from the hinged side, was about to lift the lid, when it flew open, apparently of its own accord, rapped him sharply and fell back with a bang. Rubbing his elbow, he retreated for a step or two, using language that took me back to the days when we both were young, and the Civil War had not long been ended. Again the lid flew open, and this time Philly's head appeared.

"Any officer who uses any profane oath or ex—exe—execration shall, for each offense, forfeit and pay one dollar," she quoted, shaking her finger solemnly at her grandfather to emphasize what she said. "You know that, Dad's Dad. And if I was a commanding officer, I'd try to set a better example, instead of breaking the Articles of War all to little pieces."

Redfield was cornered, but bluffed nobly. "And if I was a small girl, I'd try and be decently respectful to my grandfather instead of first almost breaking his head and then impertinently quoting Articles of War which I didn't in the least understand," he retorted. "What were you doing in that limber-chest?"

By this time Philly had slipped to the ground and taken her grandfather's hand. "I saw *her* and the other one coming, and I didn't want to speak to them," she answered. "You made me promise, Dad's Dad, that I wouldn't say anything uncivil to them any more, and I always keep my word. I didn't want to listen, either, but they came and leaned up against the limber and said—oh, lots of things. But it wasn't my fault that I heard—now was it, Dad's Dad?"

"Hum!" replied her grandfather. "Ha! Well, my dear, at any rate you needn't repeat what you overheard."

"Not unless it should be for the good of the service," she answered gravely, whereupon we both laughed, and the matter rested for the time. Mary, Philly's nurse, really did call just then, and so the young lady left us.

"Lord knows I wouldn't have Philly changed if I could," said Redfield, looking after her, "but sometimes I wonder

if it wouldn't have been better if she had been a boy. You heard her fling the 53d Article of War at me. Well, sir, she knows 'em all, practically by heart, which is more than you do, probably, or I, either. She could handle a regiment in the field, I believe, if she had a chance. But look at the time—and I have a letter I must write before parade! See you later, Drake." And he hurried away.

Dress-parade that day held far more interest for me than usual. I was curious, very, to see how events would begin to shape themselves. That events soon would so begin, I had not the faintest doubt. It is not easy to deceive one who has studied that sort of thing so long as I.

I did not expect to see Marion, but there she was, nevertheless, inscrutable as usual, standing by the side of little Mrs. Clarkson and with Philly holding her hand. The Halketts, aunt and niece, sat in an ancient phaeton famed by name of "The Bulrushes." The former still was gracious, and dispensed her machine-made smiles; the fair Eleanor did her best to seem coy, apparently, and really succeeded in looking uncomfortable. As well she might.

That Mrs. Halkett had succeeded well in spreading her tidings, was plain enough. I saw many people stop by that old phaeton to offer their wishes for future joy, and after the amiable manner of people in general these wishes were far the more plentiful because no one, probably, believed for a moment that there was or ever would be the slightest occasion for them. Unless I am much mistaken, I distinctly saw meaningful grins among the enlisted men. In fact, I am inclined to think that about the only person on the ground that day who was really unconscious of this romance that had commenced so long ago and was to go on forever, was Jack himself.

The artillery had paraded as infantry. Jack's captain had a sprained ankle, so Jack himself was in command. There was nothing to be read in his handsome face, save its usual reckless goodwill to the world at large, though I

watched it closely, until the parade was dismissed, and his men, in a column of fours were marching to their barracks. As they went, they had to pass close by the fringe of people that edged the parade-ground. As they neared the little group of three where Marion stood, something made young Greston glance aside, and his eyes met Marion's squarely.

Evidently he had not known before that she was at the post. He stopped short; his jaw dropped, and so, almost, did his saber. Glancing quickly from him to the girl, I saw the color flood her face and then retreat, leaving it white, as I had seen it once before that day.

Of course it was all over in a second. Military habit is strong; still stronger the feminine self-control—especially in Marion. But it happened, none the less. Few people saw it, I think. The Halketts I know did not; they were too busily engaged in talking with those who, now that the parade was over, had clustered more thickly than ever about the phaeton. Little Mrs. Clarkson was one of the few who did see. A look of pleased surprise came over her face. Catching the hand of her friend, she gave it a congratulatory squeeze, which made Marion snatch it away and color more deeply than before. Philly, too, saw. She glanced curiously into Marion's face, then after Jack's retreating form, and nodded with entire approval.

In fact, Philly did more than passively approve, and did it at once. She was nothing if not partizan. Only a few minutes later she led young Greston meekly up to my veranda. That is, he was meek. Her manner was characterized by a grim determination.

"I told him you wanted him," she announced as soon as she was close enough. "Here he is. I must go back to Marion." And she vanished.

Jack came up and shook hands. I had not previously had a chance to speak to him, and was very glad to have, but of course I had not sent for him, and said so.

He laughed a little. "I was coming

to see you, anyhow, as soon as I got the chance, major," said he. "As it is, I can't imagine what Philly meant—unless it was to do me a service. You see, she cut me out from under the guns of the enemy, as it were—no, I shouldn't say that, exactly. But Mrs. Halkett had called me, and I was standing there talking with her and her niece when the young one came up. She's a sharp little beggar—and a dear little thing, isn't she?"

I agreed with him fully. "I see you know Miss Cope, Jack," I added, as he turned to go. "We've had her with us for some time, now."

He threw himself with a flop into the nearest chair, and for almost the first time since I knew him, his face was grave and troubled.

"I know," he said. "I saw her today on the ground, just after parade. How did you know I knew her?"

He didn't wait for an answer to this question, but ran on, telling me all he knew and a lot more. Evidently his mind was so full of her that he had to confide in some one soon, or burst. And then, he had confided in me more than once before, as had many others of his sort. He was an honest lad, and open as daylight. His undoubted charm came largely from these facts, I think. Never for a moment did he pretend to be other than in love, head, horns and hide.

He had first met his divinity some two years before, when he was on leave. He never, it seemed, had known her very well—never had talked much with her. He couldn't. He didn't know anything about the things she did—the things that were really worth while—so he never had the nerve to try. Mostly he had shut up tight, and behaved even more like a clam than usual, he said. But just to be near her was enough, if she'd let him. But she rarely would. He bored her, he supposed, and no wonder. Then her father had died, and he had lost sight of her, and he thought he'd have died. Honestly he did. He made all kinds of a pale, pink ass of himself trying to forget her, but he never could.

The boy's tale impressed me. It was

more than a passing fancy with him. Two years, under the circumstances, were a long time. Besides, it was by no means the first time I had seen the military type attracted strongly by the purely intellectual, and the reverse, also, is frequently true. In this case especially, I thought I had reason to think so. It was nature's way of evening things, I suppose. So when he requested advice, I was able to give it promptly.

"Go and ask her. You'll know the best or the worst, then."

But that wouldn't do at all. Why, hang it, man, didn't I understand that she *knew* things—that she had a mind? No one ever had accused him of having any worth mentioning. She'd no more look at him than the Queen of England would, and he'd no more have the face to ask her to. I lost patience.

"Well, then," I said, "for Heaven's sake have it your own way, you idiot! No girl could possibly be offended in such a way. But if you won't, then go and ask Eleanor Halkett. She'd have you, I dare say."

"I might as well," he said, getting up to go, "or blow my brains out, if I have any, or do any other fool thing."

"I'm told that there were some tender passages between you once," I said maliciously.

"Between us? Eleanor Halkett and me, you mean? Good Lord, no!" he replied, with unmistakable sincerity. "She's older than I, you know. When I was about sixteen we used to jolly each other, sometimes, at the tops of our voices and before every one—nothing else. No getting off by ourselves or anything of that sort. She wasn't such a—that is, she was rather different then. To-day I saw her again. Make love to her!" He shuddered and turned away.

He left, and I went in to dress for my evening ride, chuckling as I went at the thought of what the Halketts would have said had they heard Jack's remarks. But I was glad they hadn't. It would have been too cruel; the more so because utterly void of any such intent.

As I emerged from my quarters,

ready to mount, Philly, in her habit, came hurrying by. As she saw me she stopped, and I saw that she was winking hard to keep back the tears which threatened to overflow.

"She sent a note—to Jack—just now," was her greeting.

"Are you sure, Philly?" I asked, making no pretense of not knowing who "she" was.

"Sure!" cried the child. "She gave it to me to give to him. I was going out riding with him, and she knew it somehow, I s'pose. Anyway, she put the note into my hand and then scuttled off as fast as she could go."

"What did he say when he got it?" I inquired, with some curiosity.

"He owes a dollar, just as Dad's Dad does," she replied. "But just the same he said he couldn't go out with me as we'd arranged. I did want to go so much. I wanted to talk with him."

I did all I could. Though conscious of how I must suffer in comparison with the all-conquering Jack, I offered my services as an escort and had them promptly accepted. She was a tactful little woman when she chose to be, and besides, it was a choice between me and no ride. So we went. I am afraid to say how far, but it was done in amazingly short space of time.

Once, while she was galloping in circles around me, she came to the edge of a shallow, bowl-shaped depression in the prairie. Here she pulled up short, and gazed down at something inside with such earnestness that I spurred forward to see what it was. Before I reached the rim of the bowl there came to me the sound of a familiar female voice. I could not hear the words at first; then they were screamed so that no one, anywhere in the vicinity, could have helped hearing.

"You did! You said you'd wait forever for me to change my mind! You did, I say! And even if you didn't, ain't I good enough for you?"

I would have turned and ridden away then, if I could, but Philly, with a vindictive smile on her dark face, sat fast, and I could not call to her, then. So, in spite of myself, I caught a

glimpse as I grabbed Philly's horse and led him away.

It was a pitiful sight in a way. The old horse that had drawn "The Bulrushes" peacefully cropped the grass, while near-by stood Eleanor Halkett. Her eyes and nose were inflamed from weeping, her hat awry. Never had I seen her look less attractive; never had her face seemed more vulgar and bold; yet there was something more than mere rage expressed in it. And even had there not been, the look of pitying repugnance on the face of Jack Gres-ton, as he leaned against his mount, must have been hard for any woman to see.

"Then there's some one else! You'll regret it—so'll she. I warn you—look out for yourself!"

These words floated after us as we went. Philly laughed aloud. "That settles *her*, anyhow," she observed. "Now Jack shall marry Marion, and then everything will be all right."

"Possibly Marion won't," I hazarded. "And besides, malicious women can make a great deal of trouble, Philly," I added, more to myself than the child.

"Marion will, if she's asked," said Philly decidedly. "Don't you suppose I've noticed anything? And those two malicious women won't make any trouble, except maybe for themselves. You see if they do."

I asked for the reason of so positive a statement, but Philly would say nothing more, and so, in unwonted silence, we galloped home.

For some time Philly seemed right in her opinion, for neither Mrs. Halkett nor her niece made any overt move to carry out the latter's threat, though never for a moment did I doubt that sooner or later they would. Fortunately, Jack's love-affair was known at the time only to the initiate few. It was not a difficult matter to conceal when the two principals avoid each other as they would a pestilence. Jack had a good excuse now when one advised him to ask his inamorata and have done with it.

"Hang it!" he would reply. "I can't do it through a megaphone, can I?

Well, there you are, then. She won't let me get within speaking distance."

He moaned about so dismally that old Redfield once confided to me that it made him feel quite blue. Every one lost patience with him except good, long-suffering Mrs. Clarkson, Marion's friend, and even she was much tried, I fancy, sometimes. At all times and places he haunted her, for she would allow him to talk as much as he pleased on the only subject that now interested him. We all, who knew of the affair, laughed at this, Mrs. Clarkson included; and Tom, her husband, most of all. He would have to get a divorce, he said, and when he was detailed to Niobrara for something or other, went around gravely saying that his departure was the preliminary step.

Still, this conduct on Jack's part did not remain uncommented upon. There are always, in every post, enough old women of both sexes to attend to a thing of that sort. It was through this talk that at last the threatened disaster fell.

I shall not soon forget that day. It was in the morning, and I was just finishing my breakfast, when Redfield came in and sat heavily down. It needed no mind-reader to see that something had happened; the dear old chap had taken on twenty years overnight. It was I who spoke first, as I poured out a cup of coffee and handed it to him.

"For Heaven's sake don't be so deliberate, Redfield," I snapped. "What's gone wrong now—is it young Gres-ton?"

He nodded and took a long drink of the coffee, I suspect to compose himself. "It's damnable, Drake—damnable!" he said. "Why, I'd as soon believe it of my own son Jack, dead in the line of duty these eleven years. But what can I do? The charges are all regular; I can only forward them—and you know what old Ballard will do now that he has the chance."

I cannot write what I said about Major General Ballard.

"But what is the charge?" I demanded. "Who preferred it?"

"That damned old woman Halkett," he answered. "He dragged in a woman's name, the old beast, and the charge is under Article 61. Read it—here."

He handed me over the paper, and I took it but couldn't read it just then. Article 61, in all its grim brevity, loomed before my eyes as though I saw it in print.

Any officer who is convicted of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman shall be dismissed from the service.

I don't think either Redfield or I ever realized how much we thought of the boy until we saw his name in that bit of paper. It is hard for a civilian to understand what a conviction under this article means. There is but one penalty prescribed; the court has no choice, and that is infinitely worse, for one who does happen to be an officer as well as a gentleman, than death. Only two other reasons for dismissal are comparable to it—cowardice or fraud.

Then I did look at the paper, and I don't think I was ever more angry. There was but the one charge, and one specification under it. That one I won't transcribe. It dragged in the name of Mrs. Clarkson.

"You'll have to act as his counsel," Redfield went on. "He wishes it—so far as he can wish anything, poor lad—and there is none better. Johnson will be judge-advocate, of course. Ballard will see to that."

I knew Johnson, the department judge-advocate general, and I liked him rather less than I did Ballard. He was a lawyer: not a soldier. Though the judge-advocate is supposed to act in a measure as the prisoner's counsel as well as the prosecutor, Johnson considered himself solely in the light of a prosecuting attorney, and would do anything to secure a conviction. It looked glum enough.

"Well," I said, trying to put the best face I could on things, "it's mighty hard to convict under the Sixty-first—especially when Jack Greston is to be tried, and by a court detailed from the post here. The evidence will have to be enough to cashier an archangel."

"It will be," answered Redfield sadly. "Even that unutterable old ass Halkett wouldn't dare sign that paper otherwise. Well, I know you'll do your best for him, Drake." And he stalked sadly out.

Hardly had he gone when the door flew open and Marion Cope rushed into the room. Her eyes were wide and tearless. I should not have known her voice, so dry and hard was it,

"I've just heard," she said. "Just this minute. What can I do to help? I must do something. I *must*, or I shall die, I think. I'm a graduate in law. Let me help! Please—*please* let me!"

I looked in her face. With all my heart did I wish that Jack Greston could have done so, just then.

"Little girl," I said, "you can do more by sending one word to that boy than anything else in this world—or the next, I think."

For a moment she stared at me, her face working strangely; then, suddenly she had thrown herself on her knees, and clinging to me as she might have done to her father, sobbed as I never had heard any one else sob; and I had learned one more lesson in the ways of the eternal feminine. I had found that the inscrutable exterior which none save Philly, with the wisdom of childhood, had been able to pierce, was after all but a thin, outer shell, made and hardened by an environment of abstract science, and its dry, abstract vocables. Within it was a girl like another girl; a girl to be soothed and petted and comforted; who sobbed out her foolish little tale on my shoulder.

It really was odd how like the stories were, told by these two young donkeys. She was sure he never could care for her—for her, who had nothing to recommend her save that her mind was an abstract of the ghosts of useless thoughts of men long dead. While he was living—*living*—and in the world of men and deeds and things; not words. "To me, he seems like the essence of life itself," she said.

I really could not stand that sort of thing for long. Jack was not in close arrest, of course, though he might as

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well have been, for he would not leave his quarters. So I took her over there and left them alone, with the door open for propriety's sake, to settle things in their own way. I don't know how they did it.

I don't like to dwell on the few days that followed until the court could be convened. Never before nor since have I seen a United States Army garrison so nearly on the verge of mutiny and riot. Never have I seen so unhappy and harassed a set of officers. Halkett hardly dared appear, and once he was hooted openly at guard-mount. The guilty persons were never discovered. When the final day came it struck us all with a sense of relief.

The court was a full one—thirteen—with Redfield as president. The preliminaries soon were over, the oaths administered, and the court was in session. The room was jammed as full as it could hold; outside the railed space surrounding the long table around which sat the members in the order of their rank, Marion sat at my elbow. There was a slight pause. Everything was deathly still, so that the notes of the pigeons on the roof sounded almost loud. Then the first witness for the prosecution was called; it was Mrs. Halkett. A hiss arose instantly.

"Bang!" went Redfield's sword-hilt on the table, and it stopped.

The case for the prosecution was very short. The witness deposed that she and her niece had been walking along officers' row, Mrs. Clarkson walking ahead on the same path. A note had dropped from her bodice, which the witness had picked up. It was offered in evidence. Witness identified it. That was all—unless the accused was not satisfied. It appeared that the accused—or his counsel—was not.

Counsel for a prisoner at a court martial at that time was allowed but not recognized. He could ask no questions of the witnesses; no one could, except the judge-advocate. One had to write the questions, hand them to him, and get him to put them. All that has been altered since, but it was so then.

It was with notable reluctance that the horse-faced Johnson put the first question I handed him. If the witness had seen the paper fall, she knew, then, that it was not hers, did she not? Yes. Yet she read it. Why? In the interests of morality. How did she know that the interests of morality would be served by her reading it? From her previous observations of Mrs. Clarkson's conduct. Here there were more hisses, and again the sword-hilt banged on the table.

A soft little hand slipped a bit of paper into mine. I laughed as I glanced at the question; I would never have thought of it. Johnson read it and threw it down angrily.

"I object to putting this question. It is a mere insult to the witness."

"Put it. We'll decide as to that," said Redfield shortly.

So it was put.

"How, if Mrs. Clarkson was walking before you, could you see what must have fallen from the front of her bodice?"

The witness was at a loss for a moment; then she said that Mrs. Clarkson had half turned, as though to look behind her. The witness was excused.

Eleanor Halkett corroborated her aunt's testimony, and was allowed to go without examination.

Tom Clarkson, who by frantic wringing had managed to get himself relieved from his detail, here pushed his way through the crowd and shook hands with Jack—which he had no business to do.

The note was handed to the accused. Did he recognize it? Apparently the writing was his, but he never remembered having seen it before. He denied, then, having sent this note to Mrs. Clarkson? He did. That or any other note.

"Highly probable," sneered Johnson.

One or two witnesses were introduced to prove the fact that Jack was much in the company of Mrs. Clarkson, and the prosecution rested.

"Are there any witnesses for the defense?" asked the judge-advocate.

There were none. I felt sure that as

things were there could be no conviction, but an acquittal in this "not proven" sort of way would be almost as bad, so far as the effect on Jack was concerned. It was sadly enough that I said: "No."

"Yes, there is, too. No, Dad's Dad, I will come in. I want to say what I know. I *will* say it." And Philly, passing through a lane that was opened for her, ran straight to her puzzled grandfather, and whispered a few words in his ear. As she did so, I saw the extra twenty years slip from him.

"Let Phillida Redfield be sworn," said he.

"I object!" snarled Johnson. "This child cannot know the nature of an oath."

"She knows it quite as well as you do, sir," snapped Redfield in return, and Philly was sworn.

No one seemed to know what was coming, except the colonel. I glanced at the Halketts, and they seemed as mystified as the rest of us. Johnson put on his glasses and looked at the child as though she were some odd animal, but Philly was not of the sort that is easily frightened.

"Young woman, what do you know about this note?" he thundered at her, after a little.

"I know all about it," returned Philly composedly. "Jack Greston wrote it to Eleanor Halkett fifteen years ago, when he was sixteen and she was twenty. He wanted her to go skating with him, but she didn't because Mrs. Halkett found the note and kept it. A little while ago—about the time Jack came here—she found it again. She thought, when she found it, that it might be useful to make Jack come to time, and marry Eleanor, if he wouldn't do it without, and she said that Eleanor must take every means she could, because she was getting along, and anyhow there weren't many such chances as that Greston boy, and—"

"Stop!" shouted Johnson, in the midst of a dead hush. "What do you mean by this farrago? How could you possibly know these things?"

"I heard Mrs. Halkett and Eleanor talking it over," replied Philly simply.

"Where were they when this conversation took place?"

"Standing by the gun on the parade-ground."

"Where were you, then?"

"In the limber-chest."

"We are in a position to prove that the witness actually was in the limber-chest when some conversation between the persons mentioned took place," said I.

With a smothered shriek Mrs. Halkett fell from her chair, and amid an absolute silence was carried out in a dead faint. For a moment, Johnson stood with something very like dignity.

"Of all the many cases I have tried, this is at once the most dastardly and puerile," said he. "I cannot ask for a conviction." And sat down.

If Redfield's sword struck the table again it did so in vain. I never heard such cheering, and I fear that I, with all my philosophy, joined in. There were cheers in general and cheers for every one by name, especially Philly. But when Jack, with Marion by his side, left the room, all else was outdone. Marion blushed happily, and developed a dimpling smile that I never had seen before, which to me seemed to indicate that the shell had all disappeared, leaving just the girl.

The Halkett women I saw only once after that. It was when they were driving away in the ambulance, which passed my veranda, where Jack and Marion were sitting, and I was going out. I didn't dare sit there. Eleanor's face was buried in her handkerchief, but her aunt held her head high, and looked defiantly on the world at large.

"Poor old girl—she did us some good, anyhow, dearest," said Jack. "And she's game, too, eh?"

She sighed in infinite content and slipped her hand into his, and so they sat as the two passed out of sight and out of the army's ken. As the ambulance vanished, Jack turned shamelessly and kissed her.

"Good old Article 61," he said.



THE GRAFTER

By J. Frank Davis

GOVERNOR Preston sat at his big, flat library-desk, studying the returns from the last ballot at the convention. Across the room Bosworth, his secretary, was scanning the latest editions of the afternoon papers. The September twilight was fading and the electric lights had been turned on.

A servant knocked and entered. "Mrs. Ellison has gone to her room with a headache, sir," she said. "Miss Ruth is having her supper now. She wants to know if she can come in to see you before she goes to bed—at eight o'clock."

"Tell her yes, Mary," said the governor, glancing up. "Things ought to be over by then—one way or the other," he remarked to Bosworth.

"I should think so," replied the secretary. "They've been at it since noon-time. I don't believe any convention in this State ever lasted so long."

"Just let me look at that last ballot again," said the governor. "The one you received while I was at dinner."

Bosworth brought him the slip.

"Evans said there was a good deal of confusion and lots of excitement, but it looked to him as though you might be nominated on the next ballot. He said Gregson's men were likely to break for you at any minute. If they do you'll have a good strong majority."

Governor Preston studied the slip, analyzing the figures again.

"Yes," he said. "And I'd get Williamson's eighteen votes, too—or most of them—if Evans pulls off a stampede."

The optimism of youth surged up in

Bosworth. "You're just the same as renominated already," he said enthusiastically.

The older man nodded in half agreement. "Perhaps," he said, "but I'll be surer of it when the last ballot is taken. I know Jim Woolford. He knows all the tricks there are in politics—and works them, too. The one ambition of his life is to be governor of this State. He's got a hundred and sixty-eight votes out of two hundred and thirty-six for the nomination, and if hook or crook will get him the rest—"

The insistent ringing of the telephone-bell interrupted the sentence. Bosworth seized the receiver.

"Hello," he said. "Yes. This is Bosworth. What? Don't talk so fast. I can't understand. They've done—what? They wouldn't dare—what?"

Covering the transmitter with his hand he turned a suddenly flushed face to the governor.

"It's Evans," he said tensely. "He says there's hell to pay. Somebody's spread a story all over the convention hall that you personally engineered that deal in the Legislature, last spring, that gave the Metropolitan Railroad that big grab up State. They are saying you sold out the State. The *Ledger* has got out an extra and is calling you a grafted in big type on the first page."

"Yes, yes," cried the secretary into the telephone, in response to the frantic "hellos" of Preston's campaign manager, at the other end of the wire. He listened again, with occasional monosyllabic interruptions, while the governor, his square, clean-shaven jaw set into that rigidity that his enemies had learned to fear, stood silent, every brain-cell at work in the endeavor to

meet and counteract this last move in a most desperate political fight.

"Evans thinks Woolford is at the bottom of it," said Bosworth, in a moment, turning from the phone, "but he isn't sure yet. He says the country delegates are wabbling. Our fellows succeeded in getting an adjournment for supper, but if we can't do something to head off this story before they come back they're likely to stampede to Woolford on the next ballot."

"Give me the phone!" The governor was alert, sharp, incisive, stern. "Hello, Tom! This is Preston. What are you doing? Good! And have every countryman buttonholed within the next half-hour. Don't let them get at him first. Deny it absolutely. Use my authority all you want to. Where is Woolford? Find out. And watch all his lieutenants. I'll keep in touch with things. If it's necessary I'll come onto the convention floor myself—precedents or no precedents. I was afraid of something like this. Because I know Woolford, that's why."

Governor Preston sat at his desk for a moment in deepest thought. Then he turned to his secretary.

"Call up every place where you think he might be and find Jim Woolford," he commanded. "Tell him I want to see him at once. No. Don't telephone. Send a messenger, or go yourself. Have him brought here the minute he is found."

The governor turned and began to search the drawers of his desk. Bosworth reached the door, then hesitated.

"Suppose he refuses to come?" he suggested.

It was a good point. The usual courtesy demanding that a State senator call at once upon the governor whenever requested might very well fail at such a time as this. The governor wrinkled his brows, thinking deeply.

"If he says he won't come," he finally said, "tell him he'd better come unless he wants the Ellington affair raked up again, both now and during the campaign. That'll bring him—or I don't know him."

Left alone, Governor Preston continued to search the drawers of his desk. In a moment he found a package of large envelopes, held by a rubber band. Running over the inscriptions on each he took from the package an envelope marked "Metropolitan." He spread its contents out upon the desk before him and went over the papers, one by one. Coming upon what he sought—a sheet of foolscap covered with writing—he read it carefully, then returned the other papers to their envelope and replaced the package in its drawer.

The sheet of foolscap, folded, he concealed beneath the big blotting-pad that covered his desk. Then he crossed the room and sank into his favorite Morris chair. There was nothing more, for the moment, that he could do personally. At the convention hall his lieutenants, he knew, were frantically working to save the day. And he had great confidence in Representative Tom Evans, his campaign manager.

At last it had come.

Somehow he had always known that some time, somewhere, he and Jim Woolford would come to a clinch. They had always known one another. They had gone to school together, played together, fought together, and always disliked one another. As they grew to manhood they had loved the same girl—Governor Preston's face clouded—and she had married Woolford. That was why Preston was still a bachelor, living with his widowed sister. He had never asked any woman to marry him. He had had no desire to since the day when he came home from Cuba in a fever-ship, determined to tell his love to Ethel Severance as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered—and had found, in the first mail he was allowed to open at Montauk, the letter that announced her engagement to Woolford.

His mind wandered over the years that had passed since then—nearly ten. A feeling of age came over him—that feeling that comes, now and then, especially in moments of bitter struggle, to all men of forty as they look back over the hurrying years and the thought

sinks into their heart that they have lived more than half their allotted days.

He had been successful in business and in politics. He had accumulated not great wealth, but a sufficiency of the world's goods. Running for the House in the days right after peace had been made with Spain, when it was a political asset for a man to have belonged to a regiment that saw active service, his energy, brilliancy, honesty and ability to make friends and keep them had smoothed for him a pathway through the State Senate to the governor's chair. And now he was fighting for the nomination that should allow him to sit for another year in the executive chamber—for a nomination by his party had always been equivalent to election.

It had been a bitter fight. Those politicians who believe in a spoils system raised to the *n*th power frankly confessed that they had no use for Preston. The public-service corporations didn't like him—he was too prone to ask, "Where does the State come in?" when they suggested beneficial legislation. He had done his duty as he saw it. Therefore there were powerful interests opposed to him. And Senator James Woolford, who had been second all day in the convention balloting and would win the nomination if this last and most outrageous campaign lie had its desired effect, was the position incarnate.

Preston hardly doubted that he would be renominated, even now. He knew his weapons and he knew himself. And, withal, he was one of those men who never admit they are whipped. The configuration of his jaw showed that to any who cared to look. But as he sat this evening with his eyes half closed, waiting, it seemed to him that it was all not worth while. Successful in business and in politics—in everything but love, he thought regretfully, and love, after all, was the only thing that could count.

The door was pushed open softly and a curly black head was stuck cautiously through the opening. It was followed, an instant later, by a little body

dressed in white. The child that owned the head and body shook her finger impressively at the doll she carried in her arms, to insure its perfect silence, and tiptoed elaborately into the room. In the middle of the floor she stopped, carefully laid the doll in a chair and said, with an effort at appearing "grown-up":

"Ahem!"

Governor Preston started from his reverie. When he saw who his visitor was his eyes lighted up. "Why, chick," he said, playfully, "where did you come—"

The little girl, refusing to notice his outstretched hand, was going through a little pantomime very evidently pre-arranged in her mind.

Very gravely she attempted a deep and stately curtsey—a proceeding that resulted in her toppling over ignominiously, whereupon the governor smiled and she giggled hysterically. She recovered her gravity at once, however, began and this time completed the elaborate bow, and proceeded to make this speech, composed quite evidently as the result of memories of state occasions:

"Miss Ruth Preston Hamilton presents her compliments to Mr. Uncle Harry Preston, governor of this great and ga-lo-rious State, and begs to remind him that he promised to tell her a perfectly be-yew-tiful fairy-story."

The governor entered into the spirit of the thing. Perhaps it relieved the tension of his mind. Besides, it was common knowledge that he invariably spoiled this little orphaned niece.

He rose and bowed with as much ceremony as though he had been addressing the President of the United States. "Mr. Uncle Harry Preston presents his compliments to Miss Ruth Preston Hamilton," he said, with a dignity that made the child's eyes sparkle with mirth, "assures her that he distinctly remembers the promise, made quite recently at the dinner-table, but begs leave to state that he fears he cannot produce the said be-yew-tiful fairy-story at this time because of a great pressure of business—which business," he added, with a sense of how

absurd this scene would look to the fighters at the convention hall, "has to do with his hope that he may continue to remain governor of this great and ga-lo-rious State—and therefore, he begs to be excused."

The child did not understand all of this. She did grasp, however, that her request was refused. "Oh, Uncle Harry!" she cried, almost in tears. The grandiloquent manner was all gone. She was just a little girl again. He caught her up in his arms.

"I'm awfully sorry, chick," he said.

"But I'm so lonesome," she urged, with her head cuddled on his shoulder. "Aunt Evelyn's gone to her room with a headache, and Mary is down-stairs talking to the policeman—and I just ex-cep-tion-ally wanted to hear that story. Besides, you promised me a long time ago that on my birthday you would let me stay with you a long time in the evening."

"Oh—it's your birthday," mused Preston seriously.

The child lifted her head from his shoulder and stared into his face with shocked surprise. "You—didn't—forget it, did you?" she demanded.

The governor lied valiantly. "Why, of course not," he said.

"I'm seven years old now," said Ruth complacently. "Pretty soon I'll be all grown up."

Governor Preston's mind went back to the night, just seven years ago, when the other Ruth, his favorite sister, had closed her eyes upon a tired world and left the new-born Ruth as a memorial. "As if I could ever need a reminder," he thought. Ah, well! Even though one must be a bachelor all his life—the thought was always a poignant one, even after ten years—it was fine to have such a sweet child to love. He pressed her closer to his shoulder.

"So you'll tell me the story," she said, interpreting the caress.

"Well, well." He gave way, as he usually did. "If you've been a good girl to-day."

Through a side door, opening

through a hall into the grounds, came Bosworth, hurriedly.

"Woolford's here!" he said.

The governor set the child down and sprang to his feet.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"In the side hall. I thought you might not want people to see him coming through the main entrance just now. Found him myself. First he said he wouldn't come. Then I gave him that Ellington business pretty stiff and he changed his mind."

"Good! Bring him right in, Chick!" He turned to the child. "You've got to run along out of this. Take her to Mary, Bosworth."

Ruth's lips began to quiver. "But you didn't tell me the story, Uncle Harry."

"That's so, dear. Well, I'm afraid some other night will have to do."

"And it was going to be a perfectly be-yew-tiful fairy-story. Please, Uncle Harry——"

She was on the verge of tears. The world is often harsh—at seven.

"There, there," said the governor, kissing her. "I haven't got a minute now, but come back by and by, just before you go to bed, and maybe—mind, I don't say sure, but maybe—I'll be able to get time for the story."

Sunshine dissipated the threatened showers. "I'll be back," said the child, running for her doll. "And please tell it."

As she left the room by one door Bosworth opened the other and ushered in Senator Woolford. The governor had resumed his seat at his desk and affected to be so busy with the papers before him as not to see the outstretched hand of his visitor.

"Good evening, governor," said the senator, with smooth urbanity. "What can I do for you?"

"How are ye, Woolford. Sit down. Smoke?"

Woolford, at ease and apparently not a bit displeased with himself, took the proffered cigar and lit it. As he tossed away the match the governor came to the point abruptly.

"Have you seen the *Ledger*?" he asked.

Woolford was a little surprised at this sudden attack. "Why—er—yes," he replied, with a little hesitation.

"What do you think of it?"

"Why—" The senator was a little nonplused. "That's a question I have—"

"Figure it's going to nominate you on the next ballot, don't you?"

"Oh, I'd hardly say that. Of course I—" Woolford studied the ash of his cigar attentively—"if you don't happen to be in a position to disprove the story, the natural tendency—"

"Do you believe it?"

This cross-examination was a little disconcerting. "Do I believe what?" asked Woolford, sparring for time.

"The *Ledger* story. That I was back of the Metropolitan steal. That I sold out to the railroad. That I'm a grafted."

"Why, no, of course not, governor." Woolford's every word reeked of insincerity.

"Have you told your friends you don't believe it?"

"Now, governor!" The senator threw his hands out in a gesture of protest. "That's hardly to be expected. We've got a fight on for that nomination. You want it—I want it. If this thing comes up at the eleventh hour to hurt your chances I'd be a fool to throw away any advantage."

"Would you win on a lie?"

The contempt in the governor's cold voice roused Woolford to defense.

"There's a difference between lawn-tennis and politics," he said. "I play the game."

"So do I," retorted the governor, "but I play it square." Woolford shrugged his shoulders. "And it isn't square, Woolford, to take this nomination at the cost of my reputation—my character—my good name."

"You talk like the Y. M. C. A."

The governor ignored the sneer. "What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"About what?"

"This story in the *Ledger*."

"What can I do?"

"Call off your dogs. Refuse to win by any such contemptible trick."

Woolford continued to smile—all but his eyes.

"Contemptible is a harsh word, governor," he said.

"It's the word to fit this case. It's a vicious, vile, contemptible trick. See here, Woolford. You've known me all my life. You know as well as you know anything that I'm not capable of sneaking through that Metropolitan steal. You know I'd vetoed it in a minute if the governor of this State had the veto power. It was a dirty piece of thievery. The two words that sold the State, body and soul, to the Metropolitan Railroad, were put into that bill after it left the Senate, and the Committee on Engrossed Bills either didn't or wouldn't see them."

"Ancient history, governor," said Woolford. "We knew all that before."

"And now you start this story to the effect that I had the words put in—this outrageous—"

Woolford interrupted him with a fine assumption of surprise. "I? Bless you, no," he said. "The *Ledger* dug up the facts."

"And the *Ledger* is the principal organ back of your candidacy. Now you're talking as if I were a political kindergartner."

"Really, governor, I'm sorry you think I had anything to do with these charges."

The governor leaned across his desk and looked Woolford full in the eye. "If you had known this story was going to be printed would you have done what you could to stop it?"

Woolford met his gaze. "I should have at least given you the opportunity to disprove it"—he laughed a little—"if you can."

"My character—my reputation—my political record—these things ought to disprove it."

"Ought to—yes," agreed the senator unconvincingly.

"See here, Woolford!" snapped the governor. "You talk as if you questioned my innocence of this charge."

Woolford affected a yawn. "Oh, of course your attitude is admirable," he said, "and I hope you can clear yourself of the charge, and all that sort of thing." He looked at his watch and his manner changed. "But I'm too old at the game to believe it," he concluded.

Governor Preston swallowed hard. "You mean—" he said slowly.

Woolford ceased to smile. He rose, and his eyes, steel-hard, narrowed at the governor. "I'm afraid you've come to the end of your rope, governor," he said, and snapped his watch-case together viciously. "The delegates will reconvene in forty minutes—and I've got things to do before then. Hadn't you better retire from the contest before that time, and let it go at that? The evidence—your personal friendship for Wilde of the Metropolitan—the East Side real estate you bought right after the bill was passed—the other links in the chain—are too strong. Even your best friends must believe it. Naturally you have my sympathy, but even I—"

The governor came to his feet with every muscle tense. The men were facing each other across the desk. As he rose the governor placed his hand under the blotting-pad and brought it out holding the paper he had placed there. All his repression vanished.

"*You!*" he cried. "You hypocrite! You liar! Because I quietly pay out the rope you have the audacity to sit in saintly condemnation when I hold here in my hand"—he thrust the paper before Woolford's face—"the evidence that shows beyond a shadow of doubt who is the guilty man."

"What is that?" demanded Woolford.

"The original memorandum sent to a member of the Committee on Engraved Bills instructing him exactly where to insert the 'joker'—the words 'in perpetuity.'" Woolford reached out his hand as though to take the paper for examination. The governor drew it back and held it out of reach. "Not on your life, Woolford," he said. "This paper is my salvation. It doesn't leave my hands until it goes to the people of this State."

A red flush swept up over Woolford's face. "That letter to Schuyler," he cried, "is a forgery."

"Did I say it was to Schuyler?" demanded the governor. "No. But I will. And I'll say further that it is in a well-known handwriting—and that it bears, in lead-pencil in one corner, the initials 'W. E. J.'—which are *your* initials, reversed—that *you* wrote it, Jim Woolford—that *you* are the grafted—the sneak—the disgrace to his party and his State. You thought it was burned, didn't you? You didn't realize, with all your shrewdness, that a man who would sell himself to do your dirty work would sell out again to others. Don't try that, Woolford," sternly, as the senator made a movement as though he would throw himself across the desk and take the paper by force. "I can lick you as well to-day as I did when we went to school together. *Sit down!*"

Woolford obeyed the command mechanically. There was silence for a moment, while he sat limply, readjusting his view-point. Then he spoke slowly.

"What—do you propose to do?" he asked.

"To send for the reporters and give them a copy of this memorandum."

"Don't do that, Preston. Remember—we've been friends since we were boys."

The governor threw him back his own sneer. "Politics isn't lawn-tennis," he said. "I'll play the game—*your way*."

"It will mean ruin," pleaded Woolford. "It will mean disgrace. My God! Preston. What will my wife think?"

The governor turned on him sharply. "Let's not bring her into it."

"How can I help it? Don't you see what it will mean to her? She believes me to be the soul of honor. She is certain I never did a dishonest thing or a mean thing in my life. She is sure—"

"Stop!" almost shouted the governor. "This is a good time to consider her, when you have never considered her before. When you first entered poli-

ties as the slave of the United Machinery did you consider what she would think if she ever found you out? When you killed Tom Stetson's reputation and ruined his life, so he could be defeated by a man you could handle, did you think of her? When you bought poor Ellington of the House and he got caught and blew his brains out for the disgrace of it, did you think of her then? You've played with fire all these years, Jim Woolford, and now you've got to burn."

"She doesn't know any of these things. They never got into the papers. No one ever told her. She believes me to be everything that's good, everything that's——"

"Then it's time she was undeceived."

"Let up on me, Preston. Don't give that paper out. I'll work for *you*. I'll help you go to Washington, to the Senate." Governor Preston shook his head impatiently, while Woolford continued: "I'll reform. I'll go straight. Let's think of some other way."

"There is no other way," said the governor. "I gave you your chance when you first came here to-night. I put myself in your hands. I asked mercy from you. You gave your verdict against me—and you were judging yourself."

"But my wife——" persisted Woolford.

The governor brought his fist down on his desk. "Your wife," he exclaimed. "Always your wife! Man, don't you suppose I've thought of your wife?"

For a moment Woolford looked into his eyes. Then he sprang from his chair and walked across the room and back.

"That's it!" he cried. "I was a fool not to think of it before. You used to be in love with her yourself. You're in love with her now." He clenched his fists and the veins on his forehead stood out with rage. "Damn you!" He shook his head at Preston, now also on his feet. "You're not getting square with me for putting up that *Ledger* story. You're taking a dirty, cowardly revenge on me for marrying the woman

you wanted to marry yourself. Do you deny it?"

"That I wanted to marry her? No! I'm proud of it. You know it now, just as you knew it ten years ago. I never told her—you know why. When I went to Cuba with my regiment I hoped to tell her when I came back—if I came back—and when I did she was engaged to you. She never knew I loved her. She never will know it from me."

"And you've waited ten years to get square with me."

"No," said the governor. "I never sought revenge. I hoped you would make her a good husband. I wished her all the good fortune in the world—and you, too, because you were her husband. Why," as Woolford continued to glower incredulously, "don't you suppose I wanted to make this memorandum public when it first came into my possession, five months ago? Didn't my duty and my inclination both point that way? Then why didn't I? Because you were her husband. Even to-night I gave you your chance, for her sake. If you had shown mercy to me, when you thought you had me down and begging, I should have made terms with you. But now—it's too late. This memorandum is going to the papers."

Woolford covered his eyes with a hand. "She'll leave me when she knows," he almost sobbed. "And then——" he turned on Preston threateningly, his teeth showing like a wolf's—"you expect to marry her yourself. I suppose you've begun to make love to her already. Maybe she is willing you should."

The governor struck him full in the face. "You rotten-minded dog!" he cried. Woolford did not return the blow, but, dazed, began mechanically to pat with his fingers the place where it had fallen. The governor turned from him.

"What are you going to do?" asked Woolford brokenly.

"I'm going to the convention hall," replied the governor chokingly, "I'm going to read this memorandum to the

delegates. I'm going to ruin you, do you hear—ruin you? I'll follow it up. I'll have you indicted, arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced, sent to prison, put in stripes. That's what I'm going to do. I've got you between my finger and thumb, *so!* And, by God! I'm going to squeeze you until you break. Now get out!"

Woolford, stunned, retreated as the governor advanced on him menacingly, mechanically wiping with his handkerchief the brown spot that marked the governor's blow. The door closed behind him.

The governor stood in the middle of the floor and pulled himself together. He had not so lost control of himself for years. He didn't like the experience. The thought flitted through his mind that he now understood something of the feelings of a man who, in the heat of passion, kills his fellow. He relaxed his tense muscles, took a turn about the room, then securely placed the vital memorandum in an inside pocket and turned to get his hat and coat. He looked at his watch. There yet remained a half hour before the delegates would be called to order.

As he stepped toward the library door it opened and a woman came smilingly into the room.

"Ethel!" he breathed. And then, more formally: "Mrs. Woolford!"

It was no strange thing for Mrs. Woolford to call at his house. She was on terms of intimacy with his sister. Yet it seemed to the governor that he was looking at Mrs. Woolford for the first time in ten years. Memories leaped upon him, confusing his brain. Her manner told him she had no inkling of the scene he had just passed through. Her first words verified this.

"I just dropped in to see Mrs. Ellison," she said, "and find she has gone to her room with neuralgia, so I stopped to say howdy to you, just for a minute. What's the matter? Aren't you going to shake hands?"

Then he noticed that her hand was extended. He wondered vaguely if she had been holding it out ever since she came in. It was strange how those

lights in her hair remained just the same as they were so many years ago. And not a year older in looks, he said to himself—at least not as much older looking as he. He was speaking, lamely enough, as these thoughts ran through his head.

"This is a surprise—it's quite a while—I hardly know—"

She laughed merrily. "A surprise? Why? Because to-day is the convention day and Jim and you are both trying for the nomination. Nonsense!" Then her face became serious. "Of course I wanted Jim to get it," she said, "but I'm sorry he's running against you. We're such old friends."

"Wanted him to get it?" The governor repeated her words parrotlike. "Don't you want him to, now?"

"Why, I suppose so. I hardly know. Harry"—there was no smile in either voice or soft blue eyes now—"I saw that awful story in the *Ledger*, and I have been hunting everywhere for Jim to tell him he must hurry out and deny it. I can't find him, so I came here to tell you I know it can't be true. I know Jim will be glad I came."

"Then you don't believe the *Ledger* story?" said the governor.

"Believe it!" Mrs. Woolford was laughing again. "Absurd! As if anybody could, that knew you. Why, I would as soon believe it of Jim himself."

It was like a dash of cold water in the face. "Excuse me," he said. "Won't you sit down?" Then he continued, trying to speak lightly: "You don't think either of us would do a thing like that, eh?"

"Why, of course not."

"Somebody did."

"But isn't it cruel that they should blame it upon you—of all men?"

"They say all is fair in love, war—and politics."

Mrs. Woolford repelled the idea. "You wouldn't do a thing like that in politics," she said. "Jim wouldn't. Of course you'll tell them you had nothing to do with that horrid thing."

He smiled faintly at her innocence in supposing a mere denial would right

the matter. "Suppose they shouldn't believe me?" he asked.

She replied with true feminine logic. "They've got to," she said. "Why, if they knew you as well as I do they'd know it was *impossible*."

"They say they've got evidence."

"I don't care what they say. I know you didn't do it."

"Suppose I can't prove it?"

She caught her breath at this new view of things. "But don't you know who did do it?" she asked. "You do!" she cried, as the governor merely smiled whimsically. "And aren't you going to tell?"

"Should I?"

"Of course. At once."

"There are reasons why I shouldn't."

The woman's voice expressed incredulity. "What reasons could there be for you to keep silence now?" she exclaimed.

The governor avoided her look and toyed with a paper-knife on his desk. "This would ruin him."

Her voice rose indignantly. "He deserves ruin."

"He has been tempted by his ambitions."

"And he has fallen! Then he is weak—a coward."

"He wanted money, too, for the one he loves."

"A *woman* in the case! Worse yet," she said scornfully.

"His wife," explained the governor softly. "She thinks him honest."

"Harry Preston, you make me indignant! Do you remember the nickname you had in school, when we called you Haroun al Raschid—the prince in the 'Arabian Nights' who went about in disguise righting other people's wrongs? Remember how you got it?"

The governor smiled faintly, but did not reply. His mind was back in the long ago.

"I do," she went on, "as well as if it were yesterday. Little Johnny Moore spilled ink on my spelling-book and you said you did it and took a whipping, when half the class knew better. I knew why you did it, too—cause Johnny's mother was sickly and it used

to nearly break her heart when Johnny was punished. Do you remember those days?"

"That was a long time ago," mused the governor.

"It wasn't right then for you to suffer for the wrong done by another. It isn't right now."

"After all," said the governor, smiling, "perhaps my friends wouldn't believe it."

"You must see to it," she cried, "that your enemies don't believe it."

"But his wife?" insisted Preston.

"His wife again!" cried Mrs. Woolford. "Never mind his wife. She ought never to have married such a man."

"She didn't know he was that kind of a man," said the governor.

"She ought to know it now. Never mind her, Harry! Think of yourself."

The governor sat for a moment in thought. "Suppose you stood in her place?" he said.

Mrs. Woolford laughed. "That is so silly, with my honest, good, big-hearted Jim. I can't imagine it. But if I did"—her voice became serious again—"if after all my years of happiness, all my joys, a wrong committed by my husband threatened to bring suffering and disgrace to an innocent man, I should say, let the consequences be what they might: 'Jim has sinned—let him pay.'"

When the governor spoke again it was with some effort. "You and—Jim—have always been happy, haven't you?" he said.

"Ah, yes." The woman's eyes reflected her wifely love. "Jim is a busy man. He has many interests and I don't understand politics well enough to enter into them as well as I wish I could. But he loves me and I love him. I honestly believe, Harry," she ended impulsively, "that I am the happiest woman in the world."

The door opened and Ruth appeared, clad in her night-dress, with which, as she became aware of Mrs. Woolford's presence, she modestly endeavored to cover her feet, sidling behind a chair with a startled "Oh!"

"Come on," called the governor.

"Mrs. Woolford will forgive your evening clothes."

The child came to him. "Mary says," she began, by way of introduction, "that it's ab-so-lutely scan-d'lous the hours I'm keeping." Then: "Is it most time for that fairy-story?"

Mrs. Woolford rose. "I must go," she said. "Tell her the story before the sand-man comes. I'm glad I had the chance to see you and tell you how I abhor those newspaper lies, and how sure I am it will come out all right. You *will* put the blame where it belongs and exonerate yourself. I ask it. Jim would ask it, too, if he were here."

When she had kissed Ruth and he had returned from seeing her to the door he sat at his desk, lost in confusing thoughts. If he let Woolford's story stand he stood before a suspicious world a betrayer of his trust—a grafted. If he exposed his rival and won the nomination and a cleared name he broke the heart of the one woman in the world. How the lights glinted in her hair! What should he do? How young she looked—and how happy! What ought he to do?

The child tugged at his coat. "I'm getting ex-treme-ly sleepy," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes." He roused himself. "There was a story, wasn't there?"

"A fairy-story," she said, climbing into his lap and settling herself comfortably. "And it must be a new one and a perfectly be-yew-tiful one."

"I'm afraid I can't tell it to-night," he murmured. "There is so much on my mind—so many big things—"

"They ain't bigger'n me," she protested. "I'm seven. And besides, you promised."

The idea came to Preston like an inspiration. "I'll do it," he said to himself. Then, after a moment: "Well, dear, here goes. The story is called 'The Good Fairy and Happiness.'"

They made a pretty picture, the big, strong man and the gravely listening child on his knee—the one stating, in language a babe could understand, the most complex problem he had ever

been called upon to solve, and the other sitting unconsciously as his judge.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a little boy and a little girl, and they played together day after day, and they grew to be very fond of each other. Well, one day, when the little boy had grown to be a great big boy, he went away to the wars. And while he was away the little girl found a beautiful jewel. It was such a wonderful jewel that there was nothing like it in the whole world, and all the people she showed it to marveled. And she asked what it was, and they told her it was Happiness—a gem without price."

The scenes of the past half hour seemed to be fading into the distance. The only thing now worth while seemed to be this little child's opinion as to right and wrong.

"Well, the little girl took the jewel Happiness home with her, and had it all for her own—her very own. It didn't really belong to her, because she had found it by accident; but she thought it did—and she enjoyed having it very much. Now, this jewel had been put where the little girl found it by a beautiful fairy, who had meant it for the little boy and expected him to find it. Only you see she didn't know he was away to the wars and wouldn't be out to play that day."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, dear." The governor's voice trembled. "Fairies know a great deal, but I guess they make mistakes sometimes, just like people. And by and by the fairy discovered that the little girl had the beautiful jewel, and that the little boy—who had come home from the wars and had been searching and searching and searching—couldn't find it. Then the fairy was puzzled. She wanted to do just what was fair, and good, and right—beautiful fairies always do—and it was right that the boy should have it because it really belonged to him. But the little girl had it, and she would certainly feel very badly if it were taken away from her." He paused, then went on. "Now what do you suppose the fairy did?"

Ruth's voice was drowsy. The sand-man was coming fast. "Was he a very good little boy?" she asked.

"Er—er—why, yes—pretty good," said the governor.

"And was she a very good little girl?"

"The best in the whole world."

Ruth nodded her head with grave decision. "Then the fairy let her keep it, of course," she said positively. And added: "Little girls are *always* of more importance than little boys."

The governor sat silent. The curly head swung lower and lower, until it rested on his shoulder. The child's breathing grew regular and heavy. The sand-man had arrived.

The minutes lengthened. A clock in the hall struck the hour and still the governor sat, immovable, staring before him. After a time he rose, carrying the child carefully. He had reached

the door with his precious burden when she awoke, and asked sleepily:

"What did the fairy do, Uncle Harry?"

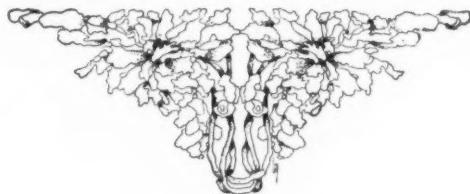
The governor answered her softly:

"She let the little girl keep it, dear, just as you guessed."

The clock had struck again. Without premonitory knock the door slammed open and Bosworth, when he had found a voice, blurted out his news.

"There never was such a thing!" he shouted. "Woolford got the floor and said you were all right and the *Ledger* all wrong. He proved it by withdrawing and moving your renomination by acclamation. It went with a whoop!" Bosworth paused. "But I don't understand it," he added.

He never understood, either, why the governor laid his head on his arms and sobbed like a child.



AN EXPLANATION

NO others love as you and I—
I'm sure of that. I'll tell you why.
This way it is, my dear—you see,
I dote on you, and you love me;
Whereas these other lovers gay
We see around us every day,
Who claim to answer Cupid's call,
Don't care about us two at all;
And any mortal who denies
That all of bliss lies in your eyes
Is utterly unlearned in bliss,
And therefore knows not what love is;
And any girl who looks at me
And does not—well, I guess you see,
And that my love is O. E. D.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The PEACE MAKERS



By J. W. Marshall



WEBSTER hails from back East somewhere; Iowa, I reckon it was. Comes out here to Idaho for his health, a tall, ganglin', narrow-chested feller, and inside a year he's most as big and broad as Jim Slater, and Jim has to go through doors sideways. We learns to like Webster a heap, too, for all he's so quiet and don't what you call "mix" much; and we likes him because he's got "savvy." Understand? If you knows what that is, why you knows Webster.

Well, bein' plenty healthy now, and not havin' any work to do, Webster occupies himself fallin' in love with Miss Morgan, who's come out with her paw while he's visitin' the boss a while. Miss Morgan's a daisy, you mark me; little, and plump, and black-eyed, and rosy, with a perky little tilt to her nose, and in for everything under the sun. Also, she's as masterful as Webster is quiet and retirin'. Also, and more to the point, she's as much in love with Webster as he is with her, and us fellers is already debatin' whether we gives 'em spoons or a leather album, when all of a sudden there's trouble.

It's sure-enough trouble, too. You see, Miss Morgan's tenderhearted, awful, and one day when Jim Slater's lickin' his kid out by the corral 'cause he's caught him ridin' with a buckin'-strap, why, Miss Morgan gets all worked up

about it and wants Webster go make him stop it.

Webster havin' savvy, as I says before, and also bein' well acquainted with Jim, naturally hesitates some about speakin' to him at such times.

"Make him let that child alone!" says Miss Morgan, stampin' her foot. "It's brutal!"

And then while Webster's tryin' to explain that maybe the kid's dad know's best, she gives him an awful look, says he's a coward, turns and runs up to Jim herself, takes the quirt away from him, tells him he ought never to've had a boy like Sammy anyway, and walks away leadin' the kid by the hand, and Jim standin' there with his mouth open a mile. Her face is red and her lips shut up tight, and she walks back past Webster like she ain't seein' him, old Webster gettin' as white as she is red.

Then she takes the kid on over to the house and makes the cook give him a piece of pie so he don't cry no more. The funny part of it is when Jim gets over his surprise enough to speak he says Miss Morgan's a brick, and done just right. Say, do you reckon he'd of looked at it that way if one of us fellers done it? Excuse me!

But poor old Webster's all broke up and declines in that new health of his rapid for the next few days. And them two don't vouchsafe no conversation toward each other nor nothin'; just talks to us fellers all the time, and acts like they don't even suspicion each other's there.

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Well, sir, it runs along this way for a week, and we can't stand it no longer. If we didn't like 'em both maybe we wouldn't have cared a doggone, but we do like 'em, and it's embarrassin' to us havin' 'em act that way round where we be.

Jim's specially anxious account he says he's to blame for it all, and so one day he offers to let Webster ride Billy in front the house, thinkin' maybe if he gets bucked off on his head a couple times Miss Morgan appreciates it, and changes her mind about him bein' a coward.

"Anybody who rides Billy's a hero," says Jim, when he makes the offer.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," says Webster, drylike. "I quite agree with you about Billy. I'll think it over," says he, and turns on his heel.

But he don't say any more about it to Jim, and so us fellers gets together out by the corral one day after dinner and talks it over.

"Here's the whole thing in a nutshell," says Lem Rogers. "Webster's got too much fool pride to go tell her he's in the wrong—which he ain't in spite of what Jim here says at the time, for if a man ain't got a right to lick his own kid who has? And Miss Morgan, bein' a woman, of course just naturally can't say she's in the wrong which she is. Very well, then, what next? Why," says Lem, "if she says he's a coward, the thing for him to do is make a hero of himself somehow, and then—why then, doggone it, there you are, and they don't have to go back to first cases at all. Ridin' that Billy horse would have been bully if Webster could have seen it that way, though," says Lem.

"That's what I'm thinkin' myself," says Jim. "But they's no use speakin' to Webster any more. The chances are he gets ugly if we do. But now suppose, for instance, Miss Morgan gets word from us—private, you understand—of some hero doin's he's already been into, why, maybe that does the business just as well."

"But Webster never is a hero yet, so far's we know," says Lem.

At that Jim laughs. "Lem," says he, rollin' up a fresh cigarette, "did you ever hear that 'All's fair in love'? Well," goes on Jim, "it's been wrote, and in a book, and it means just this; folks in love bein' wholly unfitted to distinguish between right and wrong anyhow, why, it's foolish wearin' yourself all out tellin' 'em the truth if somethin' else gets results quicker. There you are," says he, "and what's the good of books if they don't help you over the high places?"

"Good enough," says Lem. "We'll go the limit, then, and tell her he kills some one once. There'll be your hero, with thrills throwed in, and you bet thrills count."

But Jim says that won't do. "Folks that kills other folks is villains, and hearin' about 'em gives you the wrong kind of thrills," says he. "A hero's a feller that does things 't gives you wholly different thrills'n that; and what's more, the things they does is harder to do. Killin' people," says Jim, "while difficult at times, is not only villainous, but easy, compared to savin' 'em, for instance. Now that's my idea," he says, "savin' some one from somethin', like she saves my kid from bein' licked, only, make it savin' 'em from somethin' they don't deserve."

So it's finally decided that's just what we'll do, and as Jim says it looks better if only one of us appears in it, we draws cuts to find out who does the work, and doggoned if I don't draw that short stick myself! I does, for a fact! And that after layin' low all the time and not sayin' a thing. But that ain't the worst. After talkin' it over a while it's decided so long as I does the tellin' it's no more'n fair to let me arrange it.

"Make all arrangements to suit yourself," says Jim, "only make it hard to do, and put in your best licks for Webster."

Well, sir, I'm scared, and I'm more scared later when I does it, account I'm so backward thinkin' of things to say when I'm talkin' to folks. Sometimes when I'm by myself I thinks up the dandiest things to say you ever

hears, and then when I goes to get 'em off to some one, why doggone it all, my mind goes to workin' like a churn-splasher, and I smears things all up. They's only one way of gettin' round it, and that's to keep your eyes shut when you're talkin', specially if it's to girls, and then when they looks at you the funny way they does sometimes, why, you don't see 'em of course, and it makes it a heap easier.

Well, anyway, they gets the boss to give me a day off to think up the business, and early in the mornin' I saddles up and rides off to the lava rocks down by the river, account I thinks maybe it helps some to be where it's lonesome when I'm thinkin'. But honest, this time I can't think of nothin'. All I does is wish one of the other fellers is me. I gives up finally, disgusted, and I'm ridin' back out, when I happens to see a lot of bear tracks round the spring where one comes down in the night for water, and I gets a inspiration.

"It's Providence does it," says I. "I makes it a bear who's killin' some one and Webster saves 'em."

So I stays there a while longer and thinks it up. It's great work, mental, I assures you, makin' up a hero. Sort of gets all in through you when you get it goin' good, till you more'n half believes in it yourself. You does, for a fact. Well, in the course of a hour or so I thinks up a very creditable performance, all except the wind-up. I figgers two hard ways, both bein' so good I can't decide which one is the best. So finally I allows I'll keep 'em both in mind and use whichever presses hardest at the time—which is fatal.

"What is it?" says the fellers, crowdin' round as I rides up later.

"It's a bear," says I, and don't get further, for just then Miss Morgan rides up goin' for the mail.

"Where is it?" says she, stoppin'. "Where's the bear?" says she again, eager, when nobody don't answer.

I can't think of anything to say for a minute, and all the fellers is lookin' sort of sheepishlike, and there she sits on her pony, lookin' from one to the

other of us suspiciouslike 'cause we don't answer.

"What about the bear?" says she to Lem, personal.

"Pinto seen one last fall up in the Beaver Dams," says Lem, sort of hang-doggy. They call me Pinto account this little tassel of white hair of mine, the rest of it bein' black.

"Oh!" says Miss Morgan, and keeps on a-sittin' there, quiet, lookin' us over. "How very int'rustin'!" she says finally, sarcastic. "I'm goin' for the mail." And off she puts, us fellers drawin' long breaths and mighty glad she didn't catch on to anything, you bet.

Well, we holds a powwow, and decides I tell her after supper that night, account then her paw always plays crib with the boss a spell. So I starts over to the doby they're stayin' in about seven o'clock, Jim holdin' Webster from gettin' onto things by showin' him how he makes a horsehair bridle. I steps up to the door, brisk, and knocks.

"Why, it's Mr. Turner!" says she, openin' the door. "Father ain't hurt, is he?" says she, scaredlike.

"No'm," says I. "He's all right; I just thought I'd drop round and see how you are a while."

"Oh!" says she, relievedlike. "I thought by your face something's happened maybe. Come in," she says, cordial.

"How're you to-night, Miss Morgan?" I says, takin' a chair.

"Why, I'm pretty well," says she, sittin' down in another. "I hope you're well, Mr. Turner," she says, smilin' pleasant.

"Yes'm, I'm well, thank you," says I, crossin' one leg over the other and settlin' down for business.

"Chilly night," I says, after a while.

"Is it?" says she, surprisedlike. "I thought 'twas rather warm this evenin'!"

"So 'tis," says I, tryin' to be easy-like. "So 'tis, ma'am; I means warm. It'll be chilly here in the mountains later, though," I says.

"I fancy," says she, smilin'.

"Snows pretty deep here in the winter-time," says I.

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"I fancy," says she, smilin' some more.

"Ever see a old grizzly when she's just come out before the snow's all gone?" says I.

"Why, no," says she, "I can't say's I have. Are they any different then, Mr. Turner?"

"Yes'm," says I, "a heap. They're hungry and savage, awful."

"My!" says she. "I shouldn't care to meet one, I'm sure."

"I did last spring," says I, drivin' straight for it. "Me and Mr. Webster met one."

"You don't say!" she says, eyin' me sharplike till I can't look at her.

Then without another word she turns and begins showin' me pictures in a big book she's just got from home. I looks at a few of 'em so's not to be impolite, and then I cuts in again.

"How'd you like to hear about me and Mr. Webster that time?" says I.

She don't say anything for a minute, just sits there sort of studyin'. "I was wonderin'," says she directly, "if it was the same bear Mr. Rogers said you saw up in the Beaver Dams last fall. Was it?" says she.

"Oh, no'm," says I, hasty, "not at all. It's that time Mr. Webster'n me's up in Adler Cañon above the Beaver Dams. We're out huntin' at the time, and been trackin' a big grizzly through the snow all day. She's a monster by her tracks. They're that big," says I, holdin' my hands about a foot apart.

"Mercy!" says she, int'rested to once.

"Yes'm," I goes on, shuttin' up my eyes tight, 'cause she's lookin' at me hard. "We've follered her all day long, and just as it's gettin' twilight we follers them tracks into a blind cañon, and, as they's no tracks leadin' back out, we knows we has that grizzly trapped. That is, we figgers we has her trapped; but Lord A'mighty, miss, we ain't no more'n passed through that openin' leadin' in, when whoof! the biggest grizzly I ever sees rises right up behind us, gaunt and awful, and there she has us trapped."

"Mercy!" says she. "And then?"

"It's a awful minute, ma'am," says

I. "For she's comin' like the day of judgment in a camp-meetin'. Before we ever has a chance to shoot she's atop of us, ragin', and growlin', and carryin' on dreadful. They's no room now for usin' guns, so we fights manful with our knives, she drivin' us back toward that rocky wall, ma'am, where we can't get no further back. I gets in a lucky stroke with my knife, and she gives way. We pursues her, valiant, and just as it looks like we wins after all, whack! she catches Webster a lick with her awful paw, and away he goes a-spinnin', away and away and away, turnin' round and round and round, sick'nin'like, till finally he topples over in a twisty heap, all arms and legs and head."

"A-w-f-u-l!" says Miss Morgan, shudderin'.

"Yes'm," says I, "for there I be, alone now, facin' that livin' hurricane. She sees things has turned her way, and she's all over me to once, like a cloudburst. Back, back I goes, battlin' desp'rit' with her every step, and gettin' weaker every minute from losin' blood. My knees is givin' way, and my arms is like wood. My eyes is gettin' dim till I hardly sees them drippin' jaws as they're gettin' closer and closer. I raises my arms to hold her off as she's raisin' up for one mighty stroke to end it all, and just as I'm feelin' her hot breath on my face, my light's out, and I faints dead away."

"Go on," says Miss Morgan, as I pauses, wore out.

"Go on!" thinks I to myself. "Go on!" And then it comes over me like a flash what I'm there for. Don't you know I gets so int'rested in that fight of mine I clean forgets about Webster? I does, for a fact!

"And then, Miss Morgan," I says, impressive as I can, "and then, when I opens them eyes of mine again, I sees Webster standin' there, white but calm, his face grim, a-wipin' his knife on his pants. Yes, ma'am, and I feels yet the relief that comes over me then when I recognizes it's Webster and not the bear."

"It must have been a great relief,"

says she, thoughtful. "But I fancied Mr. Webster's already been killed by the bear."

"Oh, no'm," says I. "I thinks so, too, at the time. But it seems he's only hurt dreadful, and just before I faints he's come to, and seein' my awful plight, bad off as he is, he crawls painful along on his hands and knees up to that bear, and hamstrings her; then, as she starts cripplin' down, he raises himself, all totterin', and in one motion falls forward again and plunges his knife plump through that bear's heart."

I opens my eyes and pauses for her to say somethin', but she don't. Instead of that she's got her ear cocked toward the winder, a-listenin'.

"What's that?" says she.

"It's nothin' but the wind, ma'am," says I, scufflin' my feet. "It's the wind!" says I again, loud, so she don't hear it no more.

But I'm rattled, for it ain't the wind, no more'n I be. I figgered right away it's them fool fellers crawlin' up to the winder, listenin' to what's goin' on, and they ain't got the sense to keep quiet.

"What was you a-sayin', ma'am?" says I, scufflin' my feet some more.

"Oh!" says she, turnin' round all smiles. "You was tellin' how Mr. Webster does somethin' to the bear."

"Yes'm," says I, keepin' my eye on her. I dassent shut 'em now for fear hers wanders to that winder again. "Mr. Webster sees I'm faintin', and strugglin' up on one elbow he takes a snapshot with his six-shooter and catches that bear with a bullet right in the left eye. At that she half turns toward him, he tells me afterward, and bang! he catches her again, in the right eye this time, and she comes topplin' over plumb atop of me, dead as a door-nail, but my life's saved."

As I stops I hears a sort of a snort outside. Miss Morgan don't hear it, though, for she keeps lookin' straight at me, quizzical.

"My!" says she. "And did that little tuft of hair turn white while you were so frightened? They's most always somethin' like that happens, you know," says she.

"Yes'm," says I, glad her attention is drawed to me. "It's right over the spot in my brain where a feller gets scared at, I reckon, account the rest's still black."

"I fancy," says she. "Go on."

"That's all," says I, "except Mr. Webster's a mighty fine feller for doin' what he done."

"Yes?" says she.

"Yes, he is," says I. "He's a sure-enough hero. Savin' people's lives that's bein' killed by grizzly bears is mighty hard to do," I says.

"I fancy," says she, and doggoned if she ain't laughin'. It makes me mad.

"Ain't he a hero?" I demands, passionit.

"I fancy he must be two of 'em from what you tells me," says she, laughin' right out loud; and with that they's another snort outside.

"Then why don't you have him, anyway?" says I, grittin' my teeth and makin' up my mind I'll see it through now if I busts, and I'm lookin' straight at her, throwin' caution to the winds.

"Meanin' what, Mr. Turner?" says she.

"Meanin'?" says I, slow and deliberate. "Meanin' this, ma'am," I says, gettin' up out of my chair abrupt. "Why don't you marry him then?"

Say, for a minute I don't know whether she's goin' to order me out the house, or beat me with the tongs she's foolin' with, for her eyes flashes ominous, and her face gets that dull red you sees sometimes.

"I think, Mr. Turner," says she, coldlike, "you presumes to carry your joke a little too far. May I inquire who sent you here to ask that question?" she says.

Say, I'm scared foolish. "Nobody," I says, hurried, thinkin' maybe she figgers Webster's in it. "Nobody says a word to us. We just wanted to help you-all out."

"We?" she repeats.

"Us fellers," says I, wishin' I was somewhere else now it's too late.

"I see," says she, noddin'. "Well," she says, "will you please inform the

rest of 'us fellers' that I appreciates your efforts, and that I'm not thinkin' of marryin' any one at present. Though I must say," says she, "they've sent a very convincing Cupid."

Well, of course, I dassent say any more after that, for the fat's in the fire sure enough. I'm bucked off, so to speak, and feelin' like I've been made a fool of; sort of like when I'm a kid in school and gets took up by the teacher and licked before everybody, for of course I figgers them fellers outside hears the whole thing. I stands there studyin' my feet and tryin' to think of somethin' to do, but I can't, and the first I knows I hears a little gasp. I looks up quick, and, gentlemen, hush! There's Miss Morgan with her face as white as wool, starin' big-eyed straight at the winder, and doggoned if there ain't a bear a-lookin' into that room! You talk about creatin' a diversion! If there's ever a diversion in this world, it's that bear.

Well, sir, don't you know that for just a minute I'm scared? I am, for a fact, and then it comes over me it's that fool Lem dressed up in Jim's bear-skin, tryin' to be funny account the way things has turned out, and I starts toward the door, mad as the dickens.

"Don't leave me here alone," gasps out Miss Morgan.

"Shucks!" says I. "Who's afraid of bears? Gimme a side-pardner like Webster and we rids the country of 'em."

"But you're not armed," says she, excited, as I keeps on toward the door.

"I'm born with all the arms I needs for such bears, ma'am," says I. "If you excuses me for a minute I'll bring it in to you."

And out I goes, with her a-squealin' after me about bein' killed. I sneaks round the doby and there's Mrs. Bear just raisin' up to the winder again.

"Lem!" says I. "I got you!" And with one hand I grabs for the scruff of his neck and the other for that short bear-tail. What's more, I connects with them regions successful.

But, gentlemen, hush! It wasn't them fellers out there, after all! That's a

sure-enough bear I'm a-hold of! Sure as you're a foot high! It's true we learns later it's Mike Sandry's pet bear cub that's wandered down from Lava, but at the time I only realizes it's a all right bear, and when I sings out "I got you," and lays hands on him, that bear lets out the most astonished whoof 't ever comes out of a bear's throat, and droppin' down on all fours starts frantic round the doby, scared to death.

"Whoof! Whoof!" she snorts, chargin' forward on a lope, too scared to turn round and make me let go her tail, and I'm too surprised to let go by myself. "Whoof! Whoof!" And circlin' around she makes straight for the open door of that doby. Yes, sir, straight for that door, and I quits bein' surprised and gets scared for Miss Morgan. Frantic I tugs at that tail, but they ain't no stop to her. She goes whoofin' toward that door like a cyclone, with me a-danglin' along behind like I'm a tin can. I reckon if it's daylight it's the most ridiculous sight you ever sees.

"Whoof!" she snorts, and she's through the door like a prodigal gettin' home, straight across the room, and bang! she butts her head plumb into the fireplace.

I looks round quick and Miss Morgan's atop of the cubbard, her eyes as big as a horse's.

"Take him out!" she hollers. "Take him out!"

But the bear don't pay the least attention to her. She just draws back, and with another whoof starts gallopin' round the room, half blinded by the smoke and ashes. I dassent let go now, for they's no tellin' what she does once she's rid of me and gets time to collect them thoughts of hers. Besides, I'm safer where I be, let alone keepin' her attention from Miss Morgan.

Round and round we goes, knockin' over chairs and tables, and makin' the awfulest noise since Larkin's twins has the measles. I'm most wore out. Bein' a drag to a scared bear is engrossin' work for a time, but the exhilaration of it wears off as your knees begin to scrape through on the floor and the

slivers go in. I'm feelin' like I just can't last more'n another round of such carryin's on, not even for Miss Morgan's sake, when I hears a shout.

The bear hesitates for just about two seconds, and I sees Webster standin' in the door a-puffin', and hears the fellers comin' a-hollerin'. Another diversion, thinks I to myself; the night's full of 'em.

"Here's your chance!" I shrieks out to Webster. "Make good!"

Well, sir, in lookin' at Webster I reckon the bear sees the door for the first time since we came in, for she gives a whoof and charges. Webster's half turned, pickin' up a chair-leg a-lyin' on the floor. He's stooped over, you understand—which is mighty careless of him—and bless your life, he don't have a chance; we goes over that hero like he's a rug, out the door, and away we sails, takin' the first handy trail north.

I lasts for about two rods, I reckon, though I never does figger out what for; then I snags against a sage-bush, they's a sound like claws scratchin' on rocks, and with one last snort little Mrs. Bear turns me loose and gallops on into the night by herself.

Well! There I be, sore, wore out, and disgusted. I've not only failed to deliver the goods, but I've queered myself with Miss Morgan and flattened out Webster. It don't look like things could have turned out worse, does it? And as I limps painful back to the doby to see what harm's done, I figgers the only thing left for me is to draw my wages early in the mornin' and light out.

But I don't, and I'll tell you whv.

It's this way. When I gets up to the door there's Webster standin' up—he ain't hurt a mite—listenin' to Miss Morgan who's talkin' away excitedlike, and there's Jim and Lem starin' round at that wrecked room with eyes you knocks off with sticks, easy. Then, as they sees me standin' in the door, Miss Morgan she begins to laugh, and Webster he grins, and Jim and Lem they start laughin' like the dickens. It's aw-

ful personal, and I'm so doggoned sore and beat up it makes me mad again. No one likes to be laughed at, especially if he's done somethin' to be laughed at for. *That's* when laughin's dangerous. So I sort of flares up, as I says, and tries to think of the worst thing I can do to 'em.

Then in a flash I makes up my mind and sails ahead. It's a last chance, and maybe I kills two birds with one stone.

"Mr. Webster," says I, shuttin' my eyes up tight so I talks freely, "maybe you all think it's funny 'bein' drug around by a bear who's goin' forty miles an hour, includin' stops. Maybe you fancies I does it for my own personal and private gain, account I enjoys travelin' at them high rates of speed behind such forces. If so, I undeeceives you. It's a incident in a effort to make a hero out of *you!* Maybe I fails because I ain't finished enough at the work; maybe it's account the material don't grade high enough. I'm free to say I leans toward the idea it's in the material. However, you easy proves which is right, and you proves it *now*. If they's any such strain in your breedin' get busy and patch up that foolish quarrel of your'n and Miss Morgan's, and do it right here! If that's hard, think of what I done."

Well, sir, they ain't laughin' a mite when I'm through and opens up them eyes of mine. It's still as Sunday. Then Jim coughs, and Miss Morgan sort of gasps.

"You ridiculous man!" says she in a minute, her color comin' up considerable. "How dare you?"

But Webster laughs again. "It is pretty ridiculous, ain't it?" says he, sort of grim, lookin' round at that room. "And yet," says he, turnin' to Miss Morgan with his eyes a-shinin', "I don't know but 'twould be more so not to take Mr. Turner's advice. Won't you play with me again, please?"

And first you know they're both laughin' and shakin' hands, and we're all laughin', and I—well, I guess that's all they is to tell, except that we finally decides on silver spoons.

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BAD MANNERS

By Morgan Robertson



It is said at the start that I always liked Manners, and none of the strictures upon him and his conduct that appears in this story is mine. As a simple old fellow with a keen sense of the intricate in life's comedy, I have made it a rule for years never to contradict, or disagree, or overrule any one, because of the shortness of the life that is left me and my abiding desire for peace, and because, should I do so, I might lose the only pleasure I have—that of laughing at the foibles and the follies of my younger fellow men and women. And so it came about that I was the recipient of every opinion, prejudice, and criticism aroused by Manners, from every occupant of that exclusive summer hotel.

He was a tall, big-shouldered individual, not very talkative, none too cultured—in summer-hotel etiquette—with a pleasant, inscrutable, mind-your-own-business expression to his face, a pair of steel-gray eyes that seemed to pierce you as you talked to him, and a hand that was big, powerful, and scarred, with bent fingers that he could not straighten, and which were as square as fence-pickets and as big at the ends as at the middle.

A graduate working man, surely, and utterly out of place in that hotel. So said Old Lady Summers, and I agreed with her.

He dressed well; but, for that matter, any one with money can dress well; and, as regards choice and taste in neckwear and jewelry, this can be supplied by any haberdasher's salesman. So his appearance was no real index of his worth. It was something else—something intangible, indefinable, indicating either in its presence or in its absence, that Manners was not a gentleman.

Most of the men smoked cigarettes, as gentlemen should, but Manners smoked a pipe, and, though careful not to blow smoke among the ladies, he was yet an insult to his artistic surroundings, and his habit of walking up and down the veranda like a caged bear, his boot-heels coming down hard on the boarding, with that execrable pipe in his teeth, was specially irritating to the nerves of all. The landlord was appealed to, but in vain; he evidently liked Manners.

By this time Manners was being talked about and—I think it was young Badger's wit that supplied the prefix—we called him Bad Manners; always, however, in the third person. I do not think that any of us, old or young, male or female, could stand before him in the spirit of criticism. But, labeled now, his other shortcomings, real and imagined, were called under review, and poor Manners must have wondered why his ears burned so steadily.

There were two other young persons among us who have a vital place in this story—Miss Ellsworth and Mr. Haw-

ley. Miss Ellsworth was a tall young woman, almost as tall as Manners, with a Greek profile, a figure that was a symphony in curves, and a personality so winning, so charming, so utterly natural and unaffected, as to even impress an old fellow like me. I had even volunteered to run an errand for her, and was pleased with her acquiescence. She was a kindergarten teacher, penniless beyond her salary; and only the kindness of wealthy relatives permitted her to enjoy her vacation among exclusive Us.

Mr. Hawley was a person of importance. He had money, and an educated talent in spending it. He had an automobile, a steam-yacht, a sailing schooner yacht, a house in town and several around at the world's garden spots; and he had a fair allowance of brains, for he knew that Miss Ellsworth was a treasure worth more than his possessions, and he went systematically at the task of adding her to them. He sent for his automobile, and they took long rides; he would have brought on his steam-yacht but that there was no dock or anchorage in the vicinity with water enough for her, and so he sent for his sailing yacht, meanwhile keeping Miss Ellsworth supplied with flowers and candy enough for all the women in our party—for Miss Ellsworth was generous.

All of the younger men had paid more or less attention to this splendid girl, but now they gave way to the superior campaigning of Hawley. So we were all of us very much surprised to see poor Bad Manners enter the lists.

He gave her no flowers or candy, nor did he ask her out riding or sailing; he simply displayed a strong desire to be near her, and would join any group that contained her, and remain until it broke up. This form of compliment seemed to amuse her at first, but it finally grew embarrassing, and she would be the first to leave the party. Then Manners became the second to leave, following her until brought up by some obstacle, happening or convention that he could not ignore. He was like a huge, bashful boy, trying to

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arouse his courage; and he finally succeeded. It was at a time when I was within hearing, standing just inside the parlor window, when he and Miss Ellsworth met on the veranda without. And Old Lady Summers stood at the other window.

"Good evening, Miss Ellsworth," he said, taking his pipe from his mouth. His voice was somewhat choked.

"Good evening, Mr. Manners," she responded sweetly.

"Miss Ellsworth," he continued, "I know I'm a rough man, not of your kind; but I love you. Will you marry me?"

She started back, in some trepidation; for he had extended his arms.

"Why, Mr. Manners!" she exclaimed. "Why—no—no—certainly not."

He bowed his head, put his pipe in his pocket, and turned away. Miss Ellsworth looked after him a moment, then turned and looked at me; then Old Lady Summers stepped out on the veranda.

"I think you are an inquisitive old lady," said Miss Ellsworth, as she went down the steps to the lawn.

I wondered if she meant me or Old Lady Summers.

However, it was Old Lady Summers that retailed the news to the rest; and everybody watched him carefully, to see how it affected him. He smoked a little harder for a while, and kept more to himself; then he seemed to throw it off and become reconciled. He joined our little groups as before, and tried to be friendly. But Miss Ellsworth, while saying nothing, displayed a marked distaste for his society, and would gracefully leave a group before he arrived.

Hawley was too well bred to make any comment whatever, and with Manners out of the way, he could afford to be friendly. He warmed to him, and they talked about his yacht, Hawley explaining nautical matters in general, and Manners expressing a keen interest in them and a genuine admiration for Hawley's erudition; for there was no doubt whatever that Hawley, a member of the three largest clubs,

and an ex-commodore of one, was an authority in yachting circles. He knew by sight the private signal of every member of the three clubs, and was a past-master in cruising and racing etiquette.

But all this was in painful contrast with Manners' ignorance. He did not like the sea, he said. He always got seasick, and it was unpleasant to be away from land. Still, he liked to talk about ships and the sea, when he found a man able to inform him.

But his questions and comments were distressingly foolish, and here is a sample of one of their talks, which even Miss Ellsworth was compelled to listen to, being wedged in with no chance of escape by the chairs of Old Lady Summers and Mrs. Blair.

"Always thought," ventured Manners, in answer to a half rhapsody from Hawley on the joys of a life on the ocean wave, "that I might have made a good sailor if it wasn't for the seasickness, and if I could only get to like it. When I was a boy I had my heart set upon it."

"Why didn't you go?" said Hawley. "I tell you there's nothing like the sea for clearing away the cobwebs on your mind. A ten-mile sail out where the wind blows is better than a month's vacation. And a sailor, who spends his life at sea, is bigger, broader, and stronger than other men just for this very reason. The salt winds blow through him, disinfecting his brain, and toughening his body."

"Yes, I can imagine they do," commented Manners dryly; "and it's all right, I suppose, if he has good warm clothes on, and the boat don't rock enough to make him seasick."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed Hawley. "Seasick! Why, that never lasts long. You just wait till the yacht comes. We'll go out in a gale, and with two reefs in the fore and three in the main, and nothing forward but the jib with the bonnet off, we'll pound into a head sea, and I'll warrant that before the wind dies down you'll get over your seasickness."

"Do you think so?" queried Man-

ners. "I should like to. But what is a reef, and what is the fore, and the main? I only know one kind of bonnet—that contraption there on Mrs. Blair's head."

Mrs. Blair sniffed. It was unmistakably rude.

"The bonnet on the jib," said Hawley good-humoredly, "is the lowest part of it, which is secured to the upper by a lacing. It is a quick way to reef; just cast off your lacing, lower away the halliards, haul down your tack, and hook up your sheet."

"Tack and sheet—halliards—fore and main," said Manners. "It's all Greek. What does fore and main mean?"

"The foremast and the mainmast—as a generic appellation referring to the sails, ropes, and fittings of these two masts."

"And the poles that stick up are masts, are they not?" asked Manners.

"Yes."

"And the sheets—they must be the sails?"

"Not at all. That is a very common mistake of landsmen. A sheet is a rope, often in the form of a tackle—that is, a rope rove through blocks—which hauls down the after, or lee clew of a sail. The tack is its opposite; it hauls down or confines the forward clew."

Manners looked hopelessly tangled. "And the clew?" he asked.

"The lower corner of a sail."

"And a reef? You didn't explain that."

"A reef is a tuck," said Hawley. "We lower away the halliards, and gather in the lower part of a sail by knotting reef-points."

"Reef-points, halliards, sheets, clews, tacks, tucks. Oh, Lord," exclaimed Manners weariedly, "I'll never get it. You'll have to be patient with me, Mr. Hawley. I'm anxious to learn of these things, and I really am interested in the sea, but—the seasickness."

"I'll take that out of you," said Hawley kindly. "Just wait."

An express wagon from the village had come up, and the driver approached,

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inquiring for Mr. Manners. Manners left us to receive a parcel of his favorite brand of tobacco, and the way was clear for comment and criticism.

"It is perfectly disgusting, Mr. Hawley," said Mrs. Blair, "the way you encourage that impossible man. Who is he? What is he? He seems ignorant of the ordinary conventionalities of life. Did you notice his reference to my bonnet—a contraption, he called it."

"Oh, well, never mind that," said Hawley in a conciliatory tone. "Of course, the poor fellow is commonplace, and limited by his lack of opportunities. But I rather like him. He seems anxious to improve; and that is a good point in any one."

"But he is a cad," vociferated Old Lady Summers. "Why, what do you think he did this morning? My little Fifi, who loves everybody, and who, as you know, is the dearest little creature in the world—a pure-blooded and registered Pomeranian—why, Fifi ran up to him this morning, as he sat in a chair smoking that pipe, looking for sympathy and kindness, and all he said was: 'Beat it, you mutt.'"

"Well," said Hawley, with a laugh, "perhaps he don't like dogs."

"He don't like anything that is good and lovable and decent," said Old Lady Summers.

"And what do you think," said young Smith, a cigarette fiend. "I offered him my box of cigarettes this morning, and he thankfully accepted one, saying he was out of tobacco. But he pulled out his old pipe, stripped the paper off the cigarette that I gave him, and crammed the tobacco into his pipe. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, it is no use thinking," said Old Lady Summers. "He is utterly impossible, and I vote we taboo him."

And so, Manners was taboo, from this on—only, I thought I distinguished a slight glint of resentment in Miss Ellsworth's eyes as, when the barricade was removed, she left us to dress for dinner. Old Lady Summers, Mrs. Blair, and young Smith dropped his acquaintance at once; Hawley

agreed to the boycott for a few days, but, finding no one but Manners, who was willing or able to draw him out, and possessed by a large and healthy desire to display his acquirements before some one, proved false to us; he walked the veranda with Manners, answering his foolish questions and tutoring him in the ways of the sea and of ships—all this before us all, who had no interest whatever in such matters, and as little now in Manners.

However, little by little, the taboo spread, until hardly a soul in the party would notice him except Hawley and myself; Hawley from his superior-minded, lofty and generous magnanimity toward a defeated rival who humbly acknowledged his inferiority, I from my desire for peace. I agreed with the taboo for the sake of peace; I agreed with Manners in his resentment of it for the same reason; and when he came to me, with a puzzled, doubtful expression of face, and asked me what ailed "the bunch" I could only say that nothing ailed it—that as far as I knew everything and everybody was all right. But I am an old man, through with life's battle, only anxious for peace, and a chance to laugh once in a while.

As for Miss Ellsworth, she now seemed to expand under the devotion of Hawley; a softer light came to her eyes as the days went on, and an added glow to her cheek, while her whole sweet personality emanated happiness and content—all this, however, in the absence of Manners. At sight of him she would stiffen, and grow embarrassed at once. In spite of that resentful glint I had seen in her eyes I could not but admit that Manners had mortally offended her. As for him, he would look at her on these occasions as a tied dog looks at his departing master. It was all so pitiful, and useless; I was sorry for him.

The yacht came in time, and anchored within view of the veranda. She was a shiny black schooner of two hundred tons, with clean yellow spars and the whitest of sails, carrying, besides the sailing-master, a mate and twenty men. Hawley had provisioned her for

a cruise, and immediately extended invitations to all of us to spend a week on board, sailing up the coast and back. The invitation included Manners.

It took Manners a long time to rouse up his courage. His deadly fear of seasickness was strong upon him, he explained; and while he was mentally debating the matter, the taboo rose to full pressure, and the trip was excitedly discussed, in Hawley's absence and at last in his presence.

All the ladies were unanimous—although Miss Ellsworth gave only silent acquiescence—that they could not enjoy the trip if that man Manners came along, and the gentlemen tactfully informed Hawley that Manners could be tolerated on land, where there was a chance to walk away from him; but at sea, confined by the port and starboard rails, existence with him would be unendurable. To which Hawley, to his credit, responded hotly that if they did not care to come they could stay.

Hawley's stand produced its effect. We all accepted his dictum, reconciled that there is no pleasure unmixed with pain, and we packed our grips with the necessities of the trip, satisfied that we must put up with Bad Manners and his frailties.

At this time I was wholly in accord with Hawley; I was sympathetic, sorry for Manners, and imbued by a desire to help the poor fellow to improve, not only in etiquette but in ethics. I yearned for the courage to take him by the hand and advise him that it was utterly hopeless for a man of his inferiority to aspire to the level of Miss Ellsworth. But it was Manners himself who knocked me off my altruistic pedestal, and reduced me to what I naturally am—a cold-blooded old cynic, laughing at his fellow man.

It was on the evening before we sailed. Hawley, Manners and myself had inspected the beautiful yacht through the telescope that stood on the veranda, and Manners had asked a few more foolish questions. But he suddenly changed the burden of them; he asked of the yacht's value in dollars,

and then asked Hawley if he could not give him a rate in the Consolidated Deep Water Insurance Company.

It was disgusting; to spring a business proposition on a man bent upon pleasure, entertainment, and the joys of existence. Old Lady Summers was listening in the parlor, and Hawley's reply was such as to bring gladness to her soul. At last we knew what Manners did for a living. He was an insurance solicitor. Hawley answered, politely and constrainedly, that the yacht was already insured by that company for forty thousand dollars, and Manners looked foolish, tired and embarrassed, and, with an air of defeat, left us, just as Miss Ellsworth arrived.

So, we knew, all of us, that the object of Manners' interest in nautical matters was simply a desire to secure a commission. But what a disillusioning! Manners had lost my sympathy, and I mentally washed my hands of him.

We went aboard on the following morning. Miss Ellsworth was of the party, also young Smith, Old Lady Summers, Mrs. Blair, and others, all of us united in our disapproval of Manners. Manners came with us, his pipe in his pocket, smelling dreadfully. He wandered around the clean white deck, looking at this and that, spinning the wheel, examining the patent windlass, and looking aloft at the clean yellow spars and top-hamper.

Then, in my presence, he asked Hawley if he would sell the yacht for the insurance value, forty thousand dollars. Hawley declined with a conciliatory smile, and the proposition, when reported to the ladies, amused them exceedingly.

Then we got under way, and, with the first plunge of the yacht into the sea, Manners sought the lee scuppers amidships, and remained there, an object of pity and derision to the rest. Only the sailing-master was kind to him, bringing him a cot on which he could lie, and ministering to his comfort to the extent of his power—which was not much. He was an employee of Hawley, hired to handle the yacht,

answer questions of the guests, and be civil and obliging.

As Hawley had predicted, it was a delightful experience, the yacht plumping into the combers, shattering them to spray, rising and falling to the lift and the heave of the sea, while the brisk salt wind blew upon us, clearing our minds, banishing from us all perplexing thought of business, money, and the cares and burdens of life—and of poor, unfortunate Manners, still in love with Miss Ellsworth, and seasick in the scuppers.

But Miss Ellsworth, too, was seasick; not so badly as was Manners, just enough to necessitate her lying down on the companion seat for a time, while Hawley showed her all the attention and devotion of an ardent lover, sending his steward for pillows, rugs, and coffee. She recovered soon, and sat up.

"Are you better now?" asked Hawley sympathetically.

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a grateful smile. "It has passed away; but is it not the worst sensation? I have never experienced anything like it in my life."

"Exactly as a boy feels after his first smoke," said Hawley. "Let me get you some more coffee."

He went below after his steward, and Miss Ellsworth glanced toward Manners, big and quiet on his cot. The smile left her face and she arose.

"Is no one doing anything for him?" she asked. She resolutely stepped along the reeling deck toward him, and I followed; for she might need assistance, walking was so difficult.

"Is there anything I can do, Mr. Manners?" she asked kindly, as she leaned over him.

"No, thank you," he answered feebly. "It has to wear off."

She stood erect and turned, looking me full in the eyes. There was a defiant, yet embarrassed, look in her face, and a heightened color in her cheek.

"Let me assist you back, Miss Ellsworth," I said. "I will get him some coffee."

She declined my arm, and unaided, returned to her seat. Again I won-

dered if she had meant me, and not Old Lady Summers. But I secured Manners his coffee.

We slept that night peacefully, serenely, and well satisfied with ourselves. Manners showed up at breakfast, bleary-eyed and weak, and all he wanted was a cup of coffee. He even asked for two; but that marked the extent of his energies that day. He ate nothing, and lolled around the deck, pale and dejected, such a wet blanket on our spirits that even Hawley admitted that it was a mistake to invite him.

But the wind came briskly off the land, beating down the sea, and that night died down altogether; so that we began the third day with a dead calm, and by noon Manners was himself again. He ate a hearty dinner, and stamped up and down, smoking his pipe, looking daggers at those of us who had laughed at him, and occasionally at Miss Ellsworth with that pitiful, doglike expression in his eyes.

But there was another man among us who walked the deck that day, fully as unhappy and wretched as was Manners. And there was a young woman who remained most of the morning in her stateroom, and only appeared at dinner when Hawley had finished and excused himself. I knew why, for I had inadvertently blundered upon them the evening before as they stood in the shadow of the mainmast. And in that moment of time, before I could take myself out of hearing, while I only distinguished the pleading accents of his voice, I distinctly heard Miss Ellsworth say: "No, no, it is useless."

And so Hawley was rejected. And, as though there was a fellow feeling established, he joined Manners in his walk for a short time—that is, until Manners left him to lean moodily against the mainmast and stare at a peculiar appearance of the sky over the land.

The sailing-master drew near, and said, either to him, or to Hawley, who was passing in his restless walk.

"Looks like a white squall, sir. Doesn't it?"

But it was Hawley who answered,

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irritably: "If you think it's a white squall, captain, prepare for it."

"Yes, sir," answered the captain, studying the portent for a moment longer. Then, funneling his hands, he roared forward: "All hands!"

It is unusual for yacht captains to make so much noise; as Hawley had often explained, it was not good form, and annoyed the guests. But this man was in earnest, and no sooner had his men responded to his call than he let go the main gaff topsail sheet, close to his hand at the fife rail. The men flocked to stations, and the mate hurried aft to the captain's side for orders.

And now a strange thing happened. The captain still held the sheet in his hand, and stood with one foot on the coil as he had dropped it to the deck. Before he could loosen his grip on the rope he was jerked upward; then as he slipped down his feet were caught by the up-running spiral of rope, he was turned over in air, and he crashed down head first onto the shoulders of the mate, their two skulls coming into contact with a violence that sounded over the screaming of the wind. Both fell to the deck unconscious, and a few of the men ran to their assistance.

It was a vicious, rainless fury of wind that had seemed to come down from above, ruffling the smooth sea on all sides of us at once, and then assuming a lateral direction from squarely abeam. The sheets were hauled aft, and the yacht began to heel, while the gaff topsail above flapped and thrashed like a huge flag. Hawley clung to the mainmast, screaming women and frightened men clung to deck fittings, and Manners gained the weather rail, and looked around.

"Hard up your wheel!" he roared to the helmsman, who answered and obeyed. "Go aft, a couple of you, and slack off that main sheet." Two men ran to obey this order. "Clew up fore and main gaff topsails, and haul down the jib topsail and flying jib," he continued, and these other sails also flapped and thrashed in the wind.

Still the yacht heeled, farther and farther.

"Your officers are injured," he called to Hawley, white-faced and limp at the mainmast. "Have you any suggestions to offer?"

Hawley weakly shook his head.

"Then," said Manners, "I assume charge of this yacht in the name of the company that I represent. Drag them up to the weather rail and make 'em fast," he called to the men near the two officers. And then, in a thundering roar: "What's the matter with that main sheet?"

"Jammed on the capstan, sir," answered the men who had gone aft. "Can't get it clear."

Manners slid down to the fore-sheet capstan and found the same conditions; the light booms were high in air, and the sheets nearly perpendicular. It was a supreme moment. With no steerage-way the yacht would not pay off, and the water was creeping higher and higher up the slanting deck and pouring into the open deadlights in a manner that threatened to sink her.

Manners secured an ax from its place on a skylight, and crept back to the weather main rigging, where he mounted the rail.

"Stand clear!" he shouted. "Get away from the mainmast, Hawley!"

But Hawley hung on, staring stupidly around him. Down came the ax on the after lanyard, and the backstay sprang into the air like a whip-lash, while the topmast, released from support, sagged like a bow. Again was the ax poised, again it came down, and the after shroud sprang upward and dangled, held by the ratlines. Twice more that big, strong man flourished the ax; then the mainmast, breaking about ten feet above Hawley's head, crashed over the side, taking with it the fore topmast. Manners put the ax in its place and came aft to the man at the wheel, while the yacht, gathering headway, slowly paid off and righted.

"Keep her dead before it!" shouted Manners to the man at the wheel. Then, after a glance at the compass: "Make it sou'east by east, half east."

"Sou'east and by east, half east, sir," answered the man respectfully.

Then Manners cast a protective look around the group of guests. We were all right, though badly frightened, and Manners went forward to Hawley, still clinging to the stump of the mainmast, and led him aft, where he clung just as tightly to the binnacle.

The men had carried the two unconscious officers to their berths, and Manners, in charge of the yacht, stood close to the helmsman, advising and assisting him. The dragging wreck made steering difficult, and the foresail, slatting from side to side, did not assist matters.

Manners lifted his thundering voice to the men forward: "Lay aft here, the coxain o' the gig!"

This man came on a run.

"You will act mate and take your orders from me," he said to him. "Tell all hands that they are on double pay. Get that foresail in, and come aft wi' the crowd."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the coxswain, and hurried forward.

Manners was transformed. He seemed several inches taller. From being the despised, pitied, ignorant victim of seasickness and dislike he had become a person of importance—whom the sailors obeyed without question. Not one hesitated to jump at his roaring behest; not one seemed to doubt that he knew what he was doing, or counted against him his pitiable condition when seasick.

He commanded the yacht and all she contained. He ordered the ladies off the deck, and they went below. He ordered Hawley away from the binnacle so that the man at the wheel could see the compass, and Hawley followed the ladies. He ordered the gentlemen to assist the crew in getting the wreck of the mainmast inboard when they came aft, and we obeyed him. We worked like heroes, imbued with an immense respect for Bad Manners, and when the squall had died away, and a gentle breeze came out of the north, we manned the fore throat and peak halliards with the men, and pulled lustily.

Bad Manners hardly moved from his

position near the wheel; he sent that mighty voice of his after us, and it reached us wherever we were. He made a landfall before dark, recognized it, and shaped a course for Boston, not even asking us if we would like to be put off at the exclusive hotel.

And Hawley could not understand. He thought that Manners' nautical erudition had come from his tutelage, and his assuming command in that manner nothing but the workings of a bad, arrogant disposition. But the first mate enlightened him, as he lay in his berth, the first to recover from that stunning collision of heads.

"Why, didn't you know, Mr. Hawley?" he said. "That's Captain Manners. He commanded a ship at twenty, but he quit the sea because he's too smart a man for the business, and, I guess, because he never could get over being seasick. Some men can't get over it. I've known several."

"But what's his business now?" asked the astounded Hawley.

"He's a shipowner now, and I think he holds down a job in some big insurance company, vice-president, general manager, or something like that."

"He's an infernal hypocrite," exploded Hawley, turning away.

However, it was as a born commander of men that Manners interested me now. I think that born commanders must exercise their prerogative to get what they want out of life; they never get it by asking or pleading, no matter how heartfelt their need.

His last command on board that yacht was to Miss Ellsworth, just as she was stepping ashore at Boston; and I was within hearing. He planted himself squarely in front of her, looked her intently in the eyes, and commanded:

"Say yes."

"Yes," she responded, with a smile.

Then she turned suddenly to me, while the smile left her face, and the defiant, embarrassed expression it had worn in the lee scuppers came back to it. Then I knew she had meant me and not Old Lady Summers. She misjudged me but—God bless her!

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THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

By Herman Whitaker



HEN, of old, the norther gathered the snows of vast white steppes and smothered the Hudson Bay Company under a mad white flurry, there was nothing left for the factor, trappers, clerk, but to hug the fire in the great mud chimney and swap yarns while thawing the frost of long trails from their bones. Tiring of this, they had Indian wives or loves to sweeten their leisure, and what with tinkering their traps, making or mending of skin coats, caps, moccasins, it is not reported that any man died of ennui.

It was different, however, with the Abbé du Fré. Celibate, and having too much respect for his vocation to impair its dignity by mingling too freely with the circle around the fire, he indulged a pretty knack of writing when weather-bound, inscribing on the post-log strange haps by trail or river, bits of rough history all colored by the glow of a rather romantic fancy. In leather tomes, musty and brass-bound, his neat chirography is to be seen running between accounts of fur-packs; but this—not the least in point of interest—is taken from the records of his own Mission of St. Ignace, on the Red.

Flesh is flesh, blood is blood, he begins his story with an observation that goes down to the very meat of life. Flesh is flesh, blood is blood, so let us give thanks if there be anything left over for spirit. At three-score and ten I exclaim with Solomon, "Strange as the way of a man with a maid," and I still puzzle over that riddle, though I have seen more of its factors than falls to the average lot. Mercifully, it is not

given to every man to watch the ripening of his wild oats, to turn the gray face of age to the horrors which sometimes rise from the ashes of dead passions.

But I have seen. Memory harks back to a long procession, factors, trappers, clerks, commissioners, who yielded them to the loving stealth of dusky glances. I saw them come and go on the Company's errands, but I remained to christen the children they never saw, to drop a comforting word in the ears of lonely mothers. Aye, they came and went—with one exception; and this was so notable that, while the stern drift croons without its ceaseless song of Infinity, I will turn back to the night that he and I came from a worse storm into a far camp of the Swampy Sioux.

He was no less a person than Mr. Temple, the new governor—though *old* would be more correct. Perhaps the most active chief in the Company's long history, he had been removed by clique spite before my time, but was now returned to inject life into the trade which had suffered by the keen rivalry of the Nor'west Traders. To push a post out among the Sioux was his present mission, and deeming that a priest should show as much zeal as a trader, I had accompanied him to do his interpreting while prospecting for the cure of souls. All of which understood, behold the pair of us three camps beyond A la Corne—then our most northern fort—on a poor trail with drift flying thick as pudding, and night upon our heels.

At dusk the storm had increased. The drift flew so thickly that at times it hid the ponies, pouring over us in a white roaring flood from which we emerged gasping, like a diver out of water. The sled, too, pitched like a

boat in a seaway and though Mr. Temple still held the reins, it was only to steady the ponies. Long ago he had left the business of driving in their hands—rather, to their feet, for the trail was blown from the face of the earth; could only be distinguished from surrounding snows by its hardness. But as these solidified under pressure of wind and frost, the clever little beasts began to falter, and after they had left it a half-dozen times, it was plainly to be seen that a fireless camp lay at the end of our trip.

In timbered country we should not have cared. Blow high, blow low, one may be comfortable beside a warm fire in the still heart of the forest. But over two hours ago the trail had debouched on rolling prairie and, for aught I knew, the long white waves might go rolling on to the frozen circle.

"We shall do well enough in our furs under the sled," Mr. Temple shouted in my ear. "But the poor beasts? All drenched with sweat?"

Though, as I say, he shouted, the wind clipped odd words and hurtled them away with the drift; yet I gathered his meaning as he went on in snatches:

"After eighteen years, memory is like to be faulty, still I somehow believe that we ought presently to strike timber." Within a few minutes he asked: "Did you feel a lull?" And before I could answer, burst out: "And there it is! Dead ahead!"

Through falling dusk I could now make out mirk woods coming in from a wide angle to a narrow neck; and mending their pace of their own accord, the ponies soon swept us in under its lee. Here, out of the wind, the snow fell as a fine powder, behind which a full moon presently shone as through a winding-sheet, shedding spectral lights on black spruce, dim glades, sloughs, that slid by in swift procession.

After the slow crawl of the prairies, the swift going raised our spirits. While he drove the governor talked, and what with my interest in the account he gave of the numbers and dis-

position of the Swampy Sioux, time passed quickly; we both gasped when, sweeping out of tall spruce, the ponies stopped before a building.

A Red River frame of two stories, its length ran to fifty feet; the breadth touched forty. Here and there bits of plaster still clung between hewn logs that had once been lime-washed, and from this faintly luminous surface, empty doors and windows gaped like eye-sockets of a rain-washed skull. Three thousand miles from Montreal, five hundred from Garry, that house of civilization stared us with the blank face of the dead.

"It's the old post," the governor answered my exclamation of wonder. "I was so sure the fires had licked it up these fifteen years that I forgot its very existence. You never heard of it? Hum! My successor—who withdrew it—had it stricken from our maps. But, map or no map, here it is. We could camp here, but there are other houses farther on, and—surely there is a light!"

He was right, for, dashing after the trail around a poplar bluff, the ponies pulled up at a second building that stood in a natural clearing. Larger than the first, it had been replastered with mud, the door restored; its windows gleamed dully through glazing of stretched hide. Around it, fully a hundred fire-lit teepees upreared cones of gold above the snows that banked their sides and from these a ragged pack came pouring in a fury stream. More wolf than dog, they leaped around us, a mad whorl of hair, slant eyes, white fangs, snatching in furious hunger at us. I confess to a little trepidation, but the governor laughed as he laid on with butt and lash.

"The end of our journey, father, for these are the Swampy Sioux."

Already the camp had broken into sudden life. Heads protruded through the flaps of every teepee, hurrying figures dotted the faint snow; but before these could reach us, the door of that great house flung open emitting streams of firelight, down which ruddy pathway a woman dashed brandishing a billet as thick as her arm.

One blow dropped a gray brute whose fangs had just grazed my arm, then she fell to, swinging indiscriminately on snouts, limbs, shoulders. A minute and the pack scuttled away with yelps of pain and disappointment, leaving her looking at us out of the firelight, her deep breast heaving from the quality of her exercise.

"Why, it's a white woman!"

Standing back to the house, her face was in shadow, but there was no mistaking the aura of loose hair that shone bright as spun gold. With the exclamation, the governor's hand had gone to his cap; to drop as quickly when she answered our greetings in Sioux.

"Another daughter of the Company," he laughed. "Here's some rogue for you to hunt out, father, and discipline with pease to his shoes. He should be a stout man to bring such colors out of an Indian camp."

While unharnessing with the aid of the Sioux, he ran on in the same merry vein, but entering the house—where the headman was lodged with his squaws and papooses—he fell suddenly silent, and I observed him narrowly watching the half-breed woman while I was addressing the others.

Under a strong light, she proved comely—even by our standards. Add to deep creams of her skin, hair that was tawny as summer prairies, a nose and mouth delicately formed, lips scarlet instead of dull red like a squaw's, and you have the essentials of her aspect. Her voice speaking to the old squaw who helped, later, to fry bannock and deer-steaks for our meal, lacked a single guttural. She walked with a slight spring from the toes, planting her feet outward like a white woman. Indeed, if the blood showed at all, it was in the vivid Indian brown of her eye or a slight breadth of feature that accorded with her magnificent physique.

Having set Mr. Temple's interest down to her astonishing whiteness, I was surprised when, as we sat at our meat, he asked with an abruptness that bespoke a secret thought:

"What age would you put her at?

Nineteen? Humph! Ask her of her parentage."

"My mother—dead." She readily answered my question. "My father?"

Raising her fine shoulders with an abandon no Indian could compass, she swept us with a slow soft glance, a look so melting in its sweet femininity as to cause some stir in the dead pulses of a certain dry churchman. Her answer sets forth the shame that I have fought these two-score years throughout the Northland, and never did it fill me with a juster indignation than in the moment she was speaking.

"My father? Some hunter of the Company, I have heard. But who can tell? When my mother was young and soft she had many lovers."

Turning to interpret her answer, I saw that Mr. Temple had shoved back his plate with sudden nausea, and now lighting his pipe, he gloomed at the fire until I had finished and was ready to talk with the headman. Of that, the following powwow and ensuing treaty of trade, I will say nothing—it may be read by the curious in the minutes of the Company—but pass to the moment that I was awakened by the pistol-crack of a freezing log in the small dark hours and saw Mr. Temple staring into the embers of a dying fire.

Outside the wind had fallen to a breath that hung like a sigh in the chimney. A leap of flame searched the shadows of that enormous room and showed it deserted, for the headman berthed above. And in that minute of silence the man sat face to face with his past.

"Be sure thy sin will find thee out," I heard him mutter.

"You are awake?" He turned when I stirred, revealing eyes weary with trouble. "Oh, I'm well enough—in body."

Shrugging, he returned to his meditations and I thought it would end there, for he was a proud man addicted to his own counsel; but loneliness and a dim light are ever favorable to confidence and presently it came pouring out of him, the tale of the forgotten sin, of the

passion that had burned to a clinker twenty years ago.

"It was viler in me than most," he finished in a passion of self-reproach, "for my betrothed was waiting in Montreal until press of affairs should permit our marriage. A year passed before I dare claim her, and up to the moment she died in childbirth, her caresses carried a sting. Her death I then took as a judgment against my fault, and had thought it settled. But surely sin is immortal. Out of the dead past it comes to meet me with the face and flowers of youth."

"But are you sure?" I doubted for his comfort—not doubting myself. "As she said, her mother had many lovers, and of course—"

"Sure?" Breaking a locket from his watch-chain, he thrust it into my hand. "Look for yourself."

A glance at the miniature within rendered further comment superfluous and he ran on:

"My sister, June. No, there remains only reparation. She must go back with us to Garry, and, after she has learned some English, to Montreal to the sisters who trained my wife."

Such ease did the thought bring his inflamed mind that he continued building pretty castles which she was to inhabit. Educated to her station, she should come and keep his house, and so forth, plan upon plan, all founded upon past loneliness and present remorse, all doing honor to his heart, but which—well, through his office in the confessional, a priest obtains to a more intimate knowledge of desires, passions, the instincts which make or mar humanity, than is possible for any layman, and I had learned much in the making over of Indians. Give me a Cree child and I'll turn you out a decent Catholic in fifteen years; but the savage shows if you but scratch the plating on my elder converts. So if I listened it was only to bide my time.

"Yes," I said musingly when he paused at last. "Reparation? That's the thing. How is it to be best accomplished? As she is married—"

"Married?" he burst in.

"So she told me—to a half-breed Metis, of whom she seemed both fond and proud."

"Pish!" he snorted, recovering. "I would have preferred—but it makes no difference. If she is married, as you say, it is only after some Indian fashion that has no standing in our law."

"So therefore," I quietly counseled, "you had better legalize it through my office. Then if you would better her condition, do it through the man. Make him factor of this post, and, later, he may be advanced to the limit of his capacities."

"What! Leave her—flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, in the filth of this Indian camp?"

"For the present."

"Never!"

Reflecting the red fire, his eyes seemed to burn with crimson anger, and seeing that further argument would be wasted, I turned over and went to sleep. He was, however, too fair a man to hold spite for a good intention. Next morning, he awoke his usual cheery self, though his first words proved him unchanged in his purpose.

"And now, father, I shall have to ask your good offices toward my daughter?"

She and the squaw of the headman had just climbed down the peg ladder from the floor above, and the governor's eyes hungrily followed as she moved over to the fire. Lonely man that he was, the instinct of fatherhood was wringing his very being. He yearned for love with the desperation of one who sees desolate age creeping toward his hearth, and while that pretty creature filled his eye, it was small wonder that he should mistake his own selfish, if tender, feeling for altruism on her behalf.

Thinking that he desired me to speak to her, I nodded toward the fire. He shook his head.

"Time enough for her. I meant the headman. Speak to him after breakfast. Explain, pay his price—anything, so long as you get her."

With my Crees it would have been a

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difficult, if not dangerous business. Though a maid may give herself in love, the selling of one against her will transcends their capacity for baseness. But the Swampy Sioux were ever of ill report—thieves, liars, murderers of lonely people. So, though the headman put on a black look when I opened the business, I knew that it was to enhance her price. What gave me more uneasiness, he made no secret of his belief that I desired the girl for my own purposes.

"His daughter, you say?" he grunted, while every seam of his gnarled visage seemed to fill and flow with cunning incredulity. "Has not the Chief of the Company young men to build his fire, fetch his water, plant his corn? What use would he have of a daughter? It is that the Long Robe finds the mission lonely, or his corn is smothered for lack of a woman's hand?"

Though I read the old scoundrel the best lesson his language afforded, he listened unmoved and, I am fain to confess, without change of opinion.

"But her man?"

Having exhausted his other chaffings, he brought up the husband who, it seemed, was gone with a fur bale five days' journey to the nearest fort of the Nor'west Traders. He was, according to his story, a bad man to cross, the worst in the North. But though his uneasy look proved the reality of his fear, it fell short of his cupidity.

To cut a long story, the tribe traveled three days south with us to A la Corne, where he delivered her up for a price in kettles, muskets, tobacco, powder, that ought to have bought his people entire.

Even at this distance, my gorge rises, not so much at the old villain's crass greed as at the stolidity, nay, amusement with which he and his squaws regarded her outcry. Not until he left her at the gates to fall in behind the tribe which scuttled with great rattling of hardware northward, did the truth break upon her, and then—it took half a dozen to hold her. But passing that struggle from which she emerged clad in little more than her own white

beauty, I take up her story at its real beginning, our second camp between the forts of A la Corne and Moose.

That day a south wind had lifted stinging drift, but evening had fallen dead calm and, for winter, it was almost warm. I remember that Mr. Temple chopped wood bareheaded, nor wore his furs while we ate our meal. As, later, we sat about the fire, its cheerful blaze painted the nearer snows a brilliant yellow. Overhead a dust of cold stars powdered inky voids; toward which some coyote lifted a lean nose, mocking our comfort with demoniac laughter.

Lying thus under the vast spread of arctic night, the imagination touches more closely on the Infinite than at other seasons. Stately march of the stars, night's silence, roar of an ocean, whispers of grave winds, these drive in upon the soul a sense of its own insignificance by comparison with their immensity, and in camp it has always been my custom to lie and muse on the awful problems of Time and Eternity. But to-night my thought centered on the girl across the fire.

With the help of the Scotch factor's wife at A la Corne, Mr. Temple had fitted her out with a neat dress that brought out the molding of her figure, stockings which did the same for a pretty ankle, and furs for outer covering. Thus decently habited, her resemblance to his sister, the Lady June, had startled the pair of us, and as she sat there, eyes cast down, one could never have guessed her Indian. She displayed only the clean features, fairness of our race. Not until she glanced up to look and listen at some stir beyond the fire-light, did one catch the shadow of the woods, flicker of waters, wildness and freedom of sun-washed spaces in the brown brooding of her eyes.

Meeting my glance she smiled—faintly, a tremor slight as the blush of dawn, and which yet delighted the pair of us marking, as it did, a vivid change from the heavy sulking of the last four days.

"She's coming around!" Mr. Temple burst out. "She's coming around, fa-

ther, and thank God for it! To-night I'll be able to sleep."

He was in sore need of it. Than I, no man better knows the lengths to which awakened conscience may carry a man, and in him remorse was reinforced by unusually powerful parental instinct. From the moment she came into our hands his eyes had never left her, his anxious solicitude equaling that of a fond mother for a sick child.

"She's coming around," he repeated delightfully, again and again.

But when he patted her shoulder as he passed to the sled for our sleeping furs, she shrank from his touch; drew herself up, tense and rigid, shooting swift glances to right and left, for all the world like a cat in a corner; nor relaxed until, half an hour later, his deep breathing told that he had gained to his sleep. Even then she brooded, eyes redly reflecting the fire's glare, and fully an hour passed before she regained her composure.

It was, of course, my watch, and looking up about that time, I caught her smiling again; this time no tremor, but a radiance that came out of her eyes and engaged every dimple down to her scarlet mouth; a smile seductive in its femininity as ever lured man from his guard.

Old fool that I was! Is a mountainlion to be tamed in a night that I, with my experience, should imagine her won? After the departure of the tribe, I had explained her relation to the governor, but she had sulked, as I said, giving no sign that she even heard me.

Now encouraged, I went over it all again, dwelling on the opportunity God had opened for her, and the happiness that would flow therefrom did she prove amenable to our bidding. And she listened, wide-eyed, leaning to me across the fire, a warm luxurious picture; took it from my lips; aye, even asked questions—how many sleeps to the governor's house in Garry? To Montreal where she was to have her schooling, how many? A hundred, that was a great distance! And so on, concealing her motive, the artful little minx, under a childish curiosity. Looking

backward, it is easily to be read, but then—I chattered like a fool at a fair, suspecting nothing up to the moment that she wrapped herself up to sleep.

She did not close her eyes at once, but lay for almost another hour in a brown study; digesting my news, I put it, and doubtless the comfort of the thought helped on the drowsiness natural after three nights' watching. Twice I walked away from the fire and stayed till the sharp cold revived me—only to grow sleepier as I warmed me after each excursion. And I practised all of the tried means to keep awake—touched snow to my eyelids, pinched myself and, in the middle of a pinch, fell fast asleep.

Often I have wondered how small a cause will sometimes produce a very great effect. Had our fagots been thoroughly dry, there could have been no explosion of heated sap to cast a red ember into a crease of my cassock; and not only the currents of three lives, but also the course of northern history as shaped by Mr. Temple during the next years, would have run in different channels.

So quickly do the senses respond to odors, I was roused by the pungent burning under my nose before the smolder gained in to my flesh. A handful of snow would have quenched it, but my opening eyes fell on the girl and I forgot all else.

She had just risen from her blankets. As I lay with my face in deep shadow, she thought that I still slept, and thus I became recipient of one of those glances which, on occasion, pierce down through the most devout of churchmen and plant a sting in the soul of the man—that careless, sexless glance which women keep for their children and each other. Barbed with contempt, it touched me, then flashed into vindictive hatred as it passed to the governor.

Two steps placed her over him, for he slept at her feet. The fire had burned low, but under stir of the explosion, a brief flame showed her sudden stoop, then ran like running blood along the knife she pulled from his belt. So real it was, I thought she had already passed

the steel and so lay in a paralysis of horror at the patricide. But a second flicker showed the seams of her bodice splitting over the white bust as she strained to strike, and I sprang, shouting.

Though I could never have saved him, it was decreed that he should not pass that night. Delivered with all her heft, the point turned on his watch, an old-style timepiece, big and solid, and the blade broke off at the handle. Afterward we found a flaw in the steel—fortunately for the pair of us, for swinging upon me like a mad tigress, she struck not knowing the blade was gone, struck, struck, and struck, plying the haft on my ribs till Mr. Temple pinioned her arms from behind.

That, however, was not the end. In her pulsed the tenacious vigor of the wild thing. Back and forth we swung scattering the fire, straining in black darkness. Thrice I toppled in the snows. Twice she broke the governor's grip. Dragged down at last, she still fought; each shapely arm, lithe limb fought an individual battle, squirming under our hands like fighting snakes. But than Mr. Temple I have known but one stronger man in the Northland—John Fraser, factor of Devil's Drum—and he was nerved with desperation equal with her own. All of a sudden, she gave in and lay, spent, panting, sobbing like a child while we built up the fire.

Looking down upon her, Mr. Temple wiped his brow. "I like her the better for it. She would be no child of mine to yield without a struggle."

He laughed, too, when I told how she had fooled me. "The little witch! Had she no respect for your cloth? Here's a coquette to set men by the ears when she comes to her own, eh, father?"

Nor did he even so much as mention my faithless watch; though after that she could not stir in the night without bringing him upon his feet.

She, however, made no further trouble. Only strength appeals to your savage, and that single touch of Mr.

Temple's mettle seemed to take the heart out of her—*seemed*, I say, for soft and impressionable as woman appears on the surface she is harder than rock beneath. Like a stream between high banks her desire flows unchangeably. Dam it, and it will mount like stealthy waters and one day plunge over and on toward its goal. Only by diversion may its current be turned. These eyes of mine have seen the wife of a Nor'wester tending the house of a Hudson's Bay man, the slayer of her husband; keeping it in love and peace.

Aye, had it been merely a change of mates, the new love might have cast out the old and June—as Mr. Temple had already named her after his sister—have settled to her lot as irrevocable. But when was woman content to swap a husband for a father? The custom has run too long the other way. So though she now proved biddable, astonishing us by a few attempts at English in the following days, I was not deceived. And when, at Fort Moose, she pleaded fatigue and asked for rest, I pointed out that it was merely a ruse to permit her husband to gain on our track.

"Well, what of it?" Mr. Temple laughed at my counsel. "Sooner or later we shall have him to deal with, and for my part I'd like to see a man who can inspire such devotion."

And he had his wish, for because of the days we spent at Moose the man caught us up at Devil's Drum; came posting after his dogs through the big gates as calmly unconcerned as though he had furs on his hands instead of a quarrel with the Company's governor.

Mr. Temple and I were in the fur-house with Mr. Fraser to look at the season's pack, and when the door flung suddenly wide, we all three started around as though under a premonition of trouble.

A man nearer seven feet in height than six, and so broad that his shoulders brushed either lintel of an ordinary doorway, blackavised and heavily bearded, Mr. Fraser's appearance bore out his reputation of being the worst of men to brave in anger. As I have said,

Mr. Temple was, next to him, the strongest man of my long experience, yet the fellow braced up to the pair of them, and his quality may be gaged when I say that he did not appear small in their presence.

Tall and straight as a young pine, he combined a sinewy liteness with bulk and bone. His face was cast on the French—stamping him as out of some voyageur—eye dark and rather small, cheek-bones broad, jaws tapering from great squareness at the ears to a pointed chin, nose aquiline, mouth a firm line. His expression was, I should judge, at all times hotly intense and, just now, radiated a governed anger. Though he had run five days and nights on our trail, fatigue showed only in the fever of his eye; his bulk seemed to swell under reserves of strength and passion as he addressed us in a harsh and grating voice.

"Fine business for a priest and the governor of the Company." He spoke in French without preface or preamble. "By the stealing of women both the peace of God and the Company's trade are likely to be set forward. Was no other teepee fit for ravishment that you should be content with one?" As for the thief that sold her—from the beaded pouch at his belt he drew a frozen scalp and threw it at our feet—"it was his last trick at the trade."

Nomplused as much at his daring as the vehemence of his accusation, we stared at the grisly trophy. Mr. Fraser was the first to speak.

"Hum!" he coughed. "This simplifies the matter. By his own confession this fellow has done murder and it shall be my care to see that he presently swings between our gates."

In the best of humors Mr. Fraser always carried a dour look and the glance which went with his words was grim beyond description. Yet the fever in the man's eyes only burned the brighter as he burst again into ironical speech.

"And now who speaks? Surely not Black Jack who built Devil's Drum on the bodies of murdered Crees?"

His charge carried this much truth, that Mr. Fraser had broken the tribes

that opposed his building. He, however, plead a higher warrant.

"I killed with the law—you, without."

"The law?" he grimaced ironically. "*Oui*, I had forgotten—the law, the law of the white man, the Company's law, the—"

"The only law!" Springing up, Mr. Fraser towered above him, beetling, aggressive. "The law which claims your body."

As he stepped forward, however, Mr. Temple laid a hand upon his arm.

"This is my business, Fraser." From surprise, his expression had merged in curious admiration—he always loved a man—which gave place to his usual dignity as he went on: "As Mr. Fraser says, you have placed yourself in our hands, and for that very reason I refuse the vantage. As the man was known for a thief and murderer, I shall regard your act as committed under my commission. Regarding your complaint—the girl is my daughter and I can listen to nothing—"

"Your daughter?" A defiant sarcasm seethed through the fellow's expression. "What manner of father is this that leaves his woman-child to the tender raising of the Swampy Sioux? Now, see you! While buying furs for the Nor'westers ten years ago I came on the girl by chance. Like a fair lily, she had flowered in the muck of an Indian camp, and to protect her tender growth, I stayed and made her people my people. It was my gun, my traps that supplied the teepee of the old squaw, her mother, in the years that the deer failed and a murrain took the rabbits. I nursed, tended her through the fevers of childhood. But for me she would have been the broken mother of a squalid brood at the age that a white child begins her schooling; but because of the tie of blood between us I waited the appointed years before I took her into my teepee. Who then has the right of her—who protected her growth? You, who left her to brute chance?"

I saw Mr. Temple wince at the squalid chance he mentioned and he gravely answered: "Your kindness has

earned a reply. To your charge I can only say that until five days ago I was ignorant of her existence. I am not unaware that nature punishes ignorance more heavily than folly, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for the part you played in my stead. Still, in convicting me of remissness, you but double my sense of present duty. Enter our service and your advancement will be measured only by your abilities. But as for leaving her with you—that were too high a price. From here she goes to Montreal to be educated—”

“*Oui!*” the breed hotly interrupted. “You will prison her within stone walls—she who has had only the wide prairies for her chamber, the stars for a night-light, the winds for her lullaby. Then I say that your present intention is even more cruel than your past neglect. You spoke of your law, and I tell of a higher—the law of the wild that governed her growth. Can you graft a grown tree? Train a prairie rose into a garden bloom? She is a woman grown. When you say that I must give her up, I answer that her head has pilioned on my shoulder for this year. I will not—if she asked it herself—and will you try her?”

Mr. Temple shook his head in grave pity. “I might—three years from now. Come!” He thrust out a friendly hand. “Come, see the sense of this. At Fort York we need a factor—”

Stepping, the breed spat on the frozen scalp. “And you would make of me such another? To York, I may go; aye, and to Churchill, La Trappe, Winnipegosis; to every tribe between the Red and the Rockies. But—for your fair words I give fair warning—it will be to turn their trade to the Nor-westers.”

Through all Mr. Fraser had listened impatiently. Now he broke in. “Pish! Did I not say that he would be the better of a little hanging? To the gates with him!”

“No, no.” Once more the governor shook his head. “No, I am too heavily his debtor. I shall ask you only to detain him with every courtesy for the next three weeks.”

We were to have stayed in Devil's Drum another day, but Mr. Temple called at once for the ponies, and the next hour saw us speeding rapidly down a hard-packed trail. We had, as we thought, taken every precaution, but while the governor was hauling wood for our fire that night, June startled me with a sudden question.

“Did you kill him?”

“Who—why—” I began, but stopped, blushing, under her look of scornful knowledge.

“To lie like a mission priest was a saying of his,” she said. “You hid his toboggan, ran horses over his dog-tracks, and—forgot to muzzle the dogs. I could pick Beteche's howl from a thousand. Did you kill him?”

“Why—daughter?” I paltered.

“Tell me,” she demanded, and because of the indefinable threat, danger that loomed in her somber eyes, I told—merely that he had come and was to be well used.

“Ah!” she breathed, and without another word fell into a happy reverie.

Nor did she mention him again—not all the way to Garry, nor on the long journey to Montreal, for she went forward at once under my charge. But the assurance at her heart warmed her look: a never dying hope. Paddling on the great lakes, Superior, Huron, Ontario, drifting on the Rainy River or other of the hundred linked streams that formed our highway, I saw her start, again and again, as at the dip of a distant paddle. And when, of nights, our camp-fire flickered, solitary red star in the vast spread of the northern woods, she would often straighten suddenly to listen.

But three weeks is a long start, and the pick of the Company's voyageurs drove our canoe. They were to receive a pound sterling apiece and ten pounds of tobacco for each week cut from the record to Montreal: so they paddled night and day by watches, rested only on the long portages from river to river, lake to lake, and so put us there in two months and a half.

We did not, however, stay there.

“Montreal can never keep him from

her," the governor had paid his mettle this compliment in many anxious counsels.

We drove on down the St. Lawrence in pursuance with my instructions, and doubt first troubled her face when she saw the gray city with its crowning spires draw down to a blot on our wake.

"We go to Quebec," I answered her anxious question, and having a most vivid memory of the struggle in the black night of that northern camp, I parried further questions; kept the truth under my tongue until, a week later, she awoke one morning to find—as she herself put it—that the "funny house" in which we had lodged by the waterside had "grown wings" and was flying down the river.

Current and breeze both favoring, the brig had raised Anticosti in a single night. Evening saw the wide seas slapping her bows, and how shall I describe the distress of that beautiful savage as she looked back over gray waste of waters and learned that she was to have her schooling in England?

She made no outcry; only stood then and every succeeding day of a five weeks' voyage gazing pitifully across the widening waters. Better could she have cried, for her Indian stoicism aggravated the misery it would not let forth. But she suffered, how she suffered!

In his blind vanity civilized man has always deemed the alien savage in his midst a subject for patronizing congratulation. We of the far frontier know better. Let us reverse her case; tear—say the Lady June, the governor's sister, from friends and husband and isolate her six thousand miles overseas among strangers and stranger customs? She had surely died—as her namesake nearly did—and the man who convoyed her would have been glad as I was to turn his back upon her misery.

From the first I had had my doubts, and beautiful as was the girl's new home, an old stone convent that centered amid nodding trees, sweet fields, with a caw of rook always going about its mossy walls; sympathetic as were her tutors, the gentle sisters; I could

not but think of her as some poor bird, clipped and confined in a cage.

Returning, the hollow plunge of the sea under the ship's counter simulated the deep sob that fetched up through her stoicism when I left her; the wind sighed, mourned for her through the rigging. Then I knew—knew it for a crime, and I doubt not that it so counted in the reckoning.

At that time, however, it did seem as though an inscrutable Providence either slept or was siding with the governor. Five weeks crossing the water, a fortnight in England, a month to return, with two and a half coming down from Garry, made almost a half year of steady travel, yet almost the first man I met in Montreal was poor June's breed.

I had been to high mass in the cathedral and positively ran into him at the corner that led down to my lodging in the little street behind the cathedral; and I was so astonished that I gaped like a fool till he spoke.

"This is a long way from Devil's Drum, father."

"Surely," I answered, adding as I recovered my wits: "When it has taken you a half-year to make it."

"You judge that I came in by the bateau last night?" He spread his hands in depreciation. "No fault of mine, but that of Black Jack who chose to read the governor's orders in months instead of weeks. You will admit that I have lost little time since?"

The deep lines around his eyes testified to that just as those about his mouth spoke eloquently of inward trouble.

Swelling with sudden pity, I cried out: "To what purpose, my good man, to what purpose?"

"To recover my wife," he replied, with somber gravity.

"But she is not here," I blurted incautiously, but thereby blinded him the more completely.

"Follow the coyote and you will find the rabbit."

Quoting this northern proverb, he walked away, returning only a shrug when I called after him: "Be advised.

Do not waste your life straining after the impossible."

Yes, he passed on, but only to the next corner. I saw him watching as I turned into my quarters, nor could I move thereafter without him following, a dark sinister shadow. So closely, indeed, did he dog me, that I was undeniably glad when the departure of a bateau gave me passage back to Garry.

To the young, Time drags, holding back the promise of to-morrow; to the old it races away from the bitters and sweets of yesterday; busy men, such as I, take no note of its coming or going. The greens of two springs merged in the yellows of summer, then flashed into the sudden white of as many winters, while I was making the round of my missions; during which time nothing worthy of record had happened regarding June.

It had been a season of quiet prosperity throughout the north. The trade had thriven in Mr. Temple's able hands and coming into Garry one day from a long journey, I found him bubbling over his private news from England. While June would never make a scholar, her instructors wrote, she had learned to read and speak with fluency and was presenting fine surfaces for polish.

"And you would have had me marry her to a half-breed?" Mr. Temple could not refrain from one small thrust. "By the way, I wonder what became of him?"

In silly romances it is the fashion for things to happen in the nick of time. But while such coincidences are carried beyond the limits of absurdity they spring from some such occurrence as now came to pass. I had barely replied that he had probably taken some service out of Montreal, before François, the governor's body-servant, brought in a man whose hollow eyes, thin face, told of hard travel.

"You, André?" Mr. Temple sprang up. "I did not expect you for another week. Your furs——"

"Gone!" The man's hands flew up,

a gesture eloquent of despair. "Gone, not only our pack, but also the trains from the Great Slave that joined us at the new post in the country of the Swampy Sioux. A hundred bales, mink, winter beaver, cross-fox—all gone!"

Mr. Temple sprang up with an oath. "The Swampy Sioux? I had not credited the spunkless creatures with sufficient spirit to——"

"No." The man shook his head. "It was the Nor'westers, led by a man tall, dark, of a French appearance, who fought like seven devils. He it was that killed Big Despard. The others he impressed to carry the furs into La France, leaving only me to bring the news to you. 'My compliments to M'sieu Temple,' he said as he thrust me out of the camp, 'an' tell him that I am back from Montreal.'"

Sitting down again, the governor stared blankly at me, I at him. But his was a spirit resilient under any blow and presently he smiled.

"Strange that we should have been speaking of him. A hundred bales? Not so bad. If he could keep that up I might send in my commissions. Hauled them into La France, too, safe as Fort William itself. And the Nor'westers will sell the cream of my catch on the London market. Hum! They must be taught better. Let me see—La France, Belle Isle, La Trappe, Big Moose——" Musingly he ran over a half dozen Nor'west forts, while I sat in silent dismay at the war of reprisals that the list portended. "Muskegon, Ellice—ah! André, how long before you can be ready to carry letters to Fraser and Cameron of Pelly? But no! You are tired, I'll send a fresh man."

Out of the events that came out of that message—the sack of Ellice to its last pelt by Fraser; the killing of Red Dominique by Cameron of Pelly, the reprisals one upon another—one might easily fill a volume. But though none could write it better, this is the story of June, and I pass to the evening that, coming into Garry one night a year later, a messenger bade me in haste to Mr. Temple's house.

A Red River frame, very large and

roomy, with an outlook upon trail and river, he had the finest lodging in Garry. Of the twenty or more governors that had used it, each had added something to its solid magnificence in oak, leather, rare trophies of the chase. Their portraits, in oils, adorned the paneled dining-room, exhibiting every fashion from the ruffles and knee-breeches of Prince Rupert's time to the more sober costume of my day. Bluff old fellows, they seemed to be smiling down—when I entered—upon the girl who sat with the governor at the head of the table; just as they would have done in the days of their flesh, if one might judge by their eyes.

As, the last we met, Mr. Temple had confided to me his intention of giving June another year's schooling, you may imagine my astonishment when she herself came forward to welcome me. I have already dwelt on the essentials of her appearance. But as a tasteful frame enhances a fair picture, so the soft rose tints of a modish gown now set off her natural beauty. Education, too, had done its work, softening, refining, molding her upon a finer pattern. Leaving us a rough-handed squaw, she had returned bearing in soft palms the hundred delicacies with which civilization has dowered woman. The handiwork of the gentle sisters showed in the modulations of her greeting.

"And father told you I was to stay away another year? How wicked of him!"

The ease with which the parental title fell from her lips was undoubtedly the result of careful tutelage, but it was wonderful to see Mr. Temple brighten.

"Did you ever see her like?" he demanded, holding her at arm's length; and her comment upon my reply showed quite a roguish wit: "The abbé knows that his cloth protects him."

At dinner it was a feast for eyes long denied such delicacies, to watch her dimpled arms, white hands, hovering over plates and silver soup-ladle as though to the manner born. Be sure that I searched her refinements for the savage which my philosophy suspected—I am fain to confess without result—

as I acknowledged when the governor taxed me, later, over a pipe and bottle.

"Confess, father, that you were in the wrong?"

"It appears so," I answered him. "Let us give thanks to Him for it."

Nodding, he smoked in silence for a while, studying the fire in which we doubtless saw the same pictures, for presently he made a remark that carried back to the Swampy Sioux camp.

"Aye, she'll do better than that, father." A minute later, he added: "Have you taken any note of young Carew?"

I had. A young Englishman of good family, he had been apprenticed as clerk in the Company's service by his parents who either believed that vices could not stand the frosts of a Canadian winter, or might be left out in packing his trunk. That his had flourished under transportation, I knew. But as the bulk of my information came through the confessional, I could only answer in general terms.

"A bit of a roisterer."

The governor shrugged. "Pish! Young blood. Marriage will steady him. His family is excellent and he inherits the baronetcy on the death of Sir Philip."

Now, it is not unusual for self-made men to be blinded by the false halos of a title, and vanity is here strengthened by a genuine desire for the girl's own good; but I had always thought of Mr. Temple as being sound to the core and the revelation of this weak spot caused me great uneasiness.

"But she has just returned," I argued. "And you are already planning for her disposal."

"Merely banking my happiness," he returned, "just putting it where I can always find it."

"But June? Does she——"

"They have been a good deal together. She seems to like him, and in such a meager society as this propinquity may be depended upon to do the rest."

"And he?"

He looked at me, a trifle defiantly, I thought, as though forestalling adverse

comment. "He has already asked my permission to pay his addresses."

Now, thoroughly dismayed, I advanced my last and most powerful objection. "But does he know—the facts of her birth? That—"

"She is a natural child? Yes, and that she contracted an alliance in early youth which I broke off. The knowledge made no difference. Indeed, he waived details."

With the seal of the confessional upon my lips, it was not for me to say that I could easily imagine that beauty would blind the fellow to all other considerations in the choice of a wife. I could only advise caution, saying as I rose to leave:

"Better go slowly, son, for marrying is no light business and mistakes are easiest rectified on the hither side of the knot."

As aforesaid, the turn of recent events had almost won me to his opinion, but pacing homeward under the cold stars, I reverted somewhat to my former skepticism. If this weak licentiate were all that culture could give her, I thought, better that she had lived out her simple span with her breed who, at least, was clean and strong.

Having this in mind, I watched very closely during the next few weeks, observing the pair alone and together—mostly the latter, for he attended her everywhere, walking, riding, canoeing on the Red, to mass where his devotion to her or the service could not keep his eye from the pretty half-breeds of my congregation. Before this I had rejected the eternal constancy of the poets, but I must have hoped that June would prove the exception to the general rule, for I felt distinct disappointment at the pleasure she evidenced in his company.

It was, of course, natural. He had his share of good looks, youth draws youth, and after three years her former life must have receded to a great distance, have loomed dimly as a dream. Certainly there was no hint of retrospection in the merry eyes she turned back when, one evening, she headed him in a burst of speed passing the mis-

sion; no note of sadness vibrated in the rich laughter that came floating back on the dusk. I saw at once that the governor had not erred in trusting to propinquity, and the thought sent me to consult with Martha, the half-breed wife of Louis, my stableman.

A strange confidante for a priest, you say? But you do not know Martha. A little old woman with small beady eyes, she had taken from a Scotch father a caustic tongue and itch for other folks' business that made her at once a critic and chronicle of the settlements. Few came to the mission and escaped before she had pumped out their wells of information. Report has it that she once locked a recalcitrant witness in the church until he or she—I forget the sex—yielded up a scandalous tid-bit; but I never quite believed this. Not that she was unequal to it. Only I cannot conceive of her being driven to use such a crude stratagem. Be all of which as it may, I felt that if any one beside myself knew aught of Carew, it would be she, and I knew, moreover, that she liked June who never came to the mission without bringing her some small present.

Entering her cabin from the stockaded yard, I caught Martha staring after the pair out of her window, which facilitated matters.

"What do I know of him?" she repeated my question. "A few things that are hid from the governor."

"For instance?" I prompted.

"The sip, sipping alone in his room, not to mention the whisky he takes abroad. Then there is the business of the Rives girl—" She stopped, chuckling at my sudden astonishment, for I had thought that piece of shame locked safely behind my own lips. "One doesn't have to sit at the confessional-window to learn some things, father. The nurse learns as much as the priest."

"Then," said I, "you know him to be no fit husband for Miss June?"

Her bits of eyes glinted shrewdly. "What of it? But I doubt whether the governor would thank me. Anyway, there are others closer to his ear than I."

"Some that are tongue-tied, Martha. Miss June has been good to you?"

"In a way," she grumbled. "Never less than a pound of tea, the best of white sugar, or twist tobacco for Louis. Aye, she's the good lass."

"Very well," I said. "She comes to confession, alone, to-morrow. Afterward, I shall send her out to you for a dish of tea."

"Tea and scandal," she muttered, "they go ever together, and the blame always to us poor women." But for all her grumblings I knew that she would do her duty.

That day—afternoon, rather, for she came late—was to be memorable on another account. With all my anxieties, I had not ceased to look in June for signs of her old self. While her wild growths had been trimmed close to the ground, my own practise had proved the enormous vitality of savage roots. Whether or no her preoccupations with Carew had retarded growth, it remained for this quiet afternoon to bring forth the first green shoots.

My study-window looked across a stockaded court upon Louis' cabin, and as the fireplace stood directly in line with the open door, I could see Martha's hospitable welcome and her fussings about a stew on the hearth after June was seated. If she took her tongue from her father, the old woman was thoroughly Cree in her habits and housekeeping. I could never persuade her to use a table, and though she had set her dishes upon it in deference to the quality of her guest, she herself squatted beside the pot in the old familiar fashion. Now fishing out a piece of meat, she grabbed the other end in her teeth, and cut off a mouthful with an upward slash of her knife; an action indescribably rude, so barbarously primitive that its repetition always brings me a shudder though I have seen it a thousand times.

June's shapely back was toward me, but her pose radiated sudden attention. Affecting me as it did, I felt the memories of camp and trail, rude feasts and fastings, that must have come crowding upon that vivid action.

For a space she sat still. Then her laugh came floating across the yard. Before my astonished eyes she slid down to the hearth, took a piece of meat in her teeth, threw back her head till the wide Gainsborough hat slipped back on her shoulders, and slashed off a mouthful in the old squaw's fashion.

Swallowing, she laughed again, a throaty ululation very like a child's chuckle. Perhaps an elfin humor had instigated the action; but if so, habit quickly claimed her, for she remained squatted beside Martha, surely the opposite of opposites in her white fluffy gown, great wide hat. And while I watched she seemed to undergo further translations, savagery gained upon her as clouds on a smiling land. Her eyes deepened, darkened. The small smiles, intelligences of expression, sparkle of life faded and set in the somberness natural to Indian psychology. The face died leaving only the beautiful sulky mask of yon bygone trail; in a short half-hour she went back a thousand years to her mother's people. It was like watching the extinguishment of a soul and, unable to bear it longer, I rang for Martha.

"You told her?" I questioned.

She turned her bits of black eyes upon me with something like scorn. "I told her nothing. There was no need. The other is still in her blood and it will take more than this weak rake to oust him."

If I had doubted, confirmatory evidence came when, a few minutes later, she joined me at the mission-gate. As the full flower bursts from the bud under caress of the sun, so her nature seemed to have broken, at a touch, from the sisters' careful swaddlings. Her face, to be sure, had resumed correct expression. Polite words tripped on her tongue. But beyond these superficialities I sensed a cloud somber as her ancient self, and which presently emitted a vivid flash.

The sun was setting, loomed in purple dusk like a saffron wafer; and as we stood for a moment drinking of the glories of rose and gold which bathed the prairies, there came a creaking of

Huge wooden wheels and a Red River cart rolled by drawn by a ragged pony. The squaw, who drove, was very old. Sun and frost had dried her to a mummy. Her visage was burned into the semblance of a scorched hide from which bleared eyes peered purblindly. Labor, famine, heavy travail had warped and bent and twisted her frame. Seen without the gilding of pity, she was utterly revolting, yet as she drove on into the smoldering eye of the sun, June sighed and I saw on her face the unmistakable sign of envy.

"What a battered wreck!" I said, to draw her thought; and it came, in a wild burst, all capped with that imagery so natural to an Indian.

"She has drunk the wind, supped with sunset, slept with the stars, what then if she does go to sleep under the grasses that whispered at her bridal? She has lived!" The last phrase issued like a cry of regret, then she caught herself up with a conscious laugh. "But there—you will think I am crazy. And I must go, for it is drawing late."

At this time, the sudden sickness of Brother Francis, of the Great Slave Mission, called me away, and my knowledge of what passed during the next three months comes out of the diverse mouths of Martha and Mr. Temple. With shame the governor afterward confessed to the pressure he had brought to bear on June. Martha told of the skill with which she played both him and Carew, appeasing one with a show of complaisance while she kept the other in hope and yet at his distance by alternate smiles and hopes. It was the same sharp eyes that noted the shivers of repulsion with which—having given in, at last, to her father's wish—June submitted to his love-making. Earth has not torture, despair, equal to that of the woman who is compelled to yield her cold flesh to a detested embrace; and though there was as little love-making as June could manage, an affianced lover cannot always be denied, and Martha would always spit as she told of Carew's beastlike acceptance of her shudders.

Consenting, June had stipulated that she should be married in Devil's Drum as Virginie, Fraser's young wife—for whom she had contracted a great affection while on a visit to Garry—was in delicate health and could not travel, and I have always suspected Martha of being privy to another reason behind the proviso; one which appeared the night that my buckboard rattled from the Pelly trail into the fort of Ellice on my journey home.

I have mentioned the sack of this place by Cameron and Fraser as beginning the war of reprisals then going on. Since then it had been held for the Hudson Bay people by Duncan, Fraser's clerk, a Scotchman, well-read, with a twist for theology like all of his race. We had spent a pleasant evening together on my way up, and I was looking forward to a renewal of the argument we had left unfinished. Picture, therefore, my face when, swinging in, the gates let the last rays of the sun full upon June's breed.

"Welcome, m'sieu l'abbé," he greeted.
"This is a long way from Montreal."

Since that first raid on our furs we had often heard of the man—usually to our rue. The last advice had placed him as far west as the Rockies. Yet here he was, one day from Pelly, two from Devil's Drum, very much at his ease under Fraser's nose.

He laughed when I mentioned the fact. "And I have such respect for Mr. Fraser that I am detaining all who enter the fort. Still, you will be comfortable, for I am expecting friends of yours."

"Friends of mine?"
He nodded in his old grave way. "M'sieu the governor, his daughter, and the Englishman, Carew—that is, if my information is to be trusted. They camped last night at Shoal Lake and intended to bring into Ellice to-night."

Truth shone from his steady eyes, but the thing was inconceivable and I burst out: "What could bring them this way? There was no hint of it when I left three months ago?"

"Three months?" He shrugged.
"Time enough for Miss June to make

up her mind to marry. You are in the nick of time for my wedding, father."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Has he consented—"

"My suit? Not exactly. He believes his present intention to be toward Carew. But I hope to persuade that young man to a healthier rôle."

Standing there, a suggestion of humor on his dark strong face, I could not but feel that June would profit by the exchange. Yet habit is strong, and my thought had run too long in the opposite channel to be easily switched. Also, I was beset by doubt. If he still lingered as a sentiment in June's mind, she must undoubtedly have softened his outline as she herself had grown in culture, and she might shrink from the rough reality. Then there was the governor, arbitrary and violent, to say nothing of Carew.

"If you will please follow me," he interrupted my reflections.

Had the gates been still open, I might have tried a dash, but not only were they closed, but two of his men, Sioux of the west, had moved to my pony's head. There was nothing for it but obedience.

"Duncan?" he answered my question crossing the yard. "Under guard, both he and his men. We caught them napping. Took the place without a blow." Opening the door of a hut that had been the clerk's quarters, he added: "But I shall require only your parole. Please stay here till you are called to supper."

If rudely furnished, the hut was cozy with bison rugs, robes, furs. Duncan's Shakespeare and thumbed Homer lay on the table, but though I would usually have asked nothing better than an hour alone with them, I could now only pace restlessly and listen for the governor's arrival.

I had not long to wait, for within the hour I heard the clash of the gates. My strained ears gave me nothing else. Ignorant of what was passing, I had to fall back on my patience until a Sioux called me a half-hour later.

It was now dark, but walking across the yard I was conscious of vague forms moving about the stockade and

gates, a sinister activity. Then my guide threw wide a door and I stepped, winking, into a blaze of candle-light, and saw that the meal had been set out in the store.

A long low building, the wall logs were hidden behind boxes, barrels, bales, shelves of gay cottons and blankets, staples of Indian trade. Sheaves of traps, hatchets, kettles, pots, depended in groves from the roof-balks. A long table that served for a counter had been shoved to the center and bore a profusion of meat and drink, not only such as the land afforded, but also hams, cheeses, sweet biscuit, and fruit-preserves, the best of Duncan's store. All was brilliantly lit by scores of long wax candles—in transit to one of my missions—stuck in their own grease along the walls and table.

As my eyes grew to their light, I saw Duncan first, darkly regarding his plundered dainties, and I had almost laughed at the rue on his long Scotch face. Next to him, on the breed's right at the head of the table, Mr. Temple sat opposite June, and I took a place that had been left vacant between her and Carew.

Afterward I learned that when the breed had bestowed June and her father together to freshen themselves after the day's travel, he then had carried Carew off to his own room. What passed there the Englishman never would tell, but he now appeared terribly frightened. As I seated myself, he sighed as though relieved by his removal from June's dangerous proximity; throughout the meal he fidgeted, shuffled uneasily, while his pale eyes wandered restlessly up and down the table.

For matter of that, none of us was quite at ease—Mr. Temple held himself stiffly, Duncan seemed to be chiefly concerned with the census of his plundered dainties, June steadily consulted her plate. I confess myself to a great anxiety, and hold it no shame, for never, perhaps, was stranger company gathered about stranger host.

Experience ought, by this time, to have taught me to cease wondering at anything that he might do, but just

then I was amazed at the cleverness with which he had steered his love-affair to this remarkable climax. Granted—as was true—that messages had passed between them? Still he had both foreseen and provided against the changes which time and travel had probably wrought in June's view-point. Realizing that her love might not survive a meeting in the squalid peace of an Indian camp, he had prepared this splendid coup and now sat, conqueror of her father's fort, invested with the colors of romance. I must add that he carried it off with a confident hand.

"Now we are all here," he said as I took my seat, adding a grimly humorous allusion to our last meeting: "Or would be if we had Mr. Fraser. A pity he could not be here."

"A great pity," Mr. Temple dryly answered.

Apart from this one allusion to the bitter past, he acted the pleasant host throughout the meal; was hospitable, attentive; talked well, proving himself both well-informed and reasonable in discussing the quarrel between the fur companies. Indeed toward its close he staggered us with a piece of information that was news even to the governor, and which may well be quoted as it introduced pregnant personal matter.

"That will not be necessary," he said when I remarked that division of territory seemed the only permanent solution, "providing that the negotiations now going on in London come to a successful conclusion."

"Negotiations?" Mr. Temple was surprised out of his stiffness.

"Toward the merging of the two companies. You have not heard yet? I had the news from Fort William last week—but that reminds me." He smiled grimly. "The news came out of despatches addressed to you."

When, six months later, that happy union brought peace to the Northland, Mr. Temple was first in its praise. He was, however, too bitter a partizan to jump at idle rumor, nor was he, just then, inclined to peace.

"Never!" he cried, and Carew, who had sipped false confidence from one of

Duncan's bottles, echoed the exclamation: "Never!" With an air of fussy importance, he added: "My father is one of the largest stockholders in the Company. He would never consent."

Ignoring the remark as though it had been the buzzing of a fly, the breed answered Mr. Temple. "Never is a long time! Still, I have no quarrel with a war that has given me back my wife."

So far, he had scarcely looked at June, nor she at him, though her every fiber responded to his voice. In company with his talk her colors had flowed or faded to a tide of memories, and now she raised eyes to his that were large and humid as those of a mother deer; eyes in which, as in brown summer pools, memories of forest trysts were mirrored softly as on moonlit waters.

"What nonsense is this?" Mr. Temple spoke with the sharp habit of authority.

From June the breed's eyes came back with a look stiff as his own. "Is it nonsense for a man to rejoice in the return of his wife?"

"She is not your wife."

"Not by your law—yet, but that will soon be mended."

"Come, come, no more of this!" The governor rose in his angry impatience. "The joke has been pushed to its limit."

"Joke?" Rising in turn, the breed still retained his level tones. "Joke? Your sense of humor develops—or was it also a joke when you tore her from me?"

Mr. Temple glanced irritably to right and left. It was plainly to be seen that he chafed under the necessity for argument, but lacking the force necessary to crush it, he was fain to continue.

"I used a father's right to break a tie damaging to his daughter. I acknowledged your claim on my gratitude, but not upon her, and if I did not then allow it, how much less now that she is educated far above your station and betrothed to another."

"Betrothed?" Under the breed's swift glance, Carew's new-found confidence evaporated and left him whiter than before. "Yes, I heard something of that. As for the tie—is it then the

priest's word that makes a marriage?" Pausing, he looked down at June who had slipped to his side. "No claim? What say you?"

Once raised, her eyes had stayed with him, and now, like a bird to its nest, her white hand slid into his brown paw—a sufficient answer that brought the governor to his feet with a protesting cry. "June! June!"

"Yes?"

As she turned to him, I saw again the face of the beautiful savage of the old trail, warm in its glowing love, splendid in its defiance. Right then I believe Mr. Temple sensed the error he had pursued these years, for a quiver of irresolution swept his face. As though realizing the futility of argument, he spoke again to the breed.

"Sir, as you said when the gates closed on us this evening, a trick of fortune has placed us in your power. But beware how you use it to advantage yourself by this girl's folly. Even the Nor'west Council will not stand for such misusage; and if the companies should, as you say is probable, merge into one, the north will not be wide enough to hide you from me."

"The Council? She shall answer to it herself, and that within two weeks, for we go straight from here to Fort William. As for your threat"—he smiled quietly—"your power was not sufficient to keep me out of this fort." Throwing up his head with a quick toss of defiance, he finished: "But that is enough of talk. We cackle like old women. Are you ready, m'sieu l'abbé?"

"And you think that I will stand by, a tame witness!" The governor's passion exploded. "Here, Carew! Duncan!"

With all his canniness, the Scotchman was brave. He flew to his feet, jaws grinding his impatience to wipe out the disgrace of his capture. Had Carew been one tithe as ready, we had surely seen some fighting, but his frightened face turned apprehensively to the door. He answered without even rising:

"It would be useless. He has twenty men outside."

It was true enough. As he spoke the door opened and a line of Sioux filed in and ranged themselves in sinister silence behind us along the wall. It was not, however, for him to count the odds. He hung his head under the governor's look of black disgust.

"Whatever happens, sir," Mr. Temple said slowly, "your engagement to my daughter is broken." Then he stood, biting his lips, like one robbed of his cause.

"These are to see fair play." Looking at me, the breed waved at his men. "Now, m'sieu l'abbé."

"I forbid it!" the governor snapped.

I had felt for him through it all, but that sharp order injected a touch of irritation into my pity and I put a little mettle in my answer.

"June is of age, son."

He stared at me a moment, his eyes round and black in their angry surprise. "You, also? You intend to marry them?"

"Better than to let them go out from here unwed."

But no argument would reach him. "In that case you are no longer my friend. After this your church will also lack the backing of the Company."

It was true that the Company had sometimes protected the missions; but then it had reaped a profit out of the peace we sowed through the tribes, and the unfairness of the speech moved me to a spirited rejoinder. "Son, why do you persist in kicking against the pricks, the goads that you sharpened for yourself in the long time ago? You have wrought as you thought best for June's good, but you cannot turn the course of nature."

The expostulation, I am sure, sank in. But stiff natures like his do not yield readily and it remained for a lighter cause to give it effect. He made bitter answer:

"It seems that my consent is needed as little as it is wished."

The accent, slight as it was, touched June. Her big eyes grew moist and, stepping, she laid a soft hand on his arm. "I do wish it. Won't—"

But he flung round and gave her his back. "Never let me see you again!"

It was hard. In trying to repair the error of his youth, he had committed a greater, and the very fact made it more difficult for him to yield. Knowledge of it, however, inhered in his answer when I asked if he would like to retire.

"No! I'll drink my draft to the dregs."

With that I began—the ceremony that ought to have been performed four years ago. Of a necessity a missionary is called upon to carry out the sacraments in strange settings; yet never do I remember officiating in a wilder or one more fit. The dark log store, silent Sioux in the shadow under the candles, Duncan's fringed moose-skins, the governor's bluff form, all was in keeping with the wild beauty and her big, strong man, save only Carew's scared white face. As I have said, it remained for a cause light to the verge of laughter to give the last push that was to throw Mr. Temple from his stubborn stand and bring happiness and grandchildren to his declining years. It came when I stumbled on the question,

"Who gives this woman in marriage to this man?" in reading from my pocket Vulgate.

I ought to have omitted it, but having said it, I looked at Mr. Temple. He, however, made no sign, and it was the breed who broke the awkward pause. Stimulated, perhaps, by some memory of the persecution June had sustained at Carew's hands, he nodded at the Englishman.

"This gentleman."

I doubt whether Carew ever realized the fulness of the sarcasm; understood that in the last few minutes a battle had been fought and lost, a battle the significance of which, though masked by phrases, was vividly real as those which primitive men waged for the bodies of their women. If he did, then cowardice had killed shame as well as natural passion, for he answered at once:

"I will—if you wish it!"

His fawning consent fell on dead silence, but as he rose in his despicable weakness, the governor swung round with a roar.

"Sit down, sir! She goes to a man, at least. I will give her away myself!"



ANY WOMAN TO HER LOVER

I'd a head and I'd a heart
For the playing of my part
In the world till I met you, oh, my dear.
But there's something more to give
When love teaches one to live,
And the joy superlative
Turns to fear.

Joy and I were ever friends,
But for life's deep aims and ends
I have sorrow's secrets, too, brought more near.
I'd a head—to bow before you.
I'd a heart's strength—to adore you.
I've a soul to suffer for you
Now, my dear.

CAROLINE DUEER.

IN MUSICLAND

By William F. Armstrong



HERE was a time, doubtless, when La Scala at Milan was the first opera-house in Italy; it is still the largest. The truth of the matter is, the season at La Scala closes before the tide of American travel flows southward, and general trans-Atlantic acquaintance is confined to a view of its stubby, careworn exterior. The fact that the new co-manager of the Metropolitan, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, and the new first conductor for the Italian repertory there, Arturo Toscanini, both come to us from that theater, gives it, just now, other than casual interest.

To consider its recent season is not without the charm of the unique. During the whole two weeks of my stay in Milan only two operas were sung, in layers as it were, "Mefistofele," and "Pelleas et Melisande"; the repertory of two nights in New York. In all the *stagione* there, which extended over a period of four months, but seven operas were given, scarcely more than the list of a single week at the Metropolitan. Of these, one, "La Forza Del Destino," was sung by a cast that aroused the audience to such pitch of resentment that a second performance of the work was impossible, and it was withdrawn.

There were also other unawaited sit-

uations. The dramatic soprano fell ill, and as there was none to take her place in "Gioconda," an ideal situation to a prima donna, but something less to the public, La Scala was closed. When she presently grew better, the season proceeded.

At another unhappy moment Signor Grassi, the tenor, being excitedly addressed by Toscanini, who is accredited with regarding all artists as the dust of the field, abruptly left the rehearsal, nor would he return. For four days La Scala again went into silence; having no *Faust*, it could also have no "Mefistofele." At the end of that period, the tenor returned, and the box-office reopened.

The four other works presented were "Götterdämmerung," "Tosca," "Gioconda," and "Louise." Beyond this the list included two ballets, "La Soubrette," with music by Achille Coppini, and "Les Portes de Bonheur," by Giovanni Pratesi, neither likely to see New York.

To those familiar with Metropolitan demands, the number of weekly performances required, the frequent changes of opera, the complete preparedness in face of unforeseen incident, the question naturally presenting itself is: How will a management of so leisurely experience—so leisurely, indeed, that it provoked even an Italian public to wrath—meet these exactions?

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The two operas put on at La Scala, where the orchestra is fine and the chorus good, were put on well, with a *mise en scène* admirably drilled. But the fact remains that there were but two of them.

In the matter of principals, especially in "Mefistofele," results were less fortunate. The title-part was sung by our ex-friend, Chaliapine, who, either from his reception by the Milanese or his impartiality to clothing, still had a cold. Rinaldo Grassi, the tenor of all Boîto occasions, and who has been chosen by Gatti-Casazza for the forthcoming Metropolitan season, has a white voice, a modern Italian way of using it, and sings at times with an effort that perhaps strains his own nerves as much as those of his audience. He is a slight-appearing young man, with two too many hands for his complete comfort on open scene, and conventional methods in acting.

The most acceptable of the several vocal efforts put forth was that of Miss Frances Alda, a pupil of Madame Marchesi, and facially a *Margherita* of much worldly wisdom.

With this material Toscanini gained effects that few could achieve, even with a better cast. He not only held things together, but forced a spirit of ensemble upon the principals, excepting, of course, Chaliapine, whose calisthenics are immune to even superhuman influences.

With Toscanini a performance becomes a unit of musical strength. There are moments, and disappointing ones, when he hurls his brasses against the tone of the singers, and such a union is not made in heaven. Yet even in those moments you feel with him, and know that he is conducting at such stray times for the voices he would have, rather than those following his baton; the spirit of the work that he makes irresistible to others, has for the moment become irresistible to him.

But the shortcoming was alone in "Mefistofele"; in "Pelleas" his care in this aspect was absolute; not a tone of the singers, however restrained, was lost; detached phrases, no matter how

brief, were given in the orchestra with mastery of finish that made them a musical joy.

When he conducts there is a calm, almost diabolical, in Toscanini's expression; his absorption, the fulness of his interest, find vent only in his gestures, and those in the main confined to his hands, at one moment caressing as if smoothing the feathers of birds, the next dragging out tone-masses with a mailed grip. There is never a score before him, his repertory he carries about in his head.

From the moment that he takes his place at the desk—and in that he is also exact, for on the stroke of the clock he raises his baton—he is lost in the music. On the fall of the curtain he slips down, apparently indifferent to what the audience may think then or thereafter.

The story is told of him that one day at a rehearsal of "La Tosca," Puccini, its composer, and Ricordi the publisher, a strong musical figure in Milan, were present. Puccini offered several suggestions. Toscanini, calling Gatti-Casazza to him, asked:

"Did you pay for this score?"

"Yes," was his wondering rejoinder.

"Then ask those gentlemen to leave the theater; and to take their suggestions with them; I shall conduct it as I see fit."

But the gentlemen with "their suggestions" had left the theater before Gatti-Casazza and the message could get to them.

To those given to historic sentiment the glories of La Scala may still seem pristine; to others they must stand sadly in need of renovation. Six tiers, five of boxes and the topmost a gallery, flat and unrelieved, run three-fourths the circuit of the building from floor to roof; each box cramped and confined, the inmates peering out spasmodically, like the prize exhibits at a poultry-show. The parterre, broader and deeper than that of the Metropolitan, has its rows of seats set so uncomfortably close together that one is obliged to straddle the knees of one's neighbors to reach the fresh air of the foyer.

The orchestra is sunken, like that at Bayreuth, the conductor perched alone on its outermost brink, to command the stage. The sweeping breadth of the proscenium is noble, though the effect is lessened by the fact that the red plush drop-curtain is never fully drawn back on open scene, and the result is that of viewing a landscape through a window too heavily draped. Instead of softening the illusion of the scene it too sharply defines it.

There is singularly little visiting in the boxes; beauty remains for the most part *en famille*. It is in the parterre aisle, between acts enlivened by bobbing derbies, which the male Milanese affects exclusively for opera wear, that the scene assumes something of the genial aspect of lower Broad Street when prices fluctuate.

To know the great number of unemployed singers in Italy or those joyous over engagements just made on terms that would cause even obscure foreign talent in New York to faint of shock, it is only necessary to turn into the Galleria in Milan any afternoon, rain or shine; for the great arcade is roofed, and in the chill, shivery air of a belated season any place is like home, without fire in it. There they wander up and down in procession, tenors, baritones, and basses, just back from a month's engagement where they have sung four times a week for seventy-five dollars, or are just going, or just hoping to go; for a long, hot summer is ahead, and the next season will open in October.

Nor in Italy is the artist as generously spared as with us; if he is engaged to sing first-tenor parts, and is needed for four nights in succession, in such dramatic trifles as "Aida" or "Giocanda," he sings, and, after one day's rest appears again, if necessary, four successive times more. He may not enjoy it, he would scarcely be human if he did, but he does it; there are others waiting to succeed him if he does not.

The principal German novelty to be sung at the Metropolitan Opera-house next season will be the music-drama,

"Tiefland," by Eugen d'Albert, the Scotch pianist, who, artist-fashion, after repudiating his country, regretted it verbally, but remained unalterably a Berliner. The subject of his work is none other than our old friend "Marta of the Lowlands," after the Spanish of Guimera, done into German blank verse by Rudolph Lothar.

In these days, when so many operas, yet so little music, is written, in viewing a new product one is apt to recall the experience of Von Bülow when he played through a certain manuscript score, pausing between passages to take off his hat in greeting to the many old friends that he found there.

Perhaps Wagner and Strauss would also be present in "Tiefland" as well as d'Albert; to be prepared for disappointments is the easiest way to avoid it. So I went to hear the work at the Imperial Opera in Vienna, climbing to the fourth gallery for the sake of a memory of boyhood, when I had mounted the four flights of stairs with my heart in my mouth, not because of the long ascent, but in anticipation of the beautiful voices I should hear at the end of the journey. Materna, with a splendor and warmth of vocal resource that made her the greatest of all *Brünnhildes*; Pauline Lucca, the *Carmen* of passionate enchantment; Scaria, with his noble singing of Wagner; Bianchi, the *Amina* of pyrotechnic perfection; Walter the tenor, all quieted to silence by death or a hand yet unkind, Time, that leaves only a mute, forgotten existence. All these I could no longer await on coming to the top of the stairs.

But the scene remained unchanged; the same figures crowded the narrow space back of the railing; they might, from appearances, have been there for all the intervening years in expectancy, waiting for me, with the ghost of the past in my heart, to find them. The same good Viennese, worn with work, but never too worn to stand through an opera, a little threadbare, but still carefully holding a high silk hat, as evidence of continued respectability; students, cadaverous, but as long-haired as in the days when Liszt, following the

Hungarian-peasant fashion, made it a cosmopolitan badge of superficiality; girls, the same, quite unchanged, perhaps from the identical shops, to be thrilled with the same thrills in the love-scenes, they were there, too, even the ones with bags of buns and ham, which they brought with them to nibble on between acts; one, she, too, used always to be there, and stuck her bag of greasy provender into my side when the music struck a response in some latent corner of her nervous system.

But even the contact of buns and ham was a welcome one; it helped me somehow out of my unreality to know that the two prime objects in life, interest in love and interest in eating, remained undisturbed and pleasingly active.

The same bell sounded a warning for the beginning of the performance; the same curtains parted, and the same five tiers of boxes settled down into silence and darkness.

The story of "Tiefland," as it unfolds itself, we know, perhaps, from American performances of "Marta of the Lowlands," to be a melodrama pure and simple. Hardy gave us the same situation in "Tess of the Durbervilles," but he gave it with the exalted touch of a great mind.

But a musical setting gives an exaltation as well to all that it touches; half the librettos would be unbearable in their gaunt vulgarity without the music that transfigures them through unreality. D'Albert has gone about his work, if, and decidedly not, with the great creative musical gift, with a refinement, a grace, a restraint, and yet with an appropriate sense in reflecting human emotion that leave one at the close of the opera strongly in sympathy.

There are, for frankness is unavoidable, things that he would not have written had Wagner forgotten to do them, but these come at intervals, apparently when he feels called upon to live up to a situation. When he is sincere, when he allows his own instinct to find expression, he is d'Albert, and with a gift of melody that comes to him doubtless

from his old bandmaster ancestor. And when he is himself, a graceful, attractive, melodious self, he is also a writer for the piano. Throughout, except when Wagnerian inspiration carries him off his feet and into deep waters, you hear the pianistic phrase and nuance reflected in the score. But with it all he never loses the psychological meaning of what he is about.

The scene of the Prologue is very beautiful, as the fog melts from a height in the Pyrenees. There is no endeavor at this point to give an orchestral sense of vastness; that is left to the scene and the eye. What he depicts musically is a plaintive loveliness, the human side of it. To that *Pedro*, the herder, allotted to the tenor, gives expression in words when he tells presently of the two "Our Fathers" prayed nightly, the first for the safe, eternal repose of his parents, the second for a true wife to share his life with him.

It is not in this Prologue, though, with its introduction of *Sebastiano*, barytone, and *Marta*, soprano, whom he has enslaved, that the real d'Albert comes. That arrives later, after *Pedro*, the unwitting tool of *Sebastiano*, who would rid himself of encumbrance, pledges *Marta* to the herder in marriage.

The first act, which immediately follows, is placed at the foot of the Pyrenees, in the lowlands of Catalonia. The scene is a mill, almost as primitive as the hut in "Walküre"; through the opened doorway is a view of the mountains where *Pedro* has left the nobility and restful peace that he will unlearn from a knowledge of man.

The gossip of the peasantry, their mockery at the past of *Marta* and her coming wedding, the cruelty and littleness of village malevolence, build up to *Pedro's* eager entrance for his bride, with its underlying music of characteristic Catalonian rhythm.

The strong scenes following are the episodes of *Sebastiano's* semihypnotic power over *Marta*, her struggling, half-conscious helplessness against his will, and her pleading to be released from his determination 'on a marriage in

which she, herself a victim, will be imposed upon an innocent man. Against this climax, in which the orchestra takes a fuller part as the tragedy progresses, flares the gay burst of music which starts the wedding-procession to church—brief, noisy, and again in characteristic rhythm.

The final portion of this act, a long duet-scene between *Marta* and *Pedro*, now her husband, is too drawn out to sustain its proper value, and it would seem not unlikely that it would be generously cut for Metropolitan performance. Here, too, it is, that d'Albert's music takes a plunge into the Wagnerian fount, and does not emerge until the opening of the second and closing act. The librettist has given *Marta* and *Pedro* too much to say, and in a German libretto, unfortunately, the importance of what is to be conveyed too often seems to depend on the length of time it requires to convey it. A Puccini libretto would have swept on to the end, quick, sharp, convincing; the whole might have been sketchily done, but the suggestion and action would have made it complete and comprehensible.

To delay movement still more at this juncture Lothar has put in an "Erzählung," for a German opera without a "narrative" would be like a modern Italian one without an intermezzo. This time *Pedro* tells of the robber-wolf of the herd that he slew as they rolled down the mountainside, the beast's fangs at his throat; to tell this requires sixty-seven lines of blank verse, a neat bit if one sings it.

But why cavil? Herr Mahler, whose devoutness leads him to restore passages in Mozart's operas which the composer, if he lived to-day, might get down on his knees to beg omitted, may not feel the same ultra-piety in touching a modern work. At any rate, the next act brings compensation, musical as well as dramatic, that carries the scene to convincing conclusion.

Madame Marchesi once said to me that her pupils coming from a higher social life never made actresses, for the

reason that their prime training had been to repress all expression of emotions, and that her only great dramatic charges had been of humble origin, where no such exactions existed.

The peasants in "Tiefland," hurrying the tragedy to a brutal conclusion, fit the thought to the word, and the word to the deed. Their way may not be the conventional one, but it is the way that dramatic situations are made.

The awakening love and jealousy of *Marta*, whose conscience has thrust *Pedro* from her to find consolation with the lonely *Nuri*, her friend; *Marta's* terrible confession to the old man *Tomaso* of the life forced upon her innocence; *Pedro's* curse at his deception; the woman's awakening to the knowledge that the love of the herder means eternal protection; these are the scenes that succeed each other like flashes from a knife-blade. They have carried d'Albert like a fagot in a swift-running stream.

The strange, droning, subdued effect of the strings, as *Marta's* confession comes out, falls on your nerves as no orchestral outburst could harrow them. *Sebastiano's* pleading that she means all of life to him; the deviltry of his final song to the guitar, in which his old power half reasserts itself with the woman, dazed, yet dancing because he commands it; the sudden knowledge of *Pedro* that this is the human robber-wolf; and his strangling to death of *Sebastiano*; these episodes d'Albert has caught and put into his music.

At the opening of the opera you have seen the deliberate workings of his mind to make music, at this point you see him carried irresistibly to the best of which he is capable, and it is a very good and a very musically best.

With the fine resources from which to select a cast at the Metropolitan the work holds possibilities not brought out in Vienna. At the Imperial Opera the drama was given by Demuth, *Sebastiano*; Schmedes, *Pedro*; and Förster-Lauterer, *Marta*; able interpreters, of admirable diction, but not a voice between them.



The BADNESS of JIMMIE

By Mary H. Vorse

HIS story has to do with the badness of Jimmie. Jimmie has, of course, often enough set the house by the ears, but he has done this without guile and I do not blame him for it, for the ways of boys are mostly inimical to the peace of the grown-up. But while, to a stranger, the things I am about to relate may seem no worse than many of Jimmie's other escapades, yet they were so to me, because I knew that Jimmie understood perfectly how bad he was; even in the episode of the hornets, he knew about it.

The reason Jimmie acted this way was because he fell into bad company. By this I don't mean vicious company. I mean the kind of company that aggravates all the natural mischievousness of the natural boy; for if Jimmie was the executive part of these various episodes, Finsky was the flame which quickened Jimmie to action. You will also observe that part of Finsky's influence was good—but it is a poor, pale light that goodness sheds compared with that of badness.

I had been sure for some time that there had been influences at work in Jimmie's life about which I knew nothing; and yet, I had little enough to go on to support this theory—nothing but a subtle change in Jimmie's manner, a few intonations of speech whose origin I couldn't trace, and the fact that he was getting harder to keep at home,

which I couldn't but admit was natural for a boy at his age. Still, little as appeared to the eye, I was sure that there was some unknown element molding my younger son, and it is the unknown element in a child, for which a mother cannot account, that worries her. It is a terrible day for her when she realizes that any casual outsider may upset all her training; may count for more in the life of her child than all her influence can possibly do.

I was wandering along this train of thought, instead of reading my book, when my reverie was broken into by a little boy. He was indescribably foreign. His straight black hair hung about his eyes. As I looked at him, he glittered enormous black eyes at me.

"What do you want, little boy?" I asked him.

In an indescribably wheedling and beguiling tone he replied:
"Jimmie."

"Jimmie isn't here," I said. "Do you want to wait?"

"No," he answered, and would have been off. I would have been glad to keep him. I wanted to know more about the wheedling tone. But with the dexterity unknown to an Anglo-Saxon child, he managed to elude me.

I went out to the kitchen, where Seraphy was grumbling about something, and as I paid no attention to her confused mumblings, she concluded: "An' talkin' of limbs, th' worst o' th' kit an' bilin' of 'em's settin' this blessed moment on th' doorstep."

I looked out of the window. There

sat the selfsame child who had been looking for Jimmie a moment before. He flashed at me a dazzling smile as I went out on the doorstep.

"I told you Jimmie wasn't here," I said, "but you can wait if you want."

At this he seemed surprised, but answered nothing.

"You are not an American?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "but my father is out of Hungary."

His voice had taken on a touch of deference since our first little interview. I asked his name, and he replied that it was Finsky; then, with eyes as appealing as those of a dog fixed on me, he got up and slid away, his look asking eloquently for permission to depart.

By the time I got to the front of the house, there he was again, dawdling around; it occurred to me with what astonishing rapidity he must have accomplished this feat. All day I noticed him wandering around the grounds. He seemed to be wherever I looked. I would glance out of one window, and there he was. If I crossed to the opposite side of the house and looked out, behold the same boy. The queer part of it was, he never seemed in a hurry.

Something about that child interested me; he seemed such a curious animal. Now I would see him bounding up and down in a wild sort of way, and again he would walk along in a dreamy, poetic fashion. Someway, he seemed in his various manifestations like the music of his own country—fiery and impetuous, dreamy and sad, all in one.

After this, little Finsky was almost always at the house. He would wait around for Jimmie, performing various little services for him, such as feeding Jimmie's menagerie, or weeding the barren waste known as Jimmie's "garden." The child's different moods, that I had noticed the first day, became more apparent. Even Maria observed him, though to Maria a boy is usually only plain Boy.

"He is an extraordinary example of the dual nature of man," said she; "only in this child the light and dark

are more definitely divided than in most. And though of course you know your own business best, Editha, I will say that I consider that child bad company for Jimmie, and I should advise you to put down your foot."

And I had to admit that, as to the effect on Jimmie, Maria was right; for when the wild mood had Finsky, there was no holding him. His wild spirits carried Jimmie along with him at those times. It seemed as though there were two separate brains coalesced into one, and one potent for mischief—not mere boys' play, but wanton, high-spirited mischief. Every mother knows how it is; your child isn't a bad one, nor is your neighbor's child bad. Put them together, and pandemonium ensues. This is what happened with Jimmie and Finsky; and just as I would be at the limit of my patience, and be about to put down my foot, the child would be so good for a while that I hadn't the heart. He would wait for Jimmie with such patience that I couldn't but endure his moments of inspired deviltry. I could not but pity the lonesome little figure waiting for Jimmie's glorious return.

It was about this time Jimmie began not coming home after school, and disappearing for almost a whole Saturday at a time. It got so bad that I spoke to my husband about it. All he said was:

"Well, Editha, you can't expect to keep a boy like Jimmie tied to your apron-strings all his life. You know birds will grow up and leave the nest."

Here my sister Maria joined in with: "It's all very well, Henry, to talk about birds leaving the nest; but if you'd seen the sight that I've seen, when I went to my washwoman the other day, perhaps you wouldn't be as complacent about it."

As nobody asked her what this sight was she continued:

"Jimmie was sitting acting like a king, feeding watermelons to all the little ragamuffins in town! And if you ask me how he came by those watermelons, I will say simply that he didn't buy them. Understand me, I'm not

committing myself—but I simply say that those watermelons were never bought with money."

Although Henry is as apt as any other man to discount the observations of a middle-aged sister-in-law, nevertheless this gave him pause.

"All the ragamuffins in Kingdom Come," Maria pursued, seeing the effect she created, "were gathered around Jimmie, who was lording it, I can tell you. All the ragamuffins—and," Maria emphasized, "the wildest-looking little girl I ever saw in my life. Why, when she rolled her glittering eyes at me and grinned, with her mouth all full of watermelon, I declare it gave me a twinge."

"I shall have to speak to Jimmie," said Henry.

Right here Jimmie came scudding through the hall; his head was up and there was a gleam in his eye which meant no good. He was wearing his new manner; since he has been a grown boy, he has had the unapproachable ways of his kind—when he dresses he is very much more sure to put a chip on his shoulder than he is to brush his teeth. But I suppose a boy gets so used to being found fault with that he naturally acts as if he expected it. Late-
ly, his sullen air has given way to a rather jaunty, devil-may-care manner, as one who would say: "I don't care how much you disapprove of me—I'm going to have some fun in life!"

"Jimmie," my husband began, "I want to speak to you."

Jimmie threw his head back like some wild thing that scents trouble. Seraphy joined our group. Seraphy has been with us so long that she does a good deal of the ordering without consulting me, and carefully goes through the tradesmen's books before I see them. She came forward, brandishing in her sinewy hand the last grocery account.

"'Tis Lanyard," proclaimed she in tones of exasperation, "is th' fierce one! See here, ma'am, wit' y'r own eyes, what's charged on us—five water-millins, an' on th' same day!"

Jimmie here unostentatiously tried to sneak away, but Henry saw light.

"Jimmie," he asked, "do you know anything about those watermelons?"

"Which watermelons?" Jimmie parried.

"You know well enough," his father returned severely, "which watermelons. Did you get five watermelons from Lanyard? Don't try to shuffle with me—just answer yes or no. Did you get them?"

"Yes," replied Jimmie, defiance writ large upon his countenance.

"What for?" inquired his parent.

"I wanted 'em."

"You wanted *five* watermelons! What for?"

"To eat!" Jimmie gave back.

I turned away to hide a smile which would come in spite of myself. They looked so much alike, and their different tones clipped out with such similar precision.

"Don't you be impertinent to me, young man!" Henry roared.

With an indescribable, wheedling tone, which was never originated in New England, Jimmie replied:

"Didn't you ask me what I wanted 'em for? Well, it was to eat, not for playing marbles."

This wheedling something in his tone pricked the bubble of his father's anger.

"Look here, Jimmie," he said, "I know all about it. I know you have been treating half the town to melons. Now you've got to pay for them. I dare say you walked off with them under Lanyard's eye, when he wouldn't sell you that many; so, of course, there was nothing for him to do but to put them on the bill. That's all there is about it. You've got to pay."

"Sure I'll pay!" Jimmie agreed, and sauntered off, hands in pockets, and wrapped in the devil-may-care manner, as a man wraps himself in a cloak.

"I know what ails that boy," Henry informed me. "He's got to the melon-patch-devastating, orchard-robbing stage. He's passing through the epoch when primitive man, instead of living decently by the chase, found it better to rob his neighbor, and I'm going to put a stop to it. He's just got to march

through this phase of development at a double-quick pace!"

About two days after this, Jimmie stalked in to the dinner-table, and planked down the money for his father.

"There it is," he said. "Count it."

Henry counted it, and pocketed it carefully.

"How did you get it, Jimmie?" he asked.

"Oh, I got it," said Jimmie.

Then Henry pressed him. "How did you get it?"

"Sellin' things," said Jimmie. There was such a twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes that I was quite sure he had been up to no good.

That I was right was proved at no later date than that very evening, when our entire family, together with most of the rest of our town, was proceeding to the last concert of a specially fine series. Just as we passed the drug-store, I saw the clerk collar a boy, who was in the act of putting a penny in the penny-in-the-slot machine.

"I got one of 'em!" he called to his chief. "Got him with the goods!"

The boy wriggled fiercely in the man's grasp, and as the light from the window fell on his face, I recognized Finsky, the Jekyll and Hyde child.

"What's the matter?" some one asked.

"The matter's that the kids in this town's gettin' too fly! They think they own the earth! They think they can hook anything offen us an' no compuncances! They've been fillin' all th' slot machines in town full o' buttons—metal buttons, and we've been watchin' out to catch one of 'em that done it." Thus the irate drug clerk.

A crowd had sprung up around the crying boy and his captor. In the front row I saw Jimmie. We had stopped to see what was going on, and could hear him plainly when he asked, putting a detaining hand on the man's coat:

"Say, whatcher goin' do with him?"

"We're going to make an example of him," the druggist replied, joining his clerk at the door. "We're going to show you kids what happens to boys

who put buttons in penny-in-the-slot machines. We're going to have him arrested."

"See here, you can't do that," Jimmie protested. "He ain't the feller you want—he never thought o' findin' a button that'd weigh just what a cent does. The one that put 'em up to it's the one you want. He's just doin' it for some one else."

"Who's he doing it for?" the druggist demanded.

With a voice that had something like pride in it, Jimmie replied:

"It's me!"

There was silence a moment, and Jimmie resumed:

"I worked awful hard to get a button that weighed just right. They don't any of 'em know where I get 'em. Ain't that right, Fin? See here." And Jimmie fished a handful of buttons from his pocket.

The boy nodded.

"Well," said Mr. Culver reluctantly, "in that case, Bill, you'd better let him go."

The clerk loosened his hand from Finsky, who made off rapidly through the crowd. Jimmie stood there, with a look on his face as one who says: "Well, if you're going to arrest me, be quick about it!"

"Your father can attend to you, young man," Mr. Culver said, as Henry pushed his way forward. "I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Prestoa, that if Jimmie's story is true, he's cleaned out all the penny-in-the-slot machines in town, the young rascal!"

"Ch, I'll attend to him!" replied Henry grimly. "Young man, march right home to bed!" And without a glance at any of us he followed his erring son.

Meanwhile Edith was moaning to me:

"Oh, I shall never hold up my head again! It's the terrible publicity I mind! Oh, why couldn't he have kept quiet then and confessed to father, instead of coming out with it like that before the whole town?"

"We shall be the laughing-stock of

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everybody!" mourned Maria. For once Maria and Edith were in perfect accord.

So, wrapped in gloom, we three women proceeded to the concert. Henry joined us after a time.

"That's how that young reprobate got the money for the melons," he told me. "He's been selling the things from the slot-machine two for a cent. He kept a corner on the buttons, and made Finsky and the others bring the chocolate they got out to him. That young one is cut out for the world of high finance—but he's less cut out for it than he was an hour ago."

I will skip rapidly over the next few days. Maria and Edith did all they could to make Jimmie feel that he had disgraced the family, as much by his public confession as by his actions. Henry and I were naturally very much worried by Jimmie's lack of moral sense. To impress the seriousness of his fault on Jimmie, Henry punished him severely. But repentance rarely blossoms from punishment, so I was little surprised to see Jimmie retire into the sullen, unapproachable mood of a misunderstood boy instead of being melted into sorrow for his wrong-doing. I observed also that among the boys Jimmie was a hero. To him his confession seemed the noble climax of a daring and clever escapade.

Finsky seemed the chastened one. He behaved like an angel. I only saw his wild mood once or twice in a long time.

It was after a moment of peace that Seraphy came to me, fire playing in her eye.

"Ain't it enough, Mis' Preston, that Osborn's come home bringin' a whole party without me bein' stung to death in m' own back kitchen?"

"Stung to death?" I asked.

"Yes'in; that's what I said. Jimmie an' that black-hearted Finsky boy's got th' hose turned on a bees' nest. 'Get out o' here!' says I to 'em. 'You're drivin' th' bees in on me.' 'Oh, beware th' bees,' says Jimmie, laughin', an' the other don't say nothin'—it's th' unchancy, glancin' eye o' him I can't abide—Jimmie's holdin' the hose just as though Mr. Preston hadn't told him

never to touch it, an' the Finsky kid's laughin' like the hyena. So I cum right up to you, Mis' Preston—th' other girl's out, as well you know, an' Osborn an' his frien's waitin' f'r tea on th' piazza! It's no day f'r me to get all stung up! No, nor to get the hose turned on me!"

I went down and stopped the boys. I had only to look at Finsky to realize that peace had fled. His large, wild eyes glittered; his mouth flashed smiles. He looked the spirit of wild, uncontrollable mischief—and Jimmie, standing by, was a capable head to carry out the spirit's desires.

My instinct scented danger; but I hoped it might be deferred until after Osborn's tea-party. My older son is a freshman in college, and he had telephoned that some of the fellows were coming over after the ball-game, and with them the young ladies who had attended the game.

Everything was going well, the young people enjoying the hearty "tea" on the piazza—Edith, as grown up as a dowager, was pouring—when all of a sudden there was a whish-s-sh from the hose, a noise of the angry humming of hornets, and a sudden stampeding of the party, as a crowd of the angry yellow insects stormed down on us, driven from their home by the well-directed spray.

As we all ran nimbly around the side of the piazza, I saw Osborn clap his hand to his mouth with a muttered exclamation, while one of the girls cried: "Oh, Osborn, are you stung?"

It was a bad ending for a party, especially as either by accident or design a spray from the hose showered on our retreating figures, and at the same time muffled and derisive laughter came to our ears. I caught a glimpse of Jimmie, the hose in his hand, while Finsky laughed as he jumped up and down.

"Is any one stung?" I asked.

"No one but me, luckily," responded Osborn, removing his hand from his mouth, which even in this short time had swelled dreadfully, giving his face such a grotesque appearance that one of the girls burst out laughing in spite of

herself, and apologized for it in the same breath.

It was this laugh which was accountable for that which happened next, for it fanned Osborn's anger into a flame which made it impossible for him not to vent it on the Finsky boy, who at that moment sauntered dreamily onto the piazza as if nothing had happened. Seeing him, Osborn sprang on him, and turning him over his knee, spanked him soundly with his hard, athletic hand, while the child kept screaming:

"It wasn't me! It wasn't me!"

Jimmie, attracted by the cries, scrambled over the piazza railing, crying:

"Let up, Osborn—let up! You've got the wrong one. He ain't him!"

Osborn paused in the systematic spanking which he had been applying.

"What you mean?" he demanded.

"He ain't the one," Jimmie repeated.

"I saw him myself," Osborn returned.

"He ain't the one," persisted Jimmie. "Look there!"

He pointed a finger to a bush. At a safe distance, there gleamed forth a face the exact counterpart of the boy whom Osborn held in his grasp. It was the exact counterpart—with a subtle difference. Deviltry gleamed in the one while the other, even while weeping bitterly, had a different expression.

Still holding his captive hostage, Osborn said shortly to his younger brother:

"Out with it! What's all this about?"

He stood there imposing and dignified, head of the tribe, a boy used by his position as captain of the ball-team to command others, and yet with his mouth swelled to such a terrific size his dignity sat oddly upon him. The girls crowded in the doorway suppressed smiles with difficulty. Osborn felt their mirth even with his head turned away, and drew himself up with even more dignity.

"Out with it!" he commanded.

"There's two of 'em," explained Jimmie. "They're twins. They look just alike, but they're not the same. They can't bear each other—they never come here together if they know it.

One of 'em's awful good—you spanked him."

Thus did Jimmie explain the dual nature of the mysterious Finsky boy.

With one bound Osborn was over the side of the piazza and after the grinning face under the bushes, but the child had been watching his movements, and was off fleet-footed. He wriggled up on to the back of a grocery wagon that was rattling past, and standing there aloft, his thumb to his nose, he laughed the tinkling, derisive laugh that I had grown to know and dread. By this time, too, his double had also disappeared.

Meantime, Osborn's mouth had swelled out of measure, and the task of entertainment at this disastrous tea-party fell on Edith. Before the guests had left, there came a ring at the front door. A huge man presented himself. His black hair hung over his ears; his black, glittering eyes flashed fire. He was attended by what we call in our town the constable. It was the father of the Finsky boys.

I will not attempt to give the foreign dialect in which he recited his wrongs. The substance of it was that he had one boy who was a devil, and another as good as an angel; but devil or angel, he was living in a free country, and if there was spanking to be done of either of his sons, he proposed to do it himself. Then he turned to me and said:

"Ma'am, I wouldn't perhaps to arrest your older son if for so long your younger son had not acted so. Your son is not good company for my boys. That Jimmie is a bad boy. Wherever he say 'Go' my boys follow. By and by my good boy he gets fierce, maybe, too. Ma'am, you keep your Jimmie off from my boys and I keep my boys off Jimmie. I spank my boys every day for playing with Jimmie, but it don't do any good. Jimmie is bad company for them; Jimmie is one fierce kid. You spank him every day for long—maybe he get better."

Having spoken, he lumbered away, and there was nothing for it but for Osborn to follow the constable, in the

face of all the guests, who by this time had got wound up to a state of hysterical mirth.

Osborn was back by tea-time.

"They fined me five dollars," he said.

Seraphy was hovering around the tea-table, it being the second girl's day out. She opened her mouth and spoke.

"Five dollars, is it?" said she. "Five dollars is all! Had I known it was only five dollars it cost, 'tis th' grand lambastin' that limb o' Satan would have got off me long ago—was I sure I'd catch th' right wan of 'em, I'd go out huntin' f'r him t' give him what he deserves, him pullin' Jimmie into all sorts of mischief!"

Having spoken, Seraphy departed to the kitchen.

The point in the whole thing that has been hard for me to bear is that my Jimmie should be considered bad

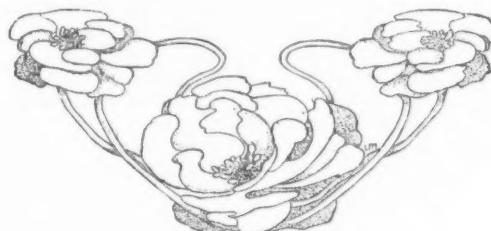
company for his sons by the Hungarian Finsky. For I am sure that it was the Finsky boy who was bad company for Jimmie. Up to the time he met that foreign boy with his glittering eyes, Jimmie has seemed, to me at least, a pretty good boy.

I meet the elder Finsky now and again on the street. He bows to me gravely with European courtesy. There is a pity in his eye that I find hard to bear. I know he is thinking:

"There goes the mother of that one bad Jimmie, whom I stopped playing with my boys."

And every time I see him I wish again that I had been the one to put down my foot, especially as whenever Maria thinks of the Finsky children, she says:

"I suppose, Editha, you will never learn the necessity of nipping things in the bud."



AN AUTUMN SONG

THE shining sickle-blades no longer flash
Among the waving grain. The steady hum
Of tireless threshing is no longer heard—
The thresher's labor finished, it is dumb.

The rust will gather on the unused blade,
The busy spider weave its fairy lace
Across the bins where lies the garnered wheat—
Upon the golden chaff, frost leaves its trace.

And you, O fields, will lie in dreamless sleep
A little while—in snow and darkness hid;
Then wake beneath the subtle touch of Spring,
To once more bear, once more be harvested.

BETH SLATER WHITSON.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BY A FIRST NIGHTER

The minstrel show an original American idea, the only species of stage representation we can lay claim to as creators. Old-time minstrelsy. The "Cohan and Harris Minstrels" are a new departure in this line and infuse it with fresh blood. A capital show, with Julian Eltinge as the one big note of novelty. Dockstader also comes to the front with new ideas in this line of theatrical work. James Forbes' "The Traveling Salesman" strictly speaking not good drama, but a tremendous laughter-provoking and money-making success. Great animation in theatricaldom. Managers confidently predict a big season. Some reasons why their prediction should prove true



UST as the darky songs sung by the negroes of the Southern United States offer the only American approach to the *Volkslieder* of other countries, so the minstrel show is the only species of stage representation which we can lay claim to as authors and originators. The half century during which minstrelsy took root, grew to full bloom, and at last began to go to seed and decline, is the most interesting period in our national life, and incidentally it is the most romantic and picturesque period in American theatricals.

Minstrelsy once upon a time claimed the abilities of Joseph Jefferson, Francis Wilson, Charles Frohman, and scores of other men who later graduated into the leading acting and managerial positions of other and higher forms of theatrical entertainment. Minstrelsy once upon a time was the most popular and best patronized style of amusement in all America. It even

overflowed into Great Britain and Europe and enjoyed tremendous vogue in the very theaters where Pinero, Bernstein, Ibsen, and Sudermann are now the big lights.

All this happened during the aftermath of the Civil War at a time when Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the best selling book in the English language, and while the kinky head of the American negro was still surrounded by a halo of sympathetic interest, picturesqueness, and idealism. Minstrelsy was at its height while the majority of white people viewed their colored brother from a distance and imagined him a happy-go-lucky, sweet-voiced, humorous, and shiftless individual who spent his time picking cotton, eating possum and watermelon, borrowing chickens, and plunking an old banjo. It started to decline when hundreds of thousands of black men and women took up their residence in the North and by intimate association with whites demonstrated that they could thrive on things other than melons and poultry, that they would rather run elevators than pluck the

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picturesque cotton, and that they found less amusement in twanging the strings of a banjo than in severing jugular veins and the strands of law by means of jack-knives and razors.

About that time theatricals graduated from chaos into order, and white-face amusement companies pushed out from Broadway into every big and little town in the country. "Skirt" shows completed the work which the disillusionizing colored man had started, and minstrelsy commenced to wane.

For half a dozen years now only one minstrel company has had enough following to warrant a tour of the first-class theaters of the country. No other black-face organization dared invade Broadway, and no competition challenged its right to the best patronage in the land. Lew Dockstader, the last of the old-time minstrel stars, was the only man of his tribe who continued year after year to tour the large cities of the United States at the head of a big company of black-face singers, dancers, and comedians. He was the only famous minstrel who made an annual visit to the national metropolis. He was the undisputed king of the realm once bossed by Jack Haverly, Billy West, George Primrose, and a hundred other funny men—a realm where the clatter of "bones" and the jingle of "tambos" take the places of swishing skirts and the twinkling toes of the daintier sex, where the lack of plot is made up by end-men's jokes, where applicants for positions are asked to "double in brass," and where broad humor and clog-dances apologize for the absence of pretty faces and feminine graces.

This year when minstrelsy was about due to be in a comatose condition there suddenly has bobbed up a new organization backed by quantities of money and the brains of a new generation, equipped with a long list of experts borrowed from other branches of the theatricals, and provided with a new sort of entertainment—a show calculated to succeed in spite of the widespread apathy in minstrel affairs. Dockstader is in for a fight—perhaps a fight for his future existence as the leader of a com-

pany of minstrel players—and a type of entertainment which was almost dead has jumped to the front as one of the liveliest and most interesting in the whole show business.

George M. Cohan is the best known native provider of light musical-comedy entertainment. In spite of his youth he has written the books, lyrics, and music of more metropolitan successes than has any other of his compatriots, and in the process he has accumulated a fortune and a tremendous reputation. However, before attempting to write a complete musical comedy he tried his hand at composing "coon" songs and succeeded exceedingly well—a fact that has slipped the memory of even his intimate friends. Do you recall the popularity of "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby," "Hot Tomale Alley," and "She's the Warmest Baby in the Bunch"? Cohan wrote them when he was still a boy in teens.

This early experience in writing song "hits" for other musical companies may have had something to do with his decision to organize one of his own; at any rate, he and his partner, Sam H. Harris, have started on a transcontinental tour the "Cohan and Harris Minstrels," headed by George Evans, who is supported by "100 Honey Boys," a name borrowed from the star's well-known alias. Mr. Evans, who is without a doubt one of the funniest men on the world's stage, was once a ballad-singer in the celebrated Thatcher, Primrose and West minstrel company, and it is an interesting side-light on the shifts in theatrical fortunes that George Thatcher, once the head of his own organization and one of the most famous minstrels of all time, now occupies the position of end-man in the "troupe" whose star was once one of his chorus-men.

The proprietors of "the new minstrels" announce that they are dipping into a new business with the sole intention of appropriating all the loose minstrel money in the land. Accordingly four advance men are scurrying across the country plastering billboards with screaming lithographs and packing the

daily papers with articles which describe the Evans show as the biggest, best, and newest thing in minstrelsy—an entertainment which smothers its antiquated predecessors as a kettle-drum drowns the sound of a pair of end-man's "bones."

It hardly does that, but it is a rattling good show, full of lively numbers, good songs, and clever people. These people have for the most part been recruited from vaudeville and, as is usual in such shifts, they continue to present the acts which made them successful in the variety theaters. Mr. Evans himself is best known by his funny mixture of songs and monologue which he has been doing for years in the "two-a-day" houses. Eddie Leonard, his principal singer, has for two seasons been a leading member of the Dockstader company, but has sandwiched these tours with long-time engagements over the vaudeville circuit; Julian Eltinge, the extraordinarily artistic impersonator of women, has never before had a public engagement in anything as legitimate as a minstrel show; Waterbury Brothers and Tenny are old-time variety performers; Rice and Prevost have for years been the best comedy vaudeville acrobats; and Frank Morrell and Matt Keefe have never before appeared in a theatrical company.

Rumor and melody must ever be the most potent things in minstrelsy, so to Mr. Evans, Mr. Leonard, the comedy acrobats, and the songs goes the major portion of praise due this new piece—with a single exception. And in this exception we find the one big note of novelty in the Cohan & Harris Minstrels. Always the great drawback to this type of entertainment has been the absence of women. Time and again men have simulated the sometimes gentler sex, and time and again they have failed because they were—men. But in Julian Eltinge, as masculine an individual in real life as one could expect to find, the new minstrel managers have a man who is an artist in the delineation of feminine character—an artist from the top of his blond wig to the toes of his French-heeled boots.

Just as a white man makes the best stage negro so, in this case, a man gives a more photographic interpretation of femininity than the average woman is able to give. Mr. Eltinge goes to the extreme limit of daring. Besides doing a better Salome "Dance of the Seven Veils" than any woman has yet presented on Broadway, he appears in the extreme undress of a bathing girl and sings a song which puts the house in a veritable pandemonium of enthusiastic applause.

Eltinge is the one big new note of this particular show. He contributes something, the lack of which has done more to kill minstrelsy than any other one thing. But for him the undertaking would not deserve the adjective "new." In other respects, this Cohan and Harris presentation is a tuneful and laughter-provoking mixture of good songs, good comedy, and familiar-but-good vaudeville.

A few days after the arrival of his first dangerous competitor Mr. Dockstader bounced elastically into the ring with a brand-new show. Only five weeks before he had finished a forty-three-week season, but during this short time he had devised, built, rehearsed, and produced a piece quite as different from his previous offerings as the George Evans show is different from his. He knew he was up against the hardest proposition that had faced him in years, and he met it like a fighting showman rather than like a dyed-in-the-wool minstrel.

Instead of opening with the usual first part—company seated in a circle with end-men, interlocutor, soloists, etc., flanked by a burnt-cork orchestra on a raised platform—his first scene shows the "Possum Hunt Club," met to devise some means of putting the final kibosh on the white race. They finally decide to discover the North Pole and put a stop to the futile efforts of Caucasian explorers to conquer the unreachable Frozen North.

Casting about for a man to head the expedition they light on Mr. Dockstader as the most intrepid and daring gentleman of African descent, and im-

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mediately set about arranging a minstrel show as a means of raising the cash to send him to the top of the world. While the members of the Senegambian social organization are demonstrating what they can do to make the affair a success Dockstader thoughtlessly orders a Welsh rarebit, eats it, falls asleep, and dreams the rest of the play.

The experiences which he and his sole companion have in "Boo Hoo Land," at the bottom of the sea, in a lunatic asylum, on the ice-floes, and finally atop an iceberg where, with the Pole in one hand and a perfecto in the other, the Ethiopian explorers ride safely back to civilization, afford countless opportunities for the display of striking scenic effects and all manner of Dockstader humor. Incidentally they make a musical show with a real plot, which, strange and fantastic though it is, carries through to the end where the star is discovered still fast asleep from the effects of his cheese repast.

Dockstader's is a real minstrel show despite the changes. His chief performers are minstrel men pure and simple—Neil O'Brien, Reese Prosser, Will Oakland, W. H. Thompson, Al. Jolson, Eddie Mazier and Peter Detzel—and the things they do, the songs they sing, and the antics they cut are the things, the songs, and the antics which we have come to expect from burnt-cork funny men. Two of Dockstader's songs, "It Looks to Me Like a Big Night Tonight" and "Bull Durham," will have become famous by the time this meets your eyes, for the excellent reason that they are catchy, whistleable songs. Never before has the great minstrel had so good a vehicle for the evidence of his own and his assistants' talents. Broadway looks for a forty-week display of fireworks while the two rival companies are fighting it out "on the road." It will be a battle royal between the new and the old.

The first new dramatic production to reach New York—the play which really opened the theatrical season—was James Forbes' "The Traveling Salesman." Mr. Forbes, who for years has

been known only as a newspaper reporter and a press-agent, has written one other play—"The Chorus Lady"—in which Miss Rose Stahl soared to stardom and success two years ago. "The Traveling Salesman," like its feminine predecessor, is written largely in slang. The author's chief aim has been to create laughs rather than to devise a well-constructed play, and in this he has succeeded just as he did in the dramatic story of the philosophic member of the "merry-merry."

The drummer, impersonated by Frank J. McIntyre, is a big-hearted, good-natured fellow of the sort found in any walk of life but particularly among the men whose duties bring them in constant and intimate contact with all varieties of human nature. We first get a glimpse of him at a cross-roads railroad-station on Christmas Day. Down in the mouth and disconsolate, he finds sympathy and something to think of when he meets the telegraph-operator—a young lady named *Beth Elliott*. She owns a seemingly worthless bit of land which is to be sold for taxes next day, and with his efforts to keep it away from an avaricious railroad company—a process which causes him to fall head over heels in love with the pretty young woman—there come the plot and the "drama" of the play.

Here is Mr. Forbes' weak point—his "drama." Somehow it always seems artificial and wishy-washy. As one New York critic put it in reviewing the new play, "when the drummer and his friends are playing poker it is so like the real thing that you feel like sitting in, but when the heroine begins to talk about her troubles you feel like going out." That's the whole thing in a nutshell—the comedy and character drawing are excellent, but the "drama" is bad.

Mr. Forbes, we believe, is aware of this fact, for he does not attempt to overburden the piece with the things which he can't best do. Fun is uppermost in his mind, and there is such an abundance of good, honest, hearty laughs in each of the four acts of "The

"Traveling Salesman" that there can be no doubt of its success. People, you know, like to laugh, and here is an excellent opportunity.

Mr. McIntyre, who plays the title rôle, is a breezy individual with a shrewd, humorous personality which catches the audience the moment he makes his first entrance and holds them until the final curtain drops. But for unfortunate lapses into "drama" Miss Gertrude Cogilhan as the pretty telegrapher gives a delightful performance—humorous, light, lovable, and sympathetic. H. D. Blakemore as a darky servant and Sarah McVickar as a village matron are the best of the other members of the company, which is above the average throughout. We can stand a lot of other plays as entertaining and as good-natured as "The Traveling Salesman."

At the present writing—the middle of August—there are upward of three hundred theatrical companies rehearsing in New York preparatory to opening for the season. Every theater, lodge-room, dance-hall, assembly-room, and auditorium in the city is occupied from seven in the morning until long after midnight; every manager, author, and stage-director in the metropolis is up to his neck in work; every scenic artist, lithographer, and "property" maker available is laboring night and day to get his work done in time for the early fall "try-outs," and the booking-offices are busy from morn until night arranging the routes of new and old plays, most of which are ready and waiting to do their level best to add to the gaiety of our nation during the coming fall, winter, and spring.

Theatrical managers are absolutely certain that this is to be a big season so far as box-office receipts and public appreciation are concerned. Their optimistic views are entertained in spite of the low ebb of financial affairs, and perhaps on account of them to some extent, for with the advent of a national election and the harmony and prosperous times which usually follow this event they figure that money will flow

more easily, financial worries will cease, and the popular pendulum will swing to a point quite opposite to the one it has occupied for the past six months.

Then again, the quality of the plays which are this season to be presented for the first time seems to be better in every way than was that of any previous year. The best of the foreign playwrights will be represented by new works, as will the foremost American dramatists and composers.

This fall a large proportion of the best-known and most capable actors and actresses will be seen in new productions. Last year they were on the road with the plays which went to make the season of 1906-7 the greatest American theatricals have ever enjoyed. Among these players are Mabel Taliaferro, Maude Adams, William Gillette, John Drew, William Faversham, Elsie Janis, De Wolf Hopper, Frank Daniels, Wilton Lackaye, Grace George, Joe Weber, Fritz Scheff, Henrietta Crosman, E. H. Sothern, Louis Mann, Julia Marlowe, James K. Hackett, Mary Manning, Robert Edeson, David Warfield, Blanche Bates, and Edgar Selwyn—a longer and more pretentious list of dramatic and musical-comedy stars than have had Broadway first nights in one season during the last decade.

Another reason for believing that ten months of theatrical big things and prosperity stare us in the face is the general harmony which exists among the great majority of producing managers. In other years warfare has been going on, and strife of this kind always hurts every one concerned while it lasts. The public does not get the most for its money, the actor and the author do not have the best opportunity for the display of their wares, and the warring magnates are constantly spending profits to fight their opponents. Now, thank goodness, all this seems to be over, and a dove of peace is reported to be resting on every fly-gallery in the land. Let's hope it's true. War is all right in its way, but it gets tiresome after a time.

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The November number of Ainslee's to be of exceptional quality. Robert Herrick's "Altogether" a rather formidable treatise on topics of American life. The author's manner gives charm to "The Post Girl," by Edward C. Booth. Three doctors collaborate in "Religion and Medicine," a rather unconvincing account of the Emmanuel movement. "The Master Influence," by Thomas McKean, may possibly afford diversion of a sort. Maud H. Yardley's "Nor All Your Tears" an unpleasant tale of the sex-problem class. "The Captain's Wife," by John Lloyd, creditable if not particularly original. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Circular Staircase" a story of plot and action, and nothing more. "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," a French detective story, by Gaston Leroux, a good example of its class.

THIS number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE has the beginning of a story by Edith Macvane which will be given to our readers in two parts. These parts will take the place of the usual complete novel with which the magazine customarily begins.

We advise every reader of this number not to overlook the current installment, for he will find the story one which repays many times over, not only the price he pays for the magazine, but also the expenditure of the time occupied in reading it.

The November number will contain the conclusion of "The Thoroughbred," and it will be found even more intense and exciting than the opening chapters.

Another feature of much more than ordinary interest will be a story by William J. Locke, the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" and "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." Mr. Locke has been made famous within a comparatively recent period through these two books, principally because he has struck an absolutely new note in fiction, com-

bining with it a sympathy with genuine human nature and an understanding of it that make his characters vital and yet original. "The Heart at Twenty," Mr. Locke's new story, which will appear in the November number, is different from his other work and different from anything else in the way of short stories.

Joseph C. Lincoln is also one of the contributors to the November number. In "Cupid and Clam Fritters" he will have one of his characteristic Down-East yarns, and we will be much mistaken if it does not strike Mr. Lincoln's followers as pretty nearly the funniest story he has written in a long time.

These three stories have received special mention, but it is not because the rest of the table of contents will be in any way inferior to them. The space devoted to this mention of the forthcoming number is limited, otherwise we could go into detail very enthusiastically about every item.

All of the stories are good, full of interest, and well written, but they are something more than that because they are different not only from each other but from what may be called the stock short story. We want to publish a variety of stories each month, and we

want them to be so fresh and new that no reader can say that he has heard the same sort of thing many times before. Stories that are not forgotten as soon as they are read, stories that people will talk about to each other are the only good ones, and we think we have a collection of them in the November number.

We wish to call attention again to the series of articles that we have been publishing under the title "Around the Bridge Table." They are designed not only for bridge experts but also for those who love the game without claiming any great skill in playing it. Thus far the articles have excited much interest, besides affording a great deal of entertainment by the anecdotes, the problems and solutions contained in them.



A treatise on high life, East and West, the marriage relation, divorce, predatory wealth, railway rebates, in fact all, or almost all, of the topics which have been agitating American life, seems to be the only way to characterize Robert Herrick's novel, "Together," just published by the Macmillan Company.

For a twentieth-century novel it is, with its 505 pages, somewhat formidable, but one can get through it if he can be entertained by the sort of philosophizing which leads nowhere in particular and by accounts of marital experiences such as he finds daily in the newspapers.

Of the six pairs of husbands and wives of whom Mr. Herrick tells us only one finds much satisfaction in the relation, and even Alice and Steve Johnston do not escape, for they are in continual hot water over their finances.

John and Isabelle Lane, the hero and heroine, have their troubles because the wife discovers soon after her marriage that she does not love her husband as a husband ought to be loved, and only finds the solution to her difficulty at the end after a course of psychotherapy and her husband's conviction, at the instance of the President, of giving re-

bates as a railroad official. It is to be inferred that they lived happily ever after.

The others are commonplace folk, the victims of rather sordid experiences, and except in the case of Margaret Pole and Robert Falkner, not of much interest. They, however, arrest attention because of the puzzle in which the average human being will find himself involved, over Margaret's attitude toward her relations with Falkner. Most people will be baffled in their attempts to understand her state of mind or motives.



A novel by a new author is something of considerable interest, to a reviewer at any rate, for it always suggests the possibility of realized anticipations. The hopes thus raised may be disappointed, of course, as they have been only too often, but we go on giving up the past to the objector and continuing to hope because now and then we are justified.

Such a case is before us in "The Post Girl," by Edward C. Booth, published by the Century Co. Mr. Booth is as much of a "find" as was William De Morgan, of whose work this new book is a very emphatic reminder. It is not so, however, because of the least suggestion of imitation, but rather because of the intense pleasure which both of these authors so obviously take in their work; and this is, after all, the surest guarantee of good work.

The scene of the story is laid at some indeterminate spot on the English coast, a small town which the author calls Ullbrig. The heroine, Pamela Searle, is the post girl, a young woman by birth obviously much above her station as the local letter-carrier; indeed, as it turns out, a lady. There is a good deal of English dialect scattered through the book, too much in fact for American readers, but one soon gets used to the designation of Maurice Wynne as the "Spawer."

Pam and the Spawer make the story between them, which is, of course, a love-story. Father Mostyn, the local

vicar, supplies the humor, though, it must be confessed, he is at times a little tiresome.

The plot of the book is interesting, and, on the whole, well developed, though not strikingly original, and there are some exciting incidents, but the great charm of the book is the author's manner.



"Religion and Medicine" is the title of a book announced as "the only official book on the Emmanuel movement." It is the result of the collaboration of Doctor Worcester, Doctor McComb, and Doctor A. H. Coriat, the latter being a physician. Moffat, Yard & Co. are the publishers.

It is designed to give an account of the principles and methods that underlie the work originated and carried on by the authors, and, as an official statement, it is interesting as defining the position to which the authors stand committed.

To the lay mind the establishment of a psychological clinic as an accessory to parochial work may have some practical utility as a means of collecting data for the study of psychic phenomena, but so far as concerns its adaptability for the elucidation of spiritual truths and the confirming of religious faith there is much room for doubt.

The Christian religion has taught its disciples to believe in a spiritual power which is "the master of the intellect and the will," and that its Founder used this power in performing His wonders of healing. It is therefore a new idea, which will come to some people with a shock, that He used the purely human instrumentalities of hypnotism and suggestion.

A system that limits faith is without religious efficacy, whatever its ethical value may be, and, as it seems to us, this movement is very distinctly circumscribed by all sorts of justification and modifications.



"The Master Influence," by Thomas McKean, published by J. B. Lippincott

Company is not a book that will make a great stir, but possibly it will afford some diversion to those who, by any chance, read it.

We are led to infer that the author wants us to understand that "the master influence" is the influence of love, because there is much talk throughout the three hundred and odd pages about the aimlessness of life without it. This talk is directed chiefly at Helen Mainwaring, the heroine, who is the object of much solicitude on the part of her friends by reason of her rather chilly indifference to the subject. They seem to be vexed by doubts as to whether or not her attitude is the effect of constitutional ineptitude. But the reader cannot be deceived; he knows that beneath the icy exterior a smoldering fire burns, ready to burst into flame at the right moment. Ethel Santley has a vague notion of this, for she tells Helen that "the action of such an ethereal essence as the soul must be vague and indefinable." Helen responds by asking: "Do you think that one of the results will be that love will come to me?" showing an anxious interest in the master influence.

After she had put away Lionel and Stephen Carrington and the Duca d'Astraluce, because she could not bear the thought of a loveless marriage, she yields finally, but not without a struggle, to the fascinations of Seward Blatchford, and in her surrender vindicates the reader's judgment of her, as the last paragraph in the book will show.



"Nor All Your Tears," by Maud H. Yardley, published by R. F. Fenno & Co., is a story of the same general type as "Sinless," by the same author, which came out last year. That is to say, it is in the "sex-problem" class, and is not by any means a pleasant tale.

Valerie Drummond, the heroine, found that her life was ruined before she really began it.

Of the two men who play the most important parts, neither is entirely satisfactory, for if Brabazon is a con-

scienceless scoundrel in his dealings with women, Kerr Wingate is an almost insufferable prig, at least the author has unmistakably given that impression of him, whether she intended to or not. She has tried to make him a warm-hearted, generous, broadminded gentleman, and yet when the time comes for him to show these qualities in the protection of the woman he is supposed to love, she forces him to betray himself as something very different.

Strangely enough, considering the common facts of life, the only person who shows common humanity for Valerie is a woman, and that woman, above all others, the one whom she has unwittingly injured, Patricia Brabazon.

The story ends in a rather revolting double tragedy, which cannot but leave the reader somewhat depressed and unhappy. Those who insist upon the realism of the morbid in life will perhaps be pleased with the story, but hardly any one else.

To our way of thinking, this book will supply a very effective argument in favor of the despised "happy ending."



"The Captain's Wife," by John Lloyd, published by Mitchell Kennerley, is reminiscent of General Charles King, or rather Captain, because his best and earliest stories were written before he acquired the former title.

It is a story of army-post life in the West at a time when Indian uprisings were not the novelty that they have since become, but it is not to be inferred that it is a tale of battle and murder and sudden death. These things are not merely incidental to the plot; they are hardly necessary to it, and perhaps would not have been introduced at all were they not supposed to be necessary in order to give the book a tinge of local color.

The kernel of the story lies in the predicament in which an Eastern girl became involved in marrying two officers attached to the command of Colonel Marcy at Fort Cochise and how

she was extricated. As the reader may guess, there is a slight atmosphere of improbability surrounding this incident, but the story is well enough told and the characters of Nina Wentworth, Captain Livingston, and Lieutenant Hecker are well enough drawn to make one forget probabilities in the interest in these three people. Hecker is the villain of the book, but in spite of it he is rather engaging, sufficiently so at least to command a certain amount of sympathy.

The minor characters are reasonably lifelike and fill the background acceptably. It is, on the whole, a creditable book, even if it does not display a very unusual creative faculty.



"The Circular Staircase" is the title, full of mysterious suggestion, of a detective story by Mary Roberts Rinehart, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

It is a story of plot and action and incident, and nothing more. There is no striking character of a detective, such as Sherlock Holmes, Dupin, Le-coq or Gryce; Jamieson who undertakes to solve the mysterious happenings at Sunnyside being little more than a subordinate of Miss Innes, at least according to that lady who acts as chronicler. She and her maid, Liddy, both spinsters of more or less uncertain age, are really the only characters in the book who make an impression.

The situation at this rather pretentious country-place called Sunnyside, which Miss Innes had rented for the summer from the Armstrongs, is such as to compel interest at the outset. Two women in a spacious, unfamiliar house, disturbed at night by strange noises, followed at length by pistol-shots and the discovery of a dead man in one of the rooms, make a good beginning for a mystery story.

After this one incident follows another with almost bewildering rapidity, and the reader begins to wonder how all the scattered threads are to be gathered together and the tale brought to

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even a passably intelligible conclusion. There is rather too much complication, and if one is to keep track of all that happens he will find that the strain upon his attention is more than the ordinary novel reader likes. It is, however, possible to follow the story, if you get a good start, and keep going without danger of fatigue because a good deal of it can be "skipped."



"The Mystery of the Yellow Room" is a French detective story by Gaston Leroux, published by Brentano's. Joseph Rouletabille, an eighteen-year-old reporter, is the hero of the tale, which gives one the impression of having been written, not so much to tell of the mystery as to exploit this youthful prodigy.

It has some points of originality as a mystery story, the explanation of the problem and the personality of the criminal being very different from the conventional tale, and even an experienced and seasoned reader of this type of fiction will have a pleasant and unusual sensation of surprise at the unexpected outcome.

The problem which the young reporter had to face was to discover the assailant of Mademoiselle Stengerson, who attacked her in her room from which there was only one possible exit, through her father's laboratory, where he and his assistant were at work when the young woman's screams warned them that she was in trouble. They promptly went to her assistance and found her already unconscious and bleeding, but no other person was

found, although there were indications of a man's presence.

Obviously Mademoiselle Stengerson knew the criminal, but refused to give information, though circumstances directed suspicion to her fiancé, and her silence only added to the mystery.

A little too much is assumed by the author in order to emphasize Rouletabille's astuteness, and several details are not explained to the entire satisfaction of the critical reader. Nevertheless the story has the most important element of interest, and the outcome is sufficiently unexpected and reasonable to be satisfactory.



Important New Books.

"The Riverman," Stewart Edward White, McClure Co.

"The Car and the Lady," Percy F. Mergel and Grace S. Mason, Baker & Taylor Co.

"Weeping Cross," Henry L. Stewart, Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Good Wolf," Frances Hodgson Burnett, Moffat, Yard & Co.

"Marotz," John Ayscough, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Lentata of the South Seas," W. C. Morrow, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"The Land of the Living," Maud Radford Warren, Harper & Bros.

"Thou Fool," J. J. Bell, Baker & Taylor Co.

"Colonel Greatheart," H. C. Bailey, Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Rosnah," Myra Kelley, D. Appleton & Co.

"The Palace of Danger," Mabel Wagnalls, Funk & Wagnalls.

"By Right of Purchase," Harold Bindloss, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"The Statue," Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett, Moffat, Yard & Co.

"Blotting Book," E. F. Benson, Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Blue Peter," Morley Roberts, L. C. Page & Co.

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For rosy, active, "strenuous" health, use the menu advised by a famous food expert:

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with good cream poured over.

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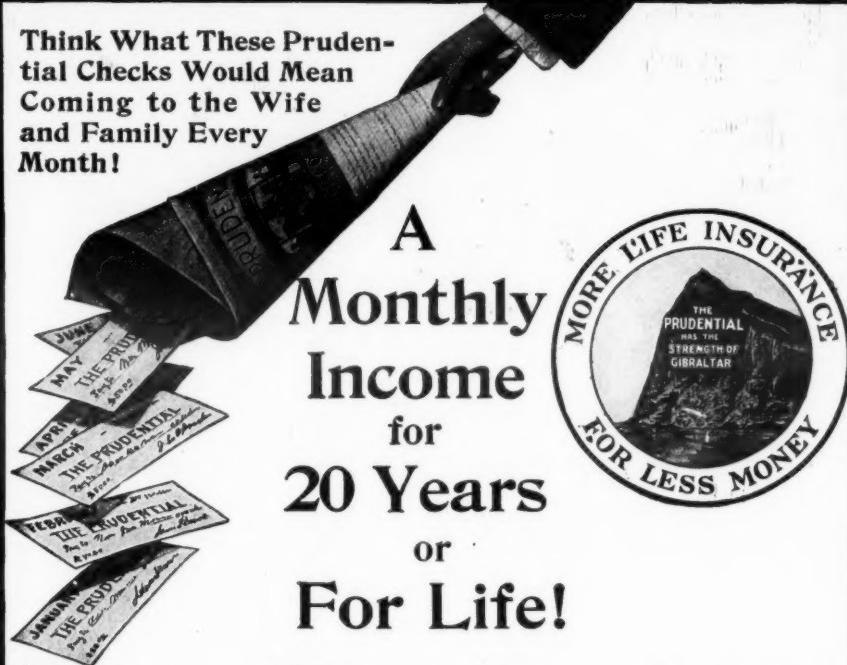
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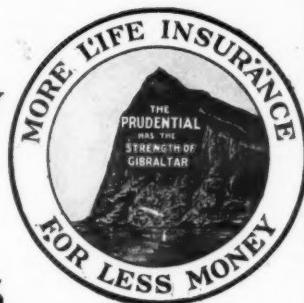
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KNOW *the* PIANO

LEARN WHAT VAST POSSIBILITIES FOR PLEASURE THERE ARE IN A PIANO. LEARN HOW TO PLAY IT YOURSELF - - -

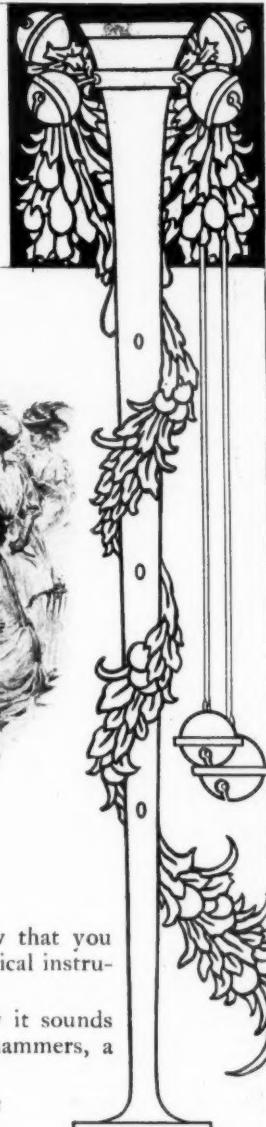


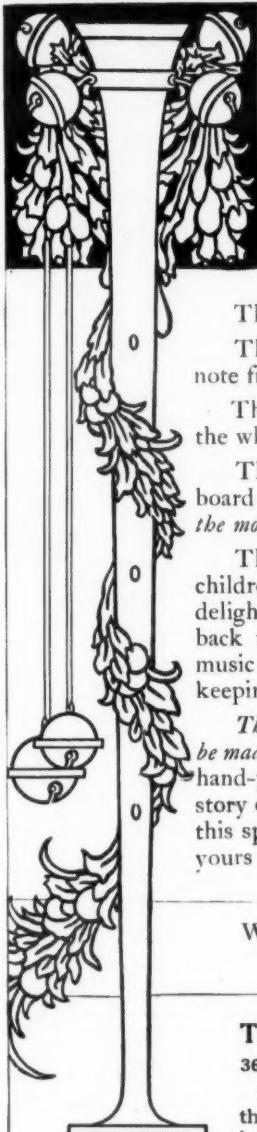
Just because you own a piano it does not follow that you really know anything about its possibilities as a musical instrument.

Everybody knows what a piano looks like, how it sounds when the keys are struck, that it contains strings, hammers, a sounding board, and so on.

But such knowledge does not go to the core of the thing.

A man may have worked at building pianos all his life, understand all of the technicalities of construction and detail of design and building, and yet never have a glimmering of **WHAT A PIANO REALLY IS.**





A piano is valuable solely for the music it produces.
If your piano stands idle most of the time, or if it is used only to play the simple, tiresome things that have no real music in them,—*then you, too, are in the dark about what a piano really is.*

We want you—everybody—to *Know the Piano* in its latest and best form of development. That means

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This is a new kind of piano:—

That anybody can play without knowing one note from another.

That yields its owner the choicest treasures in the whole world of music.

That gives the performer a mastery of the keyboard *greater than is possessed by any except a few of the most famous pianists.*

That proves an educational influence for the children, provides the tired business man with a delightful recreation for his evenings, and gives back to the wife the delight she used to take in music before her other duties prevented her from keeping up her daily practice.

The Pianola Piano is the greatest addition that can be made to any home. It is just as perfect a piano for hand-playing as for Pianola-playing. The whole story of the Pianola Piano cannot be compressed into this space, but it is plainly told in a booklet which is yours for the asking.



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When somebody says, "Our beans are as good as Van Camp's," please buy them and try them. Serve them with ours—hear what your people say.

Then serve with Van Camp's a dish of home-baked beans. Ask your folks which they want next.

We are willing to leave it to them.

It is easy to say, "As good as Van Camp's." But we spent half a lifetime to get them so good.

That goodness comes, in part, from using Michigan beans. Ours are picked out by hand from the choicest beans grown.

Sometimes they cost us six or seven times what other beans would cost.

Part of the goodness is due to our tomato sauce—made from vine-ripened tomatoes.

We could buy sauce ready-made, from inferior stock, for exactly one-fifth what ours costs.

Then we bake in live steam, where you use dry heat.

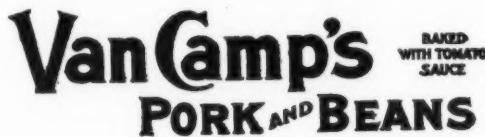
We bake in small parcels, so all beans are baked alike.

No beans are crisped—no skins are broken. Our beans are nutty because they are whole.

And they are baked in a heat that makes them digestible. Our beans don't ferment and form gas.

The beans, the pork and the tomato sauce are all baked together, securing this delicious blend.

Those are the reasons for that superlative zest—that nuttiness, that mealiness, that you get in Van Camp's.



Beans are Nature's choicest food—84% nutrient.

If you serve the beans that your people like, they will eat them often—eat them in place of meat.

* It means a great deal to get the right beans.

When you let your people decide they will choose Van Camp's always. And you should be glad.

For Van Camp's are always ready—always fresh and savory. No work for you—no waiting.

Please make the comparison now.

Three sizes—10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

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Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Advance Styles for Young Men

Campus Togs are ultra-stylish a full season ahead of the times. What others will show *next* season you can secure in Campus Togs today. They are a step in advance of what is now conservatively correct.

All the little details of such vital importance to "the man who knows" will be found in Campus Togs.

The gracefully moulded shoulders, long roll lapels, distinctive cuff designs, the

flap pockets, the form-fitting back and dip front give to Campus Tog Suits and Overcoats that air of classy niftiness so much desired by our cleverest dressers.

Low-cut vests, with angle pockets—the trousers full hipped with wide turn-up, and many of the innovations which others will offer *another season*, will be found in these masterpieces of the Tailoring Art.

And please remember that in

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs

every iota of the style, distinctiveness and elegance, which causes the man who knows to decide on a Campus Tog suit the moment he sees it, is rendered fixed and permanent by the Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which is exclusively our own. No other manufacturer can use it. All the shrink tendency is taken out of the cloth before it is ever touched with the shears. Therefore, Kaufman Garments when finished will not shrink, get out of shape, wrinkle, pucker, bag nor draw up.

The perfection in every detail which you notice as you view yourself in the clothier's glass is *there to stay*.

And because this "Pre-Shrinking" Process renders style perpetual, we are able safely to Guarantee Satisfaction, something no other manufacturer cares to do.

Your home dealer has our authority to make you this guarantee on Campus Togs or any other of our garments:

"If any garment bearing the Kaufman 'Pre-Shrunk' Label is not satisfactory, it may be returned and money refunded."

Please read this again and think what it means to you. Your own interest must cause you to select Campus Togs. No other garments can equal them.

Your dealer will gladly show you Campus Togs or other Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments in any of the popular fabrics for Fall and Winter at \$12.00 to \$30.00. Most people will find something to please them at \$15.00 to \$18.00.



To be sure of the Style Permanence which you crave, ask the dealer to show you this label, sewed in the garments, before you buy.

Our handsome STYLE BOOK will post you on the correct styles for Fall and Winter. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's FREE. You should have it before deciding.

420

CHAS. KAUFMAN & BROS., CHICAGO

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

THE ERA OF CHEAP TELEGRAPHY IS HERE



THE first lines of the Telepost will be put into commercial operation about the time

This issue of Ainslee's Magazine

reaches you. New lines will be opened as rapidly as physical and financial conditions permit, until every city in the United States is connected.

Q This new automatic service is of vital interest not only to present users of the telegraph, but also to the general public, who will now be able to send quite a LETTER by wire and receive a prepaid reply the same day at a total expense (regardless of distance) of 50 cents for the two.

Q An interesting illustrated booklet has been prepared, describing in detail the invention, its operation, its economy, its rapidity and its accuracy. Mailed without cost to anyone asking for Booklet No. 71.

TELEPOST COMPANY

225 Fifth Avenue

New York City

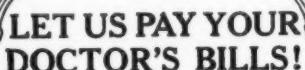
COMING AND GOING

ALWAYS USE

"The Only Way"

NO DIRT
NO DUST
NO SMOKE
NO CINDERs

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GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
CHICAGO.



LET US PAY YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS!

YOU carry fire insurance for protection against loss of property. What provision have you made for loss of income or your expenses in case you fall ill or become physically disabled? Guarantee your income and expenses while ill with our Popular Premium Policy.

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NEW YORK

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WALTER S. GILSON, V. Pres.

Also Proprietors St. Denis Hotel, N. Y.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber Give Energy and Elasticity to Your Walk

In the economy of walking, heels of live new rubber are an essential factor.

Nothing explains the value of Heels of new live rubber in walking better than Mr. Carnegie's version of elasticity as the element necessary for the United States currency.

The energy, yes, the energy, of new *LIVE* Rubber UNDER YOUR HEEL AT EVERY STEP, whether you stand or walk, is what you want.

Energy to walk, energy to work, to act, to think; the more energy the more life; the more success the more achievement, the more happiness; energy imparts energy; energy means power.

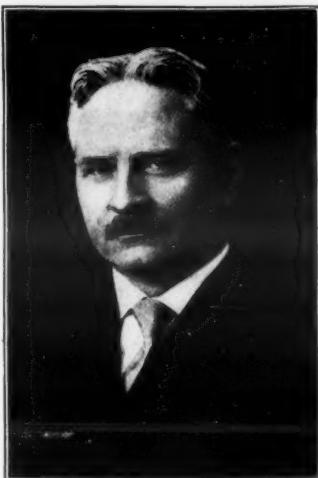
Apply it to yourself; the young people need it, the conservative, behind-the-times people need it, and what is there to mark a well-spent life so well as energy in the centenarian?

Last Fall, when the O'Sullivan Rubber Company had an opportunity to save 10 per cent in the cost of their heels, owing to the low cost of crude rubber, THEY PUT IT IN THE GOODS.

They wisely applied the 10 per cent to secure added ENERGY, elasticity and desirability to their heels, soles and other specialties in the form of a higher grade of Para Rubber, without any additional cost to the public.

They want no thanks for doing so; the fact is cited to show the business policy of the O'Sullivan Company.

The purpose of this communication to the public is to call attention to the energy, life and snap in the O'Sullivan Heel of New Rubber AND THE NECESSITY for this quality in the heels TO FILL THEIR MISSION FOR THE PEOPLE.



HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN
Founder of the Rubber Heel Industry

Carnegie says: "Elasticity is what the currency needs."

O'Sullivan says: "Elasticity is what your walk needs to make it natural, graceful and easy."

refuse to accept imitations they'll show the dealers that they know. There's only one kind of heels made of New Live Rubber, that have energy, life and durability—O'Sullivan's. The same difference exists between O'Sullivan's Heels and the imitations that there is between the live wire and the dead one.

O'Sullivan's New Live Rubber Heels Encourage Walking

Have a pair fitted to your street shoes and you'll want to walk. ALL SENSIBLE people WEAR THEM. Whether you work with your hands or brain, or both, whether you stand or walk, heels of NEW LIVE rubber will aid you. They act as a buffer against the daily grind.

For Men and Women who are doing things, who are making the city's wheels move, they are ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Only cost 50 cents and they wear TWICE AS LONG AS LEATHER, so that they are CHEAPER TO WEAR. When you decide to get rubber heels demand O'SULLIVAN'S; they are the PIONEERS and the only kind made of LIVE RUBBER. The NAME O'SULLIVAN on RUBBER is like "STERLING" on silver. All shoe dealers will supply you.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

It won't do to have heels made of dead, musty, ground-up old door mats and the like.

When you decide to wear rubber heels, demand O'Sullivan's, that have energy, life, durability; and after telling you why you should demand them, if you don't get them, it's your fault.

We have in mind many people for whom rubber heels are an absolute necessity, but none more so than the Housekeepers.

Julietts and Oxfords for their wear and the wear of Nurses are generally made with Rubber heels on.

The merits of the O'Sullivan heels led the manufacturers to do so; but the shame of it is that some makers, just to save a few cents, put on any old kind that looks like rubber, and it is not "good" as good" to the Housekeeper or whoever it may be—and there are thousands who use them.

NOW THIS IS TO TELL THE PUBLIC IMITATIONS ARE "NOT AS GOOD." They are used because they cost less than O'Sullivan's, and the few cents saved by the manufacturers is taken out of the vital point—the comfort to the wearer. If those using house shoes with Rubber Heels on will

What Will You Give To Be Well

I CANNOT tell you *how happy I am* that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years' personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all the correction of each individual difficulty.

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

A Better Wife A Rested Mother A Sweeter Sweetheart

You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women.

Too Fleshy?

One pupil writes me:

"I recently have lost 76 pounds and I look 15 years younger. If so well I want to shout! I never got out of breath now."

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull and oh dear! I was ashamed to even stand up. I used to look at myself and it was all so easy. I thought I just had to be fat. I stopped like stopping every last woman I see and telling her of you."

Too Thin?

I may need to strengthen your stomach intestines and nerves first. A pupil who was thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 20 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman."

"My old dress looks like old now. I have not been constipated since your lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel so well all the time."

Individual Instruction—I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands. My information and advice are entirely free.

Write me today telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you. I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.

SUSANNA COCROFT,

Dept. 34,

57 Washington Street,

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.

CHICAGO

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.



CORBET IS NOT NECESSARY

by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own room.

Chip, of the Flying U BY B. M. BOWER

THIS tale is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the living, breathing West, that the reader is likely to imagine she is herself is cantering over the grassy plains and imbibing the pure air of the prairie in company with Chip, Watty, Happy Jack and the other cowboys of the Flying U Ranch. The story is a comedy, but there are dramatic touches in it that will hold the reader breathless. Pathos and humor are adroitly mingled and the author seems to be as adept at portraiture as the other. The "Little Doctor" makes a very lovable heroine, and one doesn't blame Chip in the least for falling in love with her. The book reviewer's task would be a pleasant one if all his work had to do with such wholesome and delightful stories as "Chip, of the Flying U." If this book doesn't immediately take rank as one of the best sellers we shall lose faith in the discrimination of the American reading public. Beautifully illustrated in colors by Mr. Charles M. Russell, the greatest painter of cowboy life in America.

PRICE, \$1.25

Sent postpaid by the Publishers upon receipt of price

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, 79-89 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Does Your Photograph Flatter You?

Do you know why photographs generally do flatter their subjects?

It is because the photographer carefully "retouches" out of his negatives every wrinkle, hollow and blemish that may exist in the original.

The way to make yourself look as good as your photograph is to take away from *yourself* these wrinkles, hollows and blemishes by the use of

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

"The Largest Selling Face Cream"

Not a cosmetic, not a concealer, nor an artificial application, but nature's aid to natural beauty. It gives a clear, fresh, velvety, fine-grained skin, it rounds out angles, drives away wrinkles, crow's-feet and double-chins.

This is not a "cold" or "grease" cream. The latter have their uses, yet they can never do the work of a massage cream like Pompeian. Grease creams fill the pores. Pompeian Massage Cream cleanses them by taking out all foreign matter that causes blackheads, sallowness, shiny complexions, etc. Pompeian Massage Cream is the largest selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily.

Test it with Free Sample

Also our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin, 50 cents or \$1.00 a jar, sent postpaid to any part of the world, on receipt of price, if your dealer hasn't it.

The Pompeian Mfg Co., 3 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

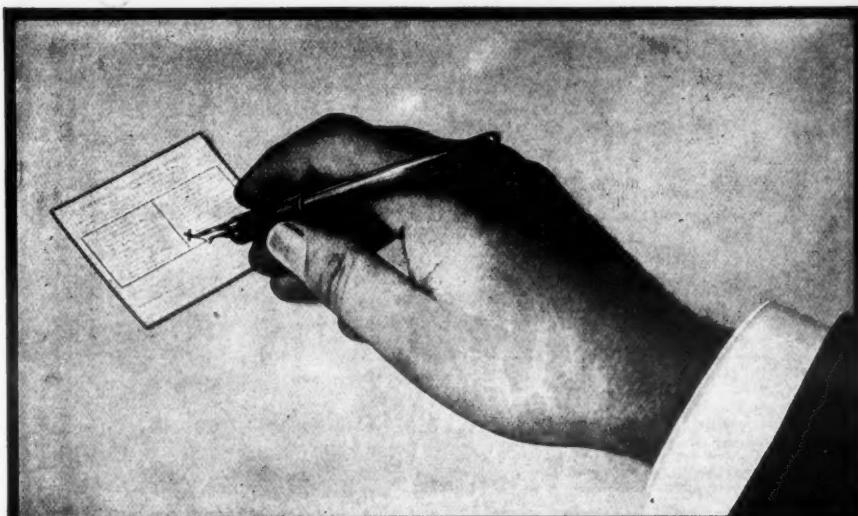
Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers — 25 cents a cake; box of 3 cakes, 60 cents.



CUT OUT ALONG DOTTED LINE, FILL IN AND MAIL. OR SEND POSTAL TODAY!
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Gentlemen:—
Please send, without
cost to me, one
copy of your book on
facial massage and a
liberal sample of Pompeian
Massage Cream.

Name.....

Address.....



Will You Do This for a Bigger Salary?

There's no sentiment attached to a question like this—it's a matter of dollars and cents—of earning more—of being able to *command* a bigger salary.

This same question has led thousands of men to write and ask how their positions could be bettered and their salaries increased through the help of the International Correspondence Schools. *The result has been that in the last two years 7,300 of the men who have advanced through the help of the I. C. S. have voluntarily reported salary increases aggregating \$4,905,600. During July the number was 310.*

These men were no better off than you when they first marked the coupon. Most of them were poorly paid; some lived thousands of miles away; many of them could only read and write. Yet, without leaving home or work they were quickly enabled to become experts at *their chosen occupations*.

Won't you mark the coupon for more money? The I. C. S. has a way that fits *your case exactly*. It costs nothing to learn about it. Mark and mail the coupon now.

***The Business of This Place
Is to Raise Salaries.***

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 1199, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

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Stenographer
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Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draughtsman
Telephone Engineer
Electric Light Eng.
Mechan. Engineer
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Mining Engineer

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Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Kenyon RAINCOATS

have that distinctive style which commands deference. They are suitable for all weathers and for every outdoor use—for calling and for business, shopping, driving or motoring.

Kenyon Rubberized fabrics are selected to take the rubber without injury to the cloth, also dyes are used which do not damage the rubber. DURABILITY is scientifically insured. Kenyon Cloth Rain-coats are rain-proofed by the most highly perfected process known, hold their stylish shape and satisfy the user as no others can.

Kenyon Styles are direct from Paris or approved American types of the highest fashion, with conveniences and merits in details of construction found ONLY in Kenyon Coats. **Kenyon Coats are the most serviceable and satisfactory ever made, and will excel your highest expectations.**

They are not expensive. A wide choice at \$10 and up to \$45. Send us your dealer's name. We will see that you are supplied. Tell us the type of garment you desire and about what you wish to pay. We will send our Style Book and samples of cloth, or will, if desired, forward complete garments to a dealer for your inspection, enabling you to examine the most celebrated Rain-coats in the world at your own convenience.

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To Forget that

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ORANGEINE is mailed anywhere, on receipt of price. 10c package (2 powders), 25c package (6 powders), 50c package (15 powders), \$1.00 package (35 powders). We will mail free, one 25c package on receipt of request, with assurance of honest test, under suggestion of our directions.

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Are You Getting Stout?



You can have as good a figure as any woman if you wear one of my

Ewing Reducing Garments

and you need not diet, take drugs, or tiresome exercises. I make the Ewing Hip and Abdominal Reducing Band, and the Ewing Bust Reducing Garment. They are beautifully made of light materials, lined with thin rubber, ventilated, cool and comfortable to wear. No buckles, straps, or steels. They will reduce you 4 to 14 inches the first time worn and without the slightest harm or inconvenience. I make them to your measure to reduce just the parts you wish. Every garment guaranteed. No corset can reduce you permanently, and no other Reducing Garments are hygienic and comfortable

—I know because I have tried them all. The Ewing Reducing Garments do not bind or distribute the flesh to other parts—they draw the fat completely away. The Ewing Hip and Abdominal Reducer weighs only 5 oz. Sold and recommended by the leading dry goods stores in Chicago. Endorsed by eminent Physicians and hundreds of men and women wearers. Wear the band a few weeks before having your fall gowns made.

Send 2-cent stamp for my illustrated booklet and measurement blanks. Don't go a week longer without knowing what I can do for you. Society women, leading women of the stage, and men and women in all walks of life are my satisfied and grateful patrons.

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mammy's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chafing, Sunburn, Prickly Heat and Chapping. For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample Free.
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Antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the tongue—wets the teeth—a leading dentifrice for a

Third of a Century

The metal package is the most convenient for travel or the home—no liquid or powder to spill or waste.

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**Preserves
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**ARNICA
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STRONG'S ARNICA JELLY

Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent post paid for **25 Cents**.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906;
Serial No. 1612,
C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Remarkable Short Stories in Collier's Fiction Numbers

BEGINNING with September, the last issue of each month will be a Fiction Number, largely devoted to short stories of exceptional character. The stories already selected are from the very foremost writers in the English language, and cover a wide range of interest—romance, adventure, political and social tendencies, society, and every-day life. They are set on land and sea, in all parts of America and interesting places in other lands. Some carry a message of enlightenment or the burden of "a great cause." Others are entertaining in a fascinating, vital way.

October Fiction Number

Issued September 26th

ROMANCE—By Robert W. Chambers. A thoroughly dramatic war story, in which a captured spy is a woman and her captor is her lover. Full of excitement and nervous tension, it is handled with all the crispness of the author's "*Iole*" and his New York Society sketches.

THE ROAD AGENT—By Stewart Edward White. The solution of a series of mysterious robberies that amazed and impoverished a California mining camp is so clean-cut and obvious, when you reach the last page of this story, that the reader is chagrined at not having leaped to it while the plot was still uncoiling.

THE VENTURE OF THE FLYING HIND—By James B. Connolly. A love story, filled with adventures on the sea, including a thrilling double rescue made by a girl with a clever swing of the lead. All through the story a band of Chinamen are in the background smoking their opium or grunting their appreciation of the hero's bravery in the dory.

Stories for the November Fiction Number, by Rex E. Beach, Rowland Thomas, and O. Henry, will be announced next month.



Collier's
The National Weekly



The Edges are Smooth

Everyone knows a book-bound business card is infinitely superior to loose cards, but until we began making our

Peerless Patent Book Form

Cards it was impossible to have smooth edges. When detached, there is no possible indication that these cards were ever bound in book form. It is hard to believe. **Send for a sample and let us prove it.** Superbly engraved and bound with tissue sheets between them, they represent the best in cards.

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Heelion of the World, having
defeated all comers. He is the
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Rolandow was developed by

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Prof. Titus has the largest and
best equipped gymnasium in New
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and treble the strength of anyone
and to perfect the development of
in one course of three months.

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All instruction personal.

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With my system of instruction by mail I guarantee
to increase your weight, perfect your muscular develop-
ment, double and treble your strength.
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LEARN TELEGRAPHY BOOK-KEEPING SHORTHAND

by mail, in a few weeks spare time home study, under our
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position is yours. We are now taking applications.
Many energetic graduates have worked up to salaries of
\$5,000 per year. We send complete outfit, and you

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Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

I Can't Fill It



If a good position were offered you today, would you have to "turn it down" because you lack the necessary qualifications? Even if you accepted the position, could you

hold it—or would your lack of training compel you to step out in favor of a **better** trained man?

Q How can you expect a successful career unless you build it on a good foundation? **Utilize your spare moments—study at home**—fit yourself **properly** to meet opportunity—then you will succeed. The American School of Correspondence will tell you how if you'll clip the coupon and mail it **today**.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE

Q The American School has helped 80,000 people to better positions—surely this experience would benefit you. The **School** will cheerfully advise you—will tell you where you are weak, whether or not it can help you, point out the shortest and easiest road to success.

Q If you don't enroll, you at least will have gained some good information and advice without charge. If you do enroll, payment can be arranged to suit your circumstances. We talk to you by mail only—we employ no agents.

Q **The American School of Correspondence** is the **only** correspondence school in the country which makes a **specialty** of engineering instruction. Its instructors are practical men—men who have had years of actual experience in their special fields. Consult these experienced men—get their advice—profit by their years of hard experience. Let them help you plan a **paying** career. **Remember, sending the coupon places you under no obligations.**

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Please send me free illustrated 200-page handbook of engineering information. I am interested in the course marked "**X**".

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Address.....

Occupation.....

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

We have opened this classified advertising section, and invite all reputable advertisers to come in —no display—all must be set in uniform type—no objectionable advertisements accepted—minimum space, four lines; maximum space in this section, thirty lines. Our aim will be to eliminate all questionable advertisements, and we bespeak our readers' assistance to help keep this section clean and profitable to all. Rates \$2.25 a line, which includes POPULAR and SMITH'S Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue of AINSLEE'S closes October 1st.

Agents and Help Wanted

BE YOUR OWN BOSS:—Start Mail Order business at home; devote whole or spare time. We tell you how. Very good profit. Everything furnished. No Catalog outfit proposition. Write at once for our "Starter" and free particulars. Address, N. S. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

LADY SEWERS wanted to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to Universal Co., Desk 8, Philadelphia, Pa.

BIG MONEY easily made fitting eyeglasses. Write today for free "Booklet '55." Tells how. Easy to learn. Best and easiest money making business. National Optical College, St. Louis.

AGENTS. Portraits, \$3.00. Frames 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-164 W. Adams St., Chicago, Co.

ELECTRIC GOODS. Big Cat 3 cts. Undersell all. Fortune for agents. Battery Lamps, lanterns, motors, fans. Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

AGENTS. \$75 Monthly, metal Combination Rolling Pin, Nine Articles Combined. Lighting seller. Sample Free. Forsee Mfg. Co., E215, Dayton, O.

\$1 TO \$10 A Day Sure. Either sex can sell our patented rapid selling articles. No scheme. Sample Free. A. M. Youns & Co., 239 Howland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

OUR SWISS EMBROIDERED SHIRTSWAIST PATTERNS sell at sight. 50 dollars weekly made. Write today for catalog. U. S. Embroidery Co., 96 East Broadway, New York.

CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEES are paid well for easy work: examinations of all kinds soon. Expert tuition, sample questions and booklet 22 dollars. Insure success and selling easiest and quickest way to secure them free. Write now. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

GET a "taff puzzle," ingenious, fascinating, educating and durable. 20c postpaid. 3 for 50c. Curtis Agency, 305 Rail way Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

OUR Soap and Toilet Article Propositions Have Them All Built—Attractive appearance At quality. Popular favorite. Almost sell themselves. Just what the people want. Our agents doing better than ever. There's a reason. Investigate. Davis Soap Works, 19 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

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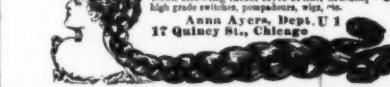
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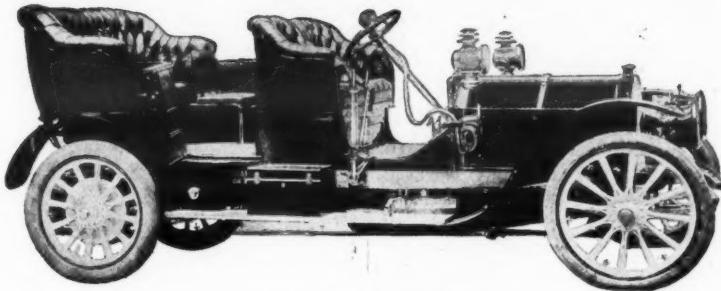
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John H. Woodbury's "Rustic Villa," Sea Gate, Coney Island,

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For all skin diseases, discolored, wrinkled skin.

Send 10¢ for full size cake of either New Skin or New

Hair Soap. Regular price 25¢ a cake.

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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Falling Hair. Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory in these cases.

Dandruff. Hall's Hair Renewer at once removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs.

A Splendid Dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.

Your Doctor. Show this formula to your family physician. He is acquainted with each ingredient, hence can give you a valuable opinion concerning its use for falling hair, dandruff, etc.

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Revised Formula

Glycerin. Has marked healing and soothing properties; especially indicated for rashes, eruptions, and itching of the scalp. Also has great food value, aiding nature in producing a more luxuriant growth of hair.

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Boroglycerin. An antiseptic of high merit. Alcohol. Stimulant. Antiseptic. Preservative. Water. Perfume.

DOES NOT CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE HAIR

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



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SANITARY means comfortable and beautiful, as well as clean; for comfort and beauty are aids to health. The most sanitary of floors is linoleum. More sanitary even than hardwood, because more comfortable and more beautiful. Much less costly, and quieter and easier to clean, too.

COOK'S INLAID LINOLEUM makes the most satisfactory and longest-lasting floor—A *molded* inlaid, formed in one piece—an improvement over the old inlaid formed of separate color blocks. No joints water can soak into; no places dirt and germs can lodge.

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"New Process" GILLETTE blades will be on sale at all dealers after September 1st, 1908.

The Gillette Safety Razor Company has expended over four years of careful study, research and experiment in perfecting the process necessary to produce these blades.

Machinery and process are completed to the satisfaction of the experts engaged in the work, and now, for the first time, we are prepared to supply "New Process" GILLETTE blades to GILLETTE users.

A *superfine* steel is essential to take the keen edge given "New Process" blades, and for that reason the steel used is made from *our own formula*.

The steel is then rolled thin — made flexible — and stamped into GILLETTE blades. The blades are then subjected to our new tempering process and are especially *tested* before the edges are put on them.

Automatically regulated machines sharpen both edges on every blade with powerful pressure and unswerving precision, producing a keen and enduring edge.

Every cutting edge on each blade is *perfect* and possesses a degree of keenness not possible to produce by any other process.

Consequently, although blades are *paper-thin*, they have the utmost *endurance* and survive any kind of service—whether in daily contact with the critical shaver's coarse stubble or the college boy's soft down. And they need NO STROPPING — NO HONING.

* So superior are "New Process" blades in *keeness*, *durability* and all desirable shaving qualities to any blades ever previously produced that each one will give you

New Process"

GILLETTE Blades

many more delightful shaves than you ever have had, no matter how satisfactory your previous experience with the GILLETTE has been.

"New Process" blades are finished with a high polish. They are much easier to clean after using since dust and moisture do not cling readily to their polished surface.

This renders them practically *immune* from rust—adding another element of durability.

"New Process" blades deserve a new package and we have spared no effort or ingenuity to provide a suitable one.

It is a handsome nickel-plated box which seals itself *hermetically* every time it is closed.

It is absolutely *damp-proof*—will protect the blades from rust in any climate, land or sea, thus greatly prolonging their life.

You receive a fresh box with every set of blades. The empty one then forms an elegant, waterproof match-safe.

Twelve "New Process" GILLETTE blades are packed in the box. The retail price is One Dollar.

If you happen to use some other shaving device or have the "barber habit," you'll find it worth while to adopt the "GILLETTE Way" with "New Process" blades instead.

You'll enjoy every GILLETTE shave — it is *smooth*, even, full of comfort and satisfaction.

The standard razor set consists of triple silver plated razor and 12 "New Process" blades in morocco velvet-lined case. Price \$5.00.

Combination sets containing shaving accessories, ranging in price from \$6.50 to \$50.00.

At all hardware, drug, jewelry, cutlery, haberdashery and sporting goods dealers.

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285 Times Bldg.

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Wherever civilization has gone,
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It has been known in South Africa since the white man first went there. It is shipped in large quantities to the frigid wilds of Siberia. It is advertised in the quaint newspapers of China and Japan. Since Dewey captured the Philippines Schlitz goes there in solid train loads.

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The reason is we go to extremes in cleanliness. Our materials are chosen from among the best grown by one of our partners. Our brewing is watched by another. The beer is cooled in filtered air. It is aged for months in glass lined steel tanks. Every bottle is sterilized. There are no impurities, no biliousness in Schlitz.

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Its beauty, fragrance and convenience make the use of the delicious liquid dentifrice **RUBIFOAM** a delight. Wise and timely mouth-care with this perfect antiseptic cleanser purifies, preserves and beautifies Nature's priceless pearls.

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